



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Bt from The Abbot's Bookshop  
Bracknell

G.A. Northumb. 8° 263







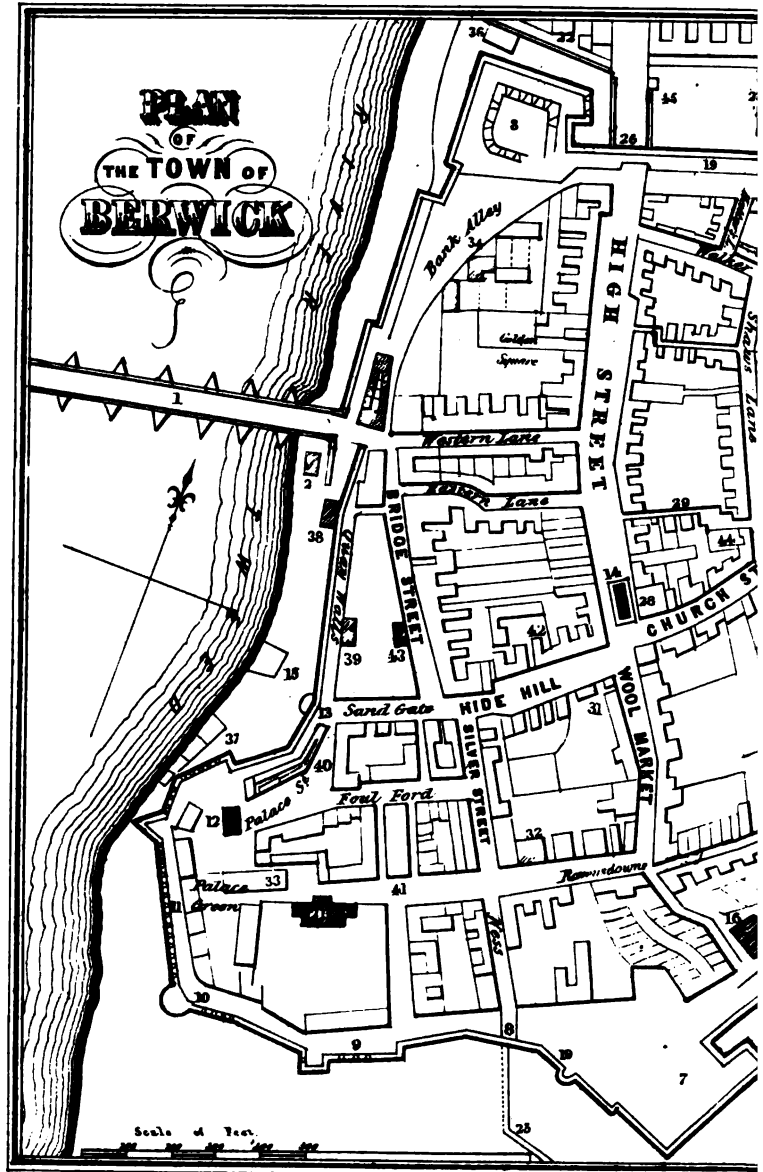
**HISTORY**

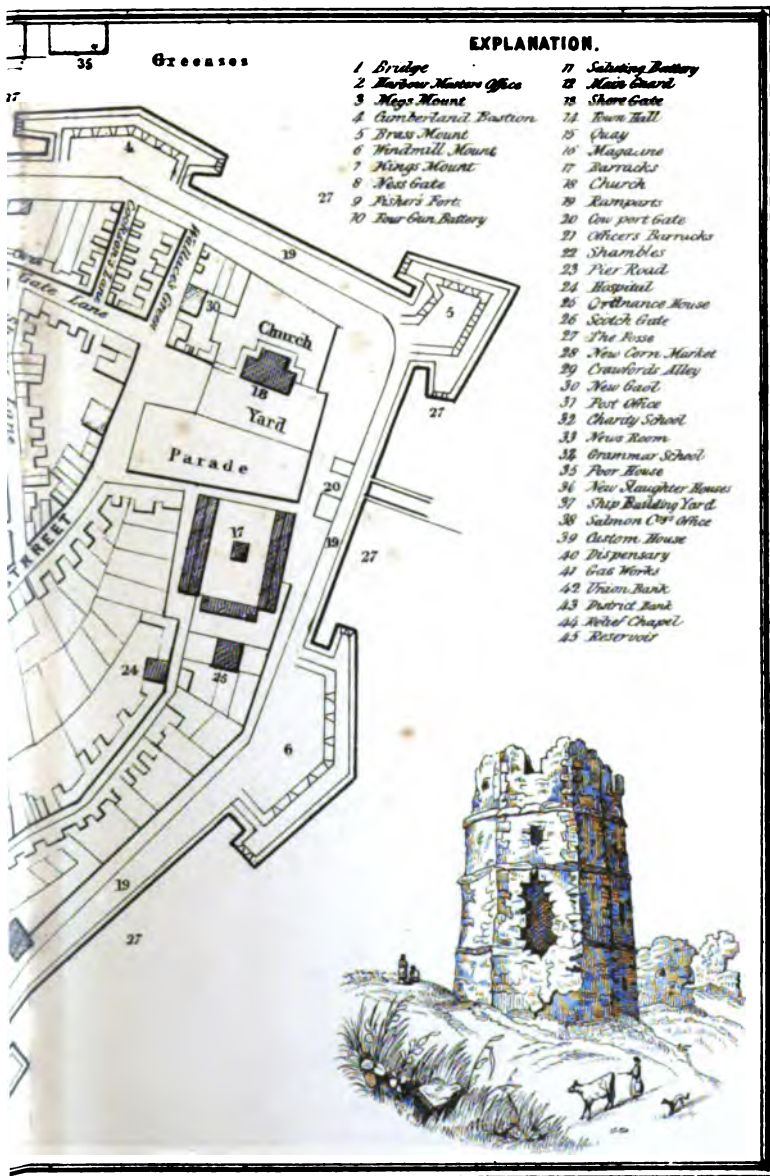
**OF**

**BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.**









# EXPLANATION.

- 1 Bridge
- 2 Harbour Master's Office
- 3 Mags Mount
- 4 Cumberland Bastion
- 5 Brass Mount
- 6 Windmill Mount
- 7 Kings Mount
- 8 West Gate
- 9 Fishers Fort
- 10 Four Gun Battery
- 11 Saluting Battery
- 12 Main Guard
- 13 Shore Gate
- 14 Town Hall
- 15 Quay
- 16 Magazine
- 17 Barracks
- 18 Church
- 19 Rumparts
- 20 On port Gate
- 21 Officers Barracks
- 22 Shambles
- 23 Pier Road
- 24 Hospital
- 25 Ordnance House
- 26 Scotch Gate
- 27 The Posa
- 28 New Corn Market
- 29 Crawford's Alley
- 30 New Gaol
- 31 Post Office
- 32 Charity School
- 33 News Room
- 34 Grammar School
- 35 Poor House
- 36 New Slaughter Houses
- 37 Ship Building Yard
- 38 Salmon Off Office
- 39 Custom House
- 40 Dispensary
- 41 Gas Works
- 42 Union Bank
- 43 District Bank
- 44 Relief Chapel
- 45 Reservoir



**HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**BERWICK-UPON-TWEED;**

**BEING A CONCISE DESCRIPTION OF THAT ANCIENT  
BOROUGH, FROM ITS ORIGIN DOWN  
TO THE PRESENT TIME.**

**TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
NOTICES OF TWEEDMOUTH, SPITTAL, NORHAM,  
HOLY ISLAND, COLDINGHAM, ETC.**

**BY**  
**FREDERICK SHELDON,**  
**AUTHOR OF "MINSTERLEY OF THE ENGLISH BORDER," "MILDENVOLD, THE  
STUDENT," ETC.**

**EDINBURGH:**  
**ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.**  
**LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.**  
**BERWICK: JOHN WILSON.**  
**MDCCCXLIX.**



PRINTED AT THE WARDER OFFICE, BEEWICK.



## PREFACE.

---

THERE are few subjects more interesting to the generality of readers than topography. Every person is desirous of knowing the history of his native town, which is at the least a commendable curiosity. If he resides therein, he is anxious to add to his stock of information concerning it ; and should his abode be far distant, this circumstance makes him doubly desirous of becoming acquainted with its past history, and to learn what changes and what improvements have taken place since the days of his childhood. The love of home is a feeling planted in the heart of man by the great hand of Nature itself, and commences with his infancy.

Yet some there are who feel not that love of home, that *heart-sickness*, which makes their sojourn in a foreign land, surrounded though they are with riches, little better than splendid banishment. To such we speak not ; let them live on the "hireling Swiss" of the earth. In the perusal of a history, most classes of readers (those "native and to the manner born," as well as strangers to the place), experience too often a disappointment. The partiality they entertain towards the

town which gave them birth, the recollections they treasure up of many leading events of its history, generally conveyed through the uncertain and exaggerated medium of stories of the olden time, lead them in too many instances to expect *too* much from the author. Perfection is like happiness, difficult of obtainment ; and that author does well who writes worthily. It is generally overlooked by readers, that the very nature of the subject, particularly of cities or towns, whose origin may be traced back several centuries, denies that fulness of information and abundance of materials, which should furnish a certain knowledge of every part of their eventful history. This remark particularly applies to the history of Berwick. Placed by nature in a situation exposed to the hostile attacks both of England and Scotland, forming as it did the frontier town of either kingdom, whoever possessed it having the key, as it were, to his foeman's territories, it need no longer become a wonder that this old town was for so long a period of time the scene of so many bloody wars, sieges, battles, escalades, skirmishes, &c. Other towns in the heart of the sister kingdoms may have been the scene of as hot a battle, as bloody a skirmish, and as sore a siege, as ever happened to Berwick, but never such a succession of battles and passages of arms, as the old and weather-beaten capital of the debateable land. There is scarcely a name famous in English or Scottish history, whether warrior, politician, or prelate, that in some measure is not mixed up and connected with Berwick upon-Tweed. Rising from a per-

usal of its history, it appears that every early English or Scottish monarch thought it his duty to lay siege to the old time-stained walls of Aberwick ; and that his military reputation was not deemed sufficient, unless he had subdued by assault the walls of the old borough. Look at the lives of the mighty and illustrious dead, who, in their dream on earth, fought, revelled, and left its venerable buildings. The early Kings of Denmark and Norway, the Saxon Thanes and Eldormen, the Norman conqueror, and his brood of "Crowned Kings," his ruddy son Rufus, the truculent John, the three Edwards, each furnishing a series of terrible legends relating to the town, the patient and serene Henry VI., his dauntless Queen, Margaret of Anjou, King-making Warwick, Surrey, Somerset, Norfolk, Russell, Dacres, "belted Will Howard," Bolingbroke, Northumberland, all of them "household words" in the mouths of generations. Then came the days of the civil wars. The beautiful and erring Queen Mary of Scotland, her pedantic son, Jamie the First of England, the "melancholic" Charles I., with his oval countenance, the very prototype of the woe about to overtake and end his royal life ; his gallant and reckless son, the licentious Charles II., then the stern and uncompromising Oliver Cromwell, a name to set all nations in a blaze of wonder and fear, with the prophetic reformer, John Knox, and a host of gallant Scotch Kings and warriors ; David, Gregory, Donald, Alexander, Bruce the iron-hearted, with the galaxy of bravery he drew after him, Douglas, Randolph, Mar, Steward, &c.,

all have "fretted their hour" on life's stage at Berwick, and bestowed an immortal honour on the old borough, merely by the connections existing between their noble names, and the old still and silent stones of Berwick-upon-Tweed,—and *such* names too ! Genius can never die, for it has wings to soar above the petty and grovelling vale of worldly difficulties. Genius can never fade, for it is a perpetual evergreen, watered daily with the tears of a thousand admirers. It is a living fire, a well of never-ceasing water, unapproachable, indestructible, and immortal ! It was not until the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the Crown of England in 1603, that an end was put to the distracting woes, alarms, and slaughters, to which the inhabitants of Berwick were constantly exposed. War has ever been a determined enemy to the cultivation of those arts which require leisure to promote, and security to pursue. And in that species of predatory warfare, which was more especially carried on along the borders of England and Scotland, the use of the sword completely superseded the employment of the pen ; living in a comparative stormy period, when for one clerkly scholar there were hundreds of warriors, the fiercesoldier obtained a preference over the learned scribe, in the eyes of the multitude. The soldier may be compared to the tall and tapering poplar, that speedily acquires its strength, and shoots upwards in grace and comeliness. The scribe's wisdom was of slower growth, and resembled the yearly, but sure, age of the oak ; the scholar's writings, like its timber, en-

during the shock of many hundred years. In the very scanty materials scattered among the earlier chronicles of the Scotch and English historians, it has always been a subject of regret there are not sufficient to give that detailed and uninterrupted account, which the importance of Berwick, as a key to both kingdoms, warrants the reader of its history to expect. But when we examine the causes which produced these effects, we shall no longer feel surprised at the scantiness and paucity of details handed down to us, but rather wonder *there were any at all* left from the devouring clutches of barbarians, excited foemen, flames, and the corroding touch of time. All the Guild books and public papers of Berwick reach no farther back than Edward IV. There is literally nothing explanatory of its ancient origin to be met with in the archives of the town. The charter constituting it a Scotch borough has not been met with, and various others are "not." The many times Berwick was sacked and set in flames explains the want of documents necessary to throw a light on its early history ; and as what we know is transmitted down to us through the writings of partial English or Scottish historians, all that we read is tinged and embued with the various prejudices and dislikes of the early authors to whom we are indebted for the scanty information. Modify it as we may, still we insensibly adopt the oft-repeated story, and vain almost is any exertion on the part of the reader to shake off the impression the reading of it has produced.

For instance, is there any reader, who, on rising from the perusal of Boece's History of the Scottish War, does not fully believe in the judicial murder of Seton's sons, and execrates Edward III. as a tyrant? Who for a moment disputes the fact (*still* perusing the bluff old Boece) that Edward I., surnamed Longshanks, hung the Countess of Buchan over Berwick Castle's turrets in an iron cage? Or is there any partizan of the above-mentioned Edward, who will dare to affirm, after the perusal of blind Harry Barbour's life of Wallace, that that peerless Scottish champion, the deliverer of his country, was not basely betrayed into his foeman's hands, and after brutally murdered, without the shadow of a doubt? Certainly not. And if we peruse the courtly and candid Clarendon, shall we not look upon the Scots as a treacherous and fawning nation, guilty of every crime under the sun, "smacking of every sin," for them no vice too great, no dissimulation too mean, and no falsehood too glaring? A nation who sold their lawful King for certain pieces of silver, Judas-like, and whose chastisement by the bloody hands of the usurper Cromwell, was a piece of retributive justice? Who feels not and knows all this? It may be exaggerated, and we beat it from our minds, but still the impression is left, though the die is destroyed. That in the present history we have endeavoured to glide impartially between the prejudicial accounts of the various English and Scottish writers, the reader may judge for himself, in spite of those glaring absurdities which creep into our chapters regarding the his-

tory, and though with a ruthless hand we pluck them up as fast as they gain root, yet, hydra-like, they increase the more for being destroyed ; and as often as we hew some preposterous legend to the ground, like Antæus the giant, it rebounds once more to our hands, refreshed and invigorated by the embraces of its mother earth !

We are told that at the siege and taking of Berwick by the first Edward, 60,000 men were slain (the 60,000 men were of the same flesh and blood as Falstaff's 11 men in buckram, we suspect), that the castle mill ran with the blood of the slain (a new motive power), that *seven* men took the castle by surprise, and held it *a week* against Hotspur and 7,000 *men* !! with various other legends. Now there must have been some foundation for these assertions, which probably there was, but like the story of the "three black crows," they have been so magnified and distorted by succeeding historians, that the simple facts from which they were derived are forgotten ere the first addition to the original story has been appended. All is lost in the gloom of ages and uncertainty, all chaos and undiminished darkness ; "the dews of the morning are fled, and we vainly try to continue the chace by the meridian splendour." "And such is history," exclaimed Raleigh, as he threw the labour of many years into the fire, as he found how difficult it was to obtain the intelligence of some brawl that had taken place beneath his window ; and well may a modern author say so too. The monkish writers, the chivalric historians, each one a seraph—their pens, "a waving reed tipt



with fire," having failed to picture forth the early histories of Berwick, how can so unnoted an individual as the author hope to compass it? If I have failed in my design to set forth an entertaining account of this ancient town, it has neither been the fault of my heart or will, since I have omitted nothing that I thought might in some manner cast a ray of intelligence over the feudal times of the old debateable town.

In presenting this new history of Berwick to the public, the author has as nearly as possible given an original work. From Dr. Fuller's diffuse but at times interesting history, he has drawn largely; to the Rev. Thomas Johnstone's abridgment, and Good's Directory, he may also be indebted for a stray figure or so, but they are so scanty of information in themselves, that very little was to be gleaned. Dr. Fuller's history (the rest of the historians follow in his wake) commences in the reign of Henry II., and finishes, as far as the ancient history of the town is concerned, with the accession of James I. to the throne of England. Of the earlier history of the town, prior to the re-building of the Castle, nothing is said. And after the union of the two kingdoms, the worthy doctor is silent, and merely confines himself to a few statistics of the borough, &c. Of the history of the town from the days of James I. until George II., the author has given the fruits of his research in this volume. He desires to express especially the obligation he is under to the able account of Berwick in the Penny Cyclopædia, written by that inde-

fatigable antiquary, Robert Weddell, Esq.; to that gentleman and his worthy brother he is under many and great obligations, never withholding their assistance when solicited, or documents, &c., calculated to throw any light upon the subject. Had Mr. Weddell complied with the wishes of his friends, and published "a History of Berwick-upon-Tweed," it is superfluous to add that this little volume would have never been written. But as the former histories are mostly out of print, and a new one much wanted, the present volume is with considerable diffidence presented to the public, not with a view of entirely supplying the deficiency, but in the hope it may induce some one with greater ability to write a work more worthy of the public approbation.

The author has imagined what may have been the origin of Aberwicke, and peopled it with the rude and simple Otadini. That such a people inhabited the town and country adjacent, is proved almost by the remains of chronicles yet existing. Whether it is better to follow the monkish historians for the beginning of the history, or merely to break the ice and dismiss the subject, as Dr. Fuller has done, "The antiquity of the town of Berwick is beyond doubt very great," remains to be proved. Berwick may be proud of its ancient glories, and even her fast-failing walls may be entitled to some respect; of her burgesses it is not my purpose to speak; that they enjoy various privileges, and by the munificence of James I. "Meadows and Stints," according to their seniority, there is no question; whether this money

they receive annually is for good or evil, is a question requiring deliberation ere it is answered. That it comes in the light of a bequest to some poor widow or orphans, and as such is blessed, is gratifying alike to the memory of the donor and humanity in general ; but on the other hand, that it serves to keep a great number of the burghesses in a condition little above pauperism, who, relying on the little income, forego the advantages which youth and application would bring forth, is at the same time a mournful fact. While it is looked upon as the chief income of their lives, it is ruinous, instead of being used as something supplementary,—a small fund to be laid by for the common misfortunes of life, not as the sole dependence of existence.

For the rent of the various fisheries, the corn and export returns, the statistical knowledge of the town, &c., I am indebted to various gentlemen connected with them. That many errors have unavoidably crept into this work the author is fully aware, and prays the reader will excuse them. Nothing has been said in anger against any parties, but more in sorrow ; truth, the undefiled truth, the anchor of good men in all weathers, I have scrupulously adhered to ; and in conclusion I desire all critics to review my work like scholars, not mangle it like butchers, “ To make it a dish for the gods, not a carcase for the hounds.” And with this exhortation I remain,

The Public's very humble servant,

FREDERICK SHELDON.

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED, *November 20, 1848.*

# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

Of the Origin of Berwick—Etymology of the Name—Its Ancient Inhabitants—The Otadini—Invasion of Agricola—Withdrawal of the Romans—Landing of the Saxons—Aberwicke conquered by them—Introduction of Christianity into Aberwicke by Aidan—Aberwicke stormed by Donald—Slaughter of the King and Troops by the Inhabitants—Lothian surrendered to Kenneth II. of Scotland—Landing of the Danes at Spittal—Aberwicke conquered by them—The Danish Sway commences in Bernicia,     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...	1
---	---

## CHAPTER II.

Gregory of Scotland invests Berwicke—The Inhabitants open the Gates—Terrible slaughter of the Danes—Burning of Bamborough—Battle of Hastings—Commencement of the Norman Sway—Treaty of Peace between William and Malcolm signed at Berwicke—Malcolm takes Berwicke by assault—Growing Trade of Berwicke—Cnute a Royal Merchant—Convent of Cistercian Nuns founded—Berwicke burnt by Bohun, Constable of England—Berwicke forfeited to Henry III.—Rebuilding of the Castle—Richard sells Berwicke for 10,000 marks to Scotland—John burns and sacks the Town—The Bridge destroyed and rebuilt,	25
---	----

## CHAPTER III.

Berwick Rebuilt—The Archbishop of York removes the Sentence of Excommunication from Alexander the Second—Gilbert, Earl of Pembroke, marries Marion, Sister of Alexander, in Barwicke—Barwicke in the time of Alexander the Third—His birth-day—The states of England and Scotland assemble in Barwicke—Edward awards the Crown of Scotland to Baliol, who refuses allegiance—Edward invades Barwicke, and takes it by assault—The Red Hall burnt with its gallant defenders—Edward holds a Parliament in Barwicke—The oath of fealty—Establishes an Exchequer in Barwicke—William Wallace besieges the Castle—Raises the siege on the approach of Edward—Wallace betray-	
--	--

ed; executed—A quarter exposed on Barwicke Bridge—Niel Bruce and others executed at the Gallows Knowe—Punishment of the Countess of Buchan—Death of Edward the First, ... ..	PAGE 44
--	------------

## CHAPTER IV.

Edward II. visits Berwicke—Passes a winter there—Robert Bruce attempts to seize the town by an escalade, but fails—Edward assembles his mighty army for the subjugation of Scotland at Berwicke, and marches into Scotland—Battle of Bannockburn—King Edward re-enters Berwicke a Fugitive—Burial of the Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Robert Clifford—Edward departs—Bruce encamps at Auld Cambus, and prepares to attack Berwicke—Denies audience to the Pope's messenger—Treachery of Spalding—Douglas surprises Berwicke—Arrival of Bruce at the Castle, who makes an inroad into England as far as Ripon, ...	69
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

Arrival of Edward II. at Berwicke—He besieges it by land and sea—The garrison under Walter Stewart gallantly defend it—Edward raises the siege, and departs from Berwicke—His death—Solemnization of marriage performed in Berwicke between Joan, sister of Edward III., and David, son of Robert Bruce—Baliol lays claim to the Crown of Scotland—Edward summons David to pay him homage—His refusal—Edward invests Berwicke with a strong blockade—Distress of the inhabitants—Seton's sons taken prisoners—A truce concluded—Edward hangs Seton's sons—Arrival of Douglas—Battle of Halydown Hill, ...	88
---	----

## CHAPTER VI.

Edward enters Berwicke in triumph—Strengthens the fortifications—Proceeds to France—Arrives in Berwicke—Holds a splendid tournament at Easter in the Castle-yard—Death of Sir John de Twiford and two Scottish knights—The slaughter of Scots invited to a banquet in Berwicke, by Neville and Percy—The Earl of Angus surprises Berwicke, but abandons it on the approach of Edward—Sir Thomas Musgrave made prisoner by the Scots—Death of Edward—Berwicke Castle surprised by a party of borderers—The Castle taken and retaken—Battle of Otterburn—Arrival of Queen Margaret in Berwicke—Bolingbroke besieges the Castle, and hangs Sir William Graystock—Berwicke besieged by James III., who abandons the enterprise, ...	119
---	-----

## CHAPTER VII.

Wars of the Red and White Roses—Queen Margaret arrives at Berwicke—Warwicke seizes upon the Town, the Scots gain possession of it—Besieged by the English—The Bell Tower—Introduction of Gunnery—The English raise the Siege—Albany usurps the throne of Scotland—	
--	--

## CONTENTS.

xvii

	PAGE
Berwicke surprised by the English—Lord Hailes defends the Castle—	
The Scots army disperses—Hailes surrenders—Berwicke given up for	
the last time to the English—Reign of Richard III.—The Debateable	
Land—Treaty of Marriage between James IV. and Margaret of England—	
James invades England in support of Perkin Warbeck—Surrey pursues	
him into Scotland—Dismantles the Towers of Ayton, Reston, Edring-	
ton, &c.—Treaty of Peace—The Princess Margaret journeys to Scot-	
land, is married at Lamberton to James IV.—Rejoicings, &c.,	139

## CHAPTER VIII.

The battle of Flodden Field—James IV.'s body brought to Berwicke—	
Queen Margaret sues for protection—Peace with Scotland—Margaret	
marries the Earl of Angus—Flies to Berwicke, and is sent to the Castle	
of Harbottle—Re-enters Scotland—Feuds on the Border—Henry VIII.	
makes an inroad into Scotland—Treachery of Angus—Norfolk marches	
to Berwicke, and burns Kelso, &c.—Death of James V.—Death of	
Henry VIII.—Somerset the Protector marches to Berwicke—Armies	
by land and sea—Battle of Pinky—Northumberland inspects the for-	
tifications—John Knox preaches in Berwicke—Mary Stuart marries	
the Dauphin—War between England and Scotland—Skirmish on Ha-	
lidon Hill—Trial by combat between the Laird of Grange and Sir	
Ralph Eure—Accession of Elizabeth—The walls rebuilt—Norfolk's	
complaints—A statement of the garrison—Their pay and number,	154

## CHAPTER IX.

The English besiege Leith, and are repulsed—Norfolk leaves Berwicke—	
Decay of the Castle—Mary Stuart visits the bounds of Berwicke—Sus-	
sex marches northward, and subdues and wastes the borders—The	
"Raid of the Redswire," between Sir John Forrester and Carmichael—	
Execution of Queen Mary—James VI. visits the bounds of Berwicke—	
Death of Queen Elizabeth, and accession of James VI. to the throne of	
England—His journey to Berwicke—Rejoicings—His departure—	
Granting of the charter to Berwicke—Building of the Bridge—The	
King's letters patent authorising the same—Letters of the Bishop of	
Durham to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—Death of James I.,	172

## CHAPTER X.

Reign of Charles I.—Quarrels with the Parliament—Arrives in Berwicke	
on his way to Scotland to be crowned—Speech of the Recorder—The	
Liturgy appointed to be read in Churches—Riots in the Cathedral in	
Edinburgh—The affairs of Scotland—The Covenanters raise an army	
—Essex marches to Berwicke—The King follows and encamps in the	
"Berks"—The Earl of Essex retires before Leslie at Dunse—Treaty of	
Pacification—The King grants a brief for the building a Church in	
Berwicke—Civil war—Charles I. deposed—Cromwell and his party—	

	PAGE
Sir Marmaduke Langdale surprises Berwick—Many of the gentlemen join him—He delivers up the town to a garrison sent by the Duke of Hamilton, and marches to Carlisle,     ...     ...     ...	193

## CHAPTER XI.

Murder of Charles I.—The Church finished by Colonel George Fenwicke—His Epitaph—Order of Guild for destroying of Witches—Decay of the Castle—It is seized by the Parliamentary Commissioners and dismantled—Protectorship of Cromwell, who defeats Langdale and Hamilton at Preston—Marches to the Borders—His orders when on March—Enters Berwicke and quarters his army there—Publishes a Manifesto—Marches to Edinburgh—Two years after again visits Berwicke—War with Scotland—Quarters at Mordington House—Marches into Scotland—Battle of Dunbar—His "Crowning Mercy"—Pursues Charles Stuart into England—Battle of Worcester—Death of Oliver Cromwell—Awful Storm, and Restoration of Charles I.,     ...	208
--	-----

## CHAPTER XII.

Description of Berwicke by Monsieur Jorvin—The Vicar's last Sermon—Murder of his wife—His execution on the Gallows Knowe—Quarrel of Hume with the Laird of Newmills—Protection for the Salmon—Death of Charles II.—Reign of James II.—The Scottish Parliament passes an act of security—Berwicke fits out a "Letter of Marque"—Rebellion of 1715—Confiscation of the Earl of Ratcliffe's Estates at Scremerston—The Burghers of Berwicke enrol themselves—Lance Errington surprises Holy Island Castle—The garrison of Berwicke takes him prisoner—Confined in the Tolbooth—He escapes—Thomas Bowring outlawed,     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...	226
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIII.

The "Turn-out" in '45—Charles Edward lands in Inverness-shire—Unfurls his standard—Terror of the Burghers at Berwick—Prince Charles enters Edinburgh—Berwick garrisoned—Battle of Prestonpans—Flight of Johnny Cope to Berwick, followed by his soldiers—Alarm of the inhabitants—Prince Charles invades England—General Hawley arrives in Berwick, marches to the north—Liberality of the inhabitants of Berwick to the English army—Battle of Falkirk—The Duke of Cumberland hurries to the north, and takes command of the army—Terrible battle of Culloden—Total extinction of the Rebellion—Removal of the old Tolbooth—Erection of the Town-hall—Description of it—Antiquities of the old Tolbooth—Jamie Allan the Piper visits Berwick—He enlists—His stratagem—Escapes and swims over the Tweed,     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...	242
--	-----

# CONTENTS.

xix

## CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE

Visit of the Duke of Cumberland to Berwick—Presented with the freedom of the town—Ball at the Town-hall—Determination of Government to Garrison Berwick—The Barracks built—The Governor's House—Description of the Ramparts and Walls—The False Alarm—Assembling of Militia, Fencibles, and Yeomanry at Berwick—Military character of Berwick—Removal of the Main Guard—Gates shut at Curfew time—Dr. Fuller's complaints—General Peace—Removal of the Cannon from the Walls—Discharge of the Garrison, ... 262

## CHAPTER XV.

Salmon—Its history—Its importance as an article of Commerce—The ancient method of preserving Salmon—Boats employed in Fishing—Salmon preserved in Ice—Ice-houses—Capture of Salmon in the Tweed—The Method—Sale of Salmon—Statistics—Salmon Feast at Tweedmouth—Description of a "Kettle" up the River—Town Waits—Bay of Berwick—White Fishing—Herrings—Mode of Capture—Sea-coast—Caves—Smuggling—Shipwrecks—Trade of Berwick—Berwick Smacks—Shipping—Non-freemen allowed to sell in Berwick—Corn—Table of the quantities shipped—Export of Eggs—Manufactories of Berwick—Ancient Pier in Queen Elizabeth's time—Building of the present Pier—Foundation of Roads, &c.—Magdalen Fields—Cow Grass, ... .. 277

## CHAPTER XVI.

Springs—Water of Berwick—Reservoir in Castlegate—Letting of Water-sprigs—Population—Number of Houses, &c.—Burgesses—Freedom of the town—Their Privileges—Boundary of the Liberties of Berwick—Annual value of the Corporation fund—Meadows and Stints—The Charter—Guild—Expenses of Corporation—Schools—Education—Passing of the Municipal Corporation Reform Act—Charities—Bequests—Dispensary—Subscription Reading Room—Police—Poor-house—Ecclesiastical affairs of Berwick—Arrival of King George IV. in the Bay on his passage to Scotland, ... .. 300

## CHAPTER XVII.

Lamberton Races—Lamberton Toll—The Gretna Green of Berwick—Meeting of the Royal Highland and Agricultural Society—Report and progress of the Meeting—The Show-yard—The great Pavilion and Dinner—Customs, &c., of Berwick—Christmas, New-year, and Easter Holidays—The literature of Berwick—Visit of the "Modern Androcles"—Wreck of the "Pegasus"—Removal of old buildings—New Shambles—The old Butchers' Market in Fuller's time—James Stuart—His life and death, ... .. 322



## CHAPTER XVIII.

Excavations of the Castle Hill—Formation of the Railway Station—Relics, Discoveries, &c.—New Bridge over the Tweed—Its Height and Length—Probable cost—The Number of Workmen employed—Gene- ral Remarks on the Air and Trade of Berwick, ... ..	361
--	-----

## CHAPTER XIX.

Description of Tweedmouth—Its origin—King John founds a Castle—De- stroyed by William the Lion—The Parliament of Edward I. held there—Jorvin's Account of Tweedmouth in 1762—Grizzy Cochrane— Description of the surrounding Country—Cultivation of Tweedmouth Moor—Courts held at Tweedmouth—The Church—Springs, &c.— Floods in the Tweed—Fisheries—Tweedmouth Feast—Boat Races— Railway Station and Bridges—Description of Spittal—The Sea-shore —Bathing—Spittal Salmon Feast, ... ..	379
ISLANDSHIRE, ... ..	393
HOLY ISLAND, ... ..	395
NORHAM, ... ..	408
FLODDEN FIELD, ... ..	411
MORDINGTON, ... ..	417
AYTON, ... ..	419
EYEMOUTH, ... ..	423
COLDINGHAM, ... ..	427
CHIRNSIDE, ... ..	432

# HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

---

## CHAPTER I.

OF THE ORIGIN OF BERWICK—ETYMOLOGY OF THE NAME—ITS ANCIENT INHABITANTS—THE OTADINII—INVASION OF AGRICOLA—WITHDRAWAL OF THE ROMANS—LANDING OF THE SAXONS—ABERWICK CONQUERED BY THEM—INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BERWICK BY AIDAN—ABERWICK STORMED BY DONALD—SLAUGHTER OF THE KING AND TROOPS BY THE INHABITANTS—LOTHIAN SURRENDERED TO KENNETH II. OF SCOTLAND—LANDING OF THE DANES AT SPITTAL—ABERWICK CONQUERED BY THEM—THE DANISH SWAY COMMENCES IN BERNICIA.

THE etymology of the word Berwick has often been the subject of explanation by many authors ; but none of them have agreed satisfactorily upon the derivation of the word. Some have affirmed it is of Saxon origin, others that it is Teutonic ; and there are those who have not scrupled to ascribe its name to the ancient Britons. *Vic* or *Wick* is a name that implies a village situated on a hill ;\* and *Ber* may be construed into a stream sweeping round a corner or angle of a hill joining the sea. Camden derives it from the Saxon Beop-

\* Jeffrey of Mehmouth.

nicapic, signifying the town of the Bernicians. Among the various etymologies given of Berwick, that of Aberwick is not the least possible ; for Aber signifies a river, and wick a town ; hence the name of Berwick, dropping the preliminary A. The situation of Aberdeen, Aberbrothwick, Abergavenny, Aberrystwith, &c., are in a degree similar to that of Berwick, rising on a bold and lofty stretch of land, reaching to the ocean, and with a clear and rapid river flowing into the sea. At the epoch of Domesday Book, Berwicka signifies a village, which appertained to some town or manor ; and as Tothill is called the Berwicke of Westminster in the donation of Edward the Confessor, the town on the Tweed was called the Berwicke of Coldingham (such is the intimation of Camden). We learn from Somer and Lye, the Saxon glossarists, that Berwicke is the same in substance as Baretun, *Villa frumentaria*, a grange or village.\* It may have been so called from its want of verdure, from its Anglo-Saxon *bare*, *bar*, *undus* and *wic* : *Vicus Castellum sinus*, the curving reach of a river.†

Some annalists there are, that argue Berwicke owes its name to its being a Barre (or frontier place to Scotland), and wicke a town. This may be an absurd supposition, equally so with the tradition of its deriving its name from bears, founded on the idea that the neighbourhood was formerly infested with those animals. The heralds have adopted this supposition, for to this day, the arms of the Corporation are a bear chained to a tree.‡ Of the warlike and savage tribes who first pitched their tents amid the thick forests that stretched from the Tyne to the Forth, we have no authentic information, neither have we of the first settlers from whose huts, interwoven

\* Camden.

† Chalmers' Caledon., p. 190.

‡ See Fuller.

with boughs and rushes, sprung the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Its origin takes us back through the wide abyss of time, many, many centuries to the days of patriarchal rule in Israel. When Brutus (according to Jeffrey of Monmouth's account) came to Albion, after the destruction of Troy, and built the city of Trinovantum (now London), Gideon judged Israel; this was 1260 years before Christ, and 3000 years since London was first built. When King Leil founded Carlisle, Solomon reigned in all his wisdom. When Rudibras, the son of Leil, built Canterbury, the same birds that flew about the newly finished city, may have perched upon the stable in which our infant Saviour lay. If King Kembellinus reigned in Britain when Christ was born, Berwick may date its founding from that time. At the period of the Roman invasion, a people called the Otadinii inhabited the wide range of country between the Forth and the Avon. Berwick may have been a place frequented by them for fishing; savages in a state of nature, inhabiting the sea coast, are found near some creek or river, convenient for fishing. The ancient country of Bernicia (according to Jeffrey of Monmouth) extended from the Tyne to the Tees; other writers have given it a more extended range, reaching from the Tweed to the Firth of Forth. But it is possible that at different periods of time Bernicia may have varied in its dimensions.

The names of innumerable places throughout the country, attest its being inhabited by the rude and simple tribes of the Otadinii. And there, on the shoulder of a hill, sloping to the sea, at whose feet ran the clear waters of the river Tweed, did the early Briton pitch his rude tent (scarcely so comfortable as the New Zealan-

der's wigwam of the present day) ; here the aboriginal settlers of Berwick formed their habitation, a few trees were felled and formed into a kind of rude stockade, to repel the attacks of any wandering hostile tribe ; and on the clear and swelling stream, the adventurous Briton launched his frail canoe of bark, disturbing from its solitary watch the heron and kingfisher, or its only inhabitant the wild curlew, that flew screaming over the waves, alarmed by this new intruder on its domains, who endeavoured, by his skill in fishing, to support a wandering and precarious existence. The hand of man has changed the face of the hill since that period, but the river, sea, and sky are still the same, and flow and ebb, and undergo the changes which morning and evening brings forth, as freshly as they did when the simple Briton laved the waters of the Tweed with his coracle. Camden says the Saxons were the first fishers in this island. The ancient Britons worshipped the waters, and consequently revered the finny tribe. The Irish, the Welsh, and the Gaelic Highlanders still evince aversion to fishing. The latter call the lowlanders in derision, "fish-eaters." The coracle or currach, was a slender boat, made of wicker work, and covered with leather. Boats of a similar construction are still used in Wales.

The tumuli and cairns, which marked the dust of their warriors, have fallen before the plough ; and the progress of agricultural improvement has deracinated their encampments. On an eminence, near Berwick, called Druman, was a fortalice consisting of two concentric "aggera," with very deep intervening trenches ; the situation of this camp being admirably adapted for defence, the Saxons, when they overran the country in after

years, also occupied it as a military station, from whom it probably received its present name of Habchester. Aberwicke was merely a rude constructed fort, with a number of huts scattered around it, which in the course of a few years assumed the appearance of a village. The Otadinii were a brave and warlike people. Their food was furnished by the chase ; milk and fish were the principal diet of those tribes inhabiting the sea-coast ; the skins of the beasts they slew furnished their only clothing ; their bodies were tattooed over with the signs of the Zodiac ; and various birds and beasts were depicted with a blue pigment on their legs, arms, breasts, &c. ; their hair, which was long, flowed down over their shoulders ; their beards were kept close shaved, except the upper lip, which was allowed to grow.\* Iron was known to them, and probably an object of barter with the Phœnicians who voyaged to Britain. It is mentioned by Camden that they bought up vast quantities of tin in Cornwall. The Greeks sold to the Britons salt, earthenware, and brass trinkets, receiving in exchange tin, lead, and skins of beasts. Their arms were a javelin, short sword, and target ; they were entirely ignorant of tillage, merely contenting themselves with rudely cultivating those roots and fruit the country almost yielded in a state of nature. They had brass money in circulation, but this was brought them from abroad ; their language, customs, religion, and government were generally the same as the Gauls, their neighbours on the continent. The name of Aberwicke now first occurs in the early records of monkish historians ; for, at a levee of Kings and British Princes and Chieftains, invited to a solemn banquet, held in the city

\* See Goldsmith's Hist.

of Towers (Canterbury), by the renowned King Arthur, the name of Aviragus, King of Aberwicke, appears ; from this circumstance we may conclude Aberwicke to have risen in magnitude considerably above the neighbouring towns, since we find it possessed of a king, an honour the places in its vicinity could not boast of.†

Such were then the ancient inhabitants of Aberwicke, such the people that assisted in repelling the heavy armed legions of Julius Cæsar, on his conquering the tribes of the southern part of the kingdom. The many changes following the conquest of Britain by the Romans, produced a considerable effect on the rude town of Aberwicke. After a series of battles, treaties, and skirmishes for thirty years, the triumphant march of the conqueror Julius Agricola, northward, completely swept from their dwellings the last remnants of the Otadinii ; some remained as bond-slaves to their victorious enemies, many of whom, enchanted by the beauty and loveliness of the Tweed, settled on its banks, and by intermarrying with the daughters of the Britons, introduced new laws, customs, arts, &c., and from their issue sprung up a Roman colony in the town of Aberwicke. It is recorded, that when the soldiers of Agricola's army first beheld the majestic Tweed, flowing in undisturbed and placid beauty towards the sea, struck with the peculiar loveliness of the river and its banks, they threw their arms to the ground, exclaiming, "Behold the Tiber." From the year 84 until the year 121 A.D., the Romans retained possession of Aberwicke, and pillars of light and sculptured beauty held on their slender shafts the early temples of Roman adoration. Here may have arisen a temple to victory. On the site of St. Mary's

† Jeffrey of Monmouth, p. 724.

Church may have stood the fane of Minerva; a building dedicated to Mars, or Janus, or a monument to peace may have reared their towering heads where now our modern burghers dwell; 'tis not considering "too curiously" to think thus. Aberwicke must have materially improved both in building and extent, for where the legions of Rome settled, they brought with them the habits and customs and resources of a civilised people. After a succession of battles, the particulars of which are lost in the mist of ages, the Caledonians, a savage and warlike people, inhabiting the inaccessible recesses of the northern mountains, and to conquer whom Agricola had shed the best blood of his cohorts among the defiles of the Grampians, succeeding in reconquering the Roman settlers in the north, freeing from their grasp Berwickshire, and the whole country between the Tyne and Tay. The country of Bernicia, for the next three hundred years, became a scene of constant warfare and contention; and all the advantages which Aberwicke gained by the introduction of those arts, &c., brought from Rome, and her elevation in the scale of social improvement, it now may be said to have lost, and by this new inundation of Caledonians to have receded back, almost into the rude and barbaric state from which the Romans for a time rescued it. After a succession of battles, the Romans were compelled to leave Britain to defend their own empire from the encroachments of barbarians, far more fierce and multitudinous than the simple and contented Britons. And thus the Roman sway in Aberwicke ceased. It may be a question of doubt, whether the arts and sciences, the degrees of comfort which the Romans introduced among the inhabitants of Aberwicke, were prejudicial or serviceable to



them. From being a rude and savage people, living in huts formed of branches of trees and mud, the Romans taught them the use of the square, the plane, and plumb-line ; and from the remains of coins, statues, buildings, tessellated pavements, &c., found in recent years, there can be no doubt but that the Britons made great advances in the progress of civilization. At the same time it may be questioned, whether what they gained by peace they did not lose in war.

When Aberwick rose to any importance is not known ; that it was a place of considerable strength during the wars of the Romans and their allies there is no sufficient evidence to prove. Antiquarians offer nothing definitive ; all is conjectural. Some authors allege it was known to Ptolemy, the Geographer (who wrote in the time of Antoninus), by the name of Tnesis ; but the situation described by him does not correspond with that of the present town. Carr, in his history of Coldingham, observes, "Few vestiges remain to remind us of that brave and simple people by whom this part of the country was so long overrun, but what we do possess is quite sufficient to convince us they once occupied it, had we no historical evidence of such being the fact. Several silver coins of Gratian, Nero, Antoninus Pius, Lucius Flaminus, and others, have at different times been dug up, with their inscriptions defaced, but too distinct to admit a doubt of their being Roman mintage." According to Maitland, the great Roman road called Watling Street, or the Devil's Causeway, crossed the Tweed at Berwick, and there pursued its way into East Lothian. Other annalists argue that it had a more westerly direction. But there are evident remains of Roman fortifications in the neighbourhood of Berwick. The spot where

the Castle stood upon was originally a Roman camp. Thus have we traced the probable condition of the inhabitants of Aberwicke up to the period when their Roman allies left them. On the completion of the great wall by Severus, the inhabitants of Aberwicke were in a manner excluded from holding any beneficial intercourse with their more refined neighbours south of that rampart, and given over to the rude and savage barbarity of the Caledonians, the Picts, and the Scots. A new invader now presented himself under the pretence of guarding the Britons from the Picts and Scots. The burly Saxon, the worshipper of Odin, with his blue eyes and light flaxen hair, led his fierce bands to the shores of England. The children of Jutland seem to have first entered the country of Bernicia (and settled on the shores of what now is Berwickshire and Lothian) in the fifth century, when Octa and Ebissa, the son and nephew of the Saxon leader Hengist\* (who by this time had subdued Kent), led to these shores a new colony of their countrymen. In the year 454, Octa, the brother of Hengist, after many severe conflicts, succeeded in driving the Britons from the coast of Northumberland. His dominions consisted chiefly of the country called Bernicia, which was the Saxon name of the district lying north of the Tyne, or wall of Severus, and which extended during some periods of the Saxon power as far as the Edinburgh Firth.\* The raven banners of Thor and Odin usurped the eagles of the Romans, and in A.D. 547, a much more formidable band of adventurers settled on the coast of Northumberland and Berwickshire, under the direction of Ida (whose natural fierceness of disposition, together with the devastation which his fero-

\* Mackenzie's Hist. Northld.

city occasioned, procured for him the name of Flamzyn, or the torch bearer). The Scots and Picts, after a long warfare with the Britons, were finally compelled to yield before the banners of the unconquered Odin ; but like the waves of the ocean they retired in sullen silence to make their return the more awful. Under the direction of their Saxon leader, the kingdom of Northumberland was established. The modern inhabitants of that country may look with surprise upon the smallness of their territory, contrasted with what it was when they are informed in Ida's days the kingdom of Northumberland included its own shire, Aberwicke, Haddington, and even Edinburgh, with a portion of Roxburgh and Linlithgow.\* Having succeeded in conquering the adjacent tribes and reducing them to obedience, Ida founded the Castle of Bebbansburgh (or Bamburgh), and fixed it as the seat of his government.†

His followers scattered up and down the country, and when peace for a time seemed restored to the harassed Aberwickians, began to marry with the descendants of the Roman Britons. And thus a new mixture was given to the blood of the inhabitants of Beopnicapic or Aberwicke, and the surrounding towns. Many of the descendants of the true Britons scorned to mate with their invaders, and fled to the hills, and there maintained their freedom. In spite of the resistance made by the more stubborn of the Britons, the Saxon language became the general medium of conversation (the names of the different encampments in the vicinity of Berwick all support this conjecture), their habits, customs, and usages generally stole in imperceptibly, and the town of Aberwicke (or as it was then called Beopnicapic) was advancing

\* Huntingdon, p. 313.

† Camden.

rapidly under the fosterage of the Saxons. In support of this assertion, several coins of Saxon kings (at various times) have been discovered in Berwick and the neighbourhood, some of them mixed with Roman coins, contained in small vessels of earthenware. Several coins enclosed in an urn, were found a few years ago by some workmen near the ruins of St. Mary's Church, with the circumscription "Althelstan Reg. to Britt." (Athelstan, King of Great Britain).\* Northumberland was the most powerful of all the kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy; and during the cessation of bloodshed, and the temporary lull from war and rapine, the more peaceably inclined portion of the Saxons, finding their newly acquired kingdoms could not support a community increasing so rapidly, without some exertions, turned their attention to tillage.

The land, before divided into colonies or governments, was now portioned into shires, with Saxon appellations; their titles of honour, their trials by jury and laws were continued, as originally derived from their German ancestors.†

The civil polity of the Anglo-Saxons is involved in the gloom of eight centuries. All the primary germs of the feudal system may be discovered among the Saxons. It appears that every Gothic chief was surrounded by a number of retainers, who did him homage in peace, and accompanied him in war. Vassals were divided into two classes; vassals of choice, who chose their own lord, and paid him for the protection he afforded, and vassals by tenure, who held of their lords estates for life, with the obligation of military service. The King was elected by the Wittens, before his coronation. Next

\* *Vide Carr's Hist.* p. 90.

† *Goldsmith's Hist.* p. 210.

to the King in state were the Ealdormen or Earls, then followed the Viceroy. The Thaness, so called from "thegnian," to serve, were a numerous body of men. The Gerefas or Reeves, were appointed over shires, ports, and burghs. Their administration of justice was simple. The jurisdiction of "Sac" and "Soc," included all offences committed in the Soc; and as these courts were held in the lord's hall, they were called the hall moots; from them are derived our Court Barons, with civil and courts leet. Homicide and theft were the crimes of the Anglo-Saxons; the ordeal by fire and hot water was frequently resorted to. The commission of homicide was atoned for by a pecuniary compensation. The Were, or legal value of lives, advanced in proportion to the rank of the murdered man. Ceorls (or husbandmen), thanes, and even the clergy, joined in the commission of robbery. Two-thirds of the population, it is thought, existed in a state of slavery.\*

The forest around Aberwicke was now fast disappearing, though here and there some lordly oak still struggled to retain its place against the axe of the Saxon; who, crossing from his ice-bound kingdom, subjugated neighbouring countries by his bravery and address.

By education and habit, they were rovers and masters of the sea; and while a portion of them ploughed the ground with such rude instruments as were then in vogue, sowing their seed and reaping a scanty crop, others more daring and hardy felled timber and built themselves ships. The situation of the river Tweed, its approximation to the sea, and the commodious harbour it offered to their galleys, made it a favourite seaport with them. The prows of the Phœnician and the Ro-

\* Mackenzie's Hist.

man galleys may have ploughed the waters of the Tweed at an earlier period. The war ships of the Saxons rushing from their ports, their crews made furious descents on portions of the neighbouring coasts, that offered them means of plunder. After pillaging the inhabitants, they retreated to their ships, and hoisted sail for their ports again ; and with that thoughtless prodigality for which seamen are proverbial, spent their ill-gotten wealth with a lavish hand, until indigence and want goaded them on to fresh adventures.

The neighbourhood of Bamborough, near Aberwicke, (which was probably Ida's harbour) caused the latter to take precedence of all other sea-ports on the coast ; the galleys of Ida studded the waters of the bay of Berwick in all directions, and thus was laid the foundation of that maritime prosperity which has with various changes clung to it down to the present day. Of the religion of the inhabitants of Aberwicke it is difficult to judge. The Romans imparted to them the mysteries of the heathen Mythology, and of their manner of worship ; after their departure the Picts and Scots inculcated in their bosoms the master passion of savage life—revenge ! considered at that time a virtue ; then came the worshippers of Odin, with their Walhallas, for the reception of battle-slain heroes. Three successive changes of religion, each one strangely contrasting with the others, had the Britons known,—the mysterious rites of the Druid priests, the Mythology of the lettered Romans, and the equally superstitious and somewhat bloody idolatry of the Saxons. The Deities of the latter were supposed to excel in those qualifications their bravest heroes and leaders aimed to possess, the days of the week being named from their idols. A mo-

dern writer observes, " They possessed in their judgment, a ferocity in passion, and a degree of desperation in their deeds, proportionate to their intellectual and physical superiority ; their female deities they revered not more for the transcendent share of personal beauty they assigned to them than for the heroism of their martial exploits. They were led to believe that the paradise to which they looked forward after death was a continued round of rude festivity, occasionally relieved by the tumults of bloody and successful warfare. The soul of the Saxon warrior, who fell fighting under the banners of his chieftain, entered the halls of Thor and Odin, and became shrined in immortality ; similar joys awaited those females who during their lives were conspicuous for beauty or prowess."\*

It may interest the modern inhabitants to know the mode of worship as adopted by their Saxon forefathers : the spirit of the Saxons still rules and animates our courts, camps, and navies : the blood of the Romans enriched the veins of the fiery and mercurial Britons with a new current, and the mixing of their race with the sober Saxons tempered the ruddy stream ; and while in the fair faces and yellow hair of their descendants we trace their outward bearing, we owe to them inwardly that indomitable courage and perseverance under difficulty and danger which in a degree characterises our nation.

Such, then, was the religion that prevailed in Aberwicke at the end of the 6th century. The solitary taper of Christianity, that shed faint gleams from its modest retreat on the Islands of Inchcolm and Lindisfern, now began to shine with a bold and powerful light upon the

\* Carr's Hist.

inhabitants of the mainland.\* Conan, a monk of Iona, was the first apostle in the cause of Christianity that appeared on the wild shores of Bernicia ; but so little did he appear satisfied with his exertions in the holy cause that he returned to his cell dispirited and ill-natured. At a consultation held at Lindisfern, Aidan, a pious monk (whom Oswald, King of Northumberland, had appointed Bishop of Lindisfern), was by universal choice selected as the apostle of Christian religion. Lappenberg, in his history of the Anglo-Saxons, observes, "Oswald obtained the sovereignty of Deira and Bernicia, being entitled to the former country by his maternal descent, his mother 'Aelia,' the sister of Eadwine, being descended from Aelle. By him Christianity was introduced anew into the kingdom of Northumberland, but it was that of his teachers, the Scots, by whom Aidan was sent to him from the Island of St. Columba (Hii or Icolmkill), and to whom as an episcopal seat he granted the Isle of Lindisfarne, now Holy Island, the hallowed abode of many heroes of the Christian faith.

"Severity towards himself and the powerful, humility and benevolence towards the poor, activity in the cause of religion and learning, were the admirable qualities that were praised in Aidan, and shed the purest lustre on the old Scottish church to which he belonged. And few will feel disposed to doubt that the general impression which the lives of such men made on the minds of the people disgusted with Paganism, together with the internal truth of the Christian doctrines, has ever and in a greater degree contributed to their first conversion than even the most solid and convincing arguments.

\* Ridpath's Hist.



How else could the so often attempted conversion of the Northumbrians have been effected by Aidan, who, sprung from a hostile race, and sent from a hostile school, strove to propagate the doctrines of the defeated Scots and Picts, the former oppressors of the Britons, in a tongue to which Oswald himself was compelled to act as the interpreter."

Of Aidan's fitness for the pious work committed to him, a judgment may be formed from the following anecdote related by Bede: "At the solicitation of Oswald, a priest had been sent by the Scots to preach the word to the Pagans of Northumberland, who proving unqualified for the task, and unwelcome to the people through the austerity of his character, returned to his country, where in an assembly of his brethren, he declared his inability to effect any good among a people so ungovernable and barbarous: on hearing this declaration, Aidan, who was present, said to him, 'Brother, it seems to me, that you have been harsher than what was fitting towards these uninstructed people, and have not, in conformity with apostolical usage, first offered the milk of milder instructions. Until gradually nourished by the divine word, they might become capable both of receiving the most perfect, and of executing the higher precepts of God.' A discussion to which these words gave rise, terminated in the unanimous declaration that Aidan was alone worthy of being sent back to the ignorant unbelievers." Oswald, who had returned from a long imprisonment in Scotland, explained the sermons and discourses of Aidan to his people; he also invited over monks from the continent, erected churches for the propagation of this new religion, but his career was short, for he was slain in battle by Penda, King of

Mercia, the last unshaken and powerful adherent of Paganism among the Anglo-Saxons. Penda having slain his enemy, laid siege to Bamborough and attempted to burn it; but the wind suddenly changing blew the flames into his own camp and compelled him to relinquish his project; disappointed in his revenge, he invested Aberwicke with his horde of Pagans, which he took by assault and in sheer wantonness burnt to the ground; but the town speedily rose like a Phoenix from its ashes.

The religion of Christianity, that had drooped a little on the death of Aidan, received fresh impetus from the labours of the good Saint Cuthbert. Oswald, before his death, built and endowed the church of Coldingham, which he called after its abbess, St. Abb. There is no mention of his founding a church in Aberwicke, though probably he did so; but the superiority of Coldingham, as the seat of learning, leaves the fact in doubt. Although the Romans introduced several of the arts among the Britons, yet the houses of the inhabitants of Aberwicke at this time were still of a very primitive description, and built mostly of wood. With the Romans departed the fashion and manner of building in stone: this may account for the many times Aberwicke was burned down by its numerous invaders. The churches and monasteries of this period were merely barn-like structures, with a few shingles laid on the rafters for a roof: such was the holy pile in Lindisferne, and such the dwellings of the Saxon in Aberwicke. Ill built and hastily put together, they afforded very little comfort to their inhabitants. Shelter was the primary object sought for; but in the palaces of the princes at that time, less refinement and warmth were found than in the cottages of the lowest grade of

hinds in Berwickshire at the present day. So ill constructed were the joints of the buildings, and so insecurely the crevices filled up, that according to a popular writer, "The torches, when lit, streamed and flared wildly about, like the banners of a chieftain in a gale." To repel the wind that rushed in the inhabitants hung mats and tapestry around the walls. Nor did the Saxons feed or sleep very delicately: sheep there were and oxen, and great quantities of mead and wine were drank by them at meals. We have a characteristic specimen of what their couches must have been, from the fact of a veteran leader kicking from under the head of a sleeping bondsman a billet of wood, which the poor serf had substituted as a pillow; the Saxon thane probably considering such an article effeminate and unnecessary in the extreme. A similar anecdote may be found in the life of the celebrated Ewen Cameron, the pillow being composed of snow.

Each Saxon held his bondsmen as much at his will as his sheep or oxen: they wore a collar on their necks, on which was inscribed their name and bondage; the removal of this collar, with certain ceremonies, constituted them a freed man.\*

In 678 A.D., Egfrid, King of Northumberland, founded the abbey of Hexham, which was the first edifice constructed of stone in England. Wilfrid brought over expert workers from France and Italy; the monastery of Jarrow was the second church of stone, as Lindisferne was the third.† Aberwicke, one may naturally suppose, shared in this improvement. The period when the river Tweed became the boundary between the Scots and Saxons is uncertain.‡ But whenever that event happened,

\* Hist. Brit.

† Bede, p. 120.

‡ Boethius, Matthew, Huntingdon.

Aberwicke may date its real importance and strength. Holy Island and Bamborough would militate against its becoming a town or fortress of any magnitude : one being the seat of learning, and the other the abode of royalty. The inhabitants of Aberwicke were still under the dominion of the Kings of Northumberland. After the death of Ethelric in 587 (7th King of Bernicia), Ethelfreth, who succeeded him, was the first King of Northumberland, he having united the kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira. After the death of Edwin, second King of Northumberland, Bernicia and Deira were again made separate kingdoms. Oswy was the last King of Bernicia ; for on the death of Oswin, third King of Deira, he annexed that kingdom to Bernicia, which were thenceforth known by the name of Northumberland. But no sooner had Aberwicke become a frontier town, than the Saxons began to raise walls and fortify it with such rude masonry as their means allowed, and to garrison it with their bravest warriors, to repel the advances of the Scots. Aberwicke now first appears as a place of importance, as mentioned in history. According to the historian,\* Donald, King of Scotland, brother and successor to Kenneth II., the conqueror of the Picts, after a bloody battle on the banks of the Jed, in which he defeated Osbert, King of Northumberland, marched his victorious army down the Tweed, until he arrived at Aberwicke. The Saxons hearing of the defeat of their king, and being disheartened by the number of the advancing Scots, abandoned the town at their appearance and fled to the country. The Scottish King, flushed with success, ransacked the dwellings of the Saxons, and seized upon three ships lying in the river, loaded with the valuable

\* Boethius.

effects of the Saxons. Emboldened by this plunder, Donald and his victorious army gave a loose to their joy ; and breaking open the cellars of the Saxons, abandoned themselves to feasting and revelling. In the deserted dwellings of the Saxons, whose household gods they shivered and brake, they rioted in sensual drunkenness and gluttony, until the wild whoop of the bacchanalian Scots echoed from the palaces of the Saxon Thanes ; and numbers of torches shed a glare around as bright as day, where Donald and his horde of Scots, surrounded by plunder and wassail cups, chanted uncouth ditties to the startled ear of Night, until wearied out with their drunken orgies, they sunk into a deep and quiet sleep. The Saxons being apprised by their scouts of the defenceless condition of the Scots, stole back in the dead of night, and falling on their sleeping and helpless foe, baptised their revenge in blood. Terrible was the slaughter : the terror-stricken Scots, starting from their sleep, fell an easy prey to the vengeful swords and the fire-eyed fury of the ruthless Saxons, until tired with their work of blood, they took the king and a few survivors prisoners. The fruits of this victory are said to have been the giving up to the Saxons all that part of the country lying south of the Firth of Forth and Clyde.\*

The government of the kingdom of Britain being vested in the hands of Egbert, who was solemnly crowned King of England, peace with its attendant blessings, security and plenty, began to flow in upon the Saxons of Aberwicke. The King of Northumberland, with that turbulence and spirit of freedom so characteristic of the rulers of that country, was the last prince that submitted

\* Malmesbury.

to the power of Egbert. The aspect of the country was now materially altered from what it had been during the early days of the Saxons and Britons. The mighty forests and gloomy woods, in whose bosom sprung up the town of Aberwicke, were now partly felled ; and only in the upland parts of the country did the forest trees rear their foliage : the plough of the Saxon husbandman had passed over the soil ; the heath-thatched huts of Aberwicke had yielded to stately stone edifices. In the neighbourhood of the town, on rocky eminences, the granges and forts of the Saxon franklins frowned on the rude villages that had sprung up beneath their walls : on the heights of the moorland, and in spots unsuited to tillage, browsed numerous flocks and herds, tended by their solitary *drengs* and *villeins*.\* Malmesbury says that slaves were sold like cattle in the market ; they not only carried off their enemies but even their friends and relatives, and sold them as slaves on the Continent. The *drengs* were their bondsmen ; those who lived near the villa of their lord were by the Normans denominated *villeins*.†

During the early part of the next century, the greater part of Berwickshire was peopled by Anglo-Saxons, who, under the auspices of David I. and Edgar, settled in it with their followers. To them, doubtless, belongs the honour of founding those rude piles which were swept away during the ravages of the 16th century ; whose mouldering fragments of massive architecture seem in derision and scorn to mock our own insignificance, and remind us of the vanity of all human erections. In 840, Edgar, King of England, surrendered East Lothian to Kenneth, second King of Scotland, in consideration of

\* Carr's Hist.

† Turner's Hist. Anglo-Saxons.

the important services the latter had rendered to Edgar. By this gift Aberwicke became subject to Scotland, though the greater part of its inhabitants were the old Saxon Britons.

With the increasing population, and as agriculture began to assume an appearance of improvement, a certain trade was carried on by the merchants of Aberwicke, the chief articles being wool and hides, which they derived from their own pastures. With these, and a few other productions, did the Saxon merchant, in his heavy and rude galley, tack along the coast with the shifting gale as far as the Firth of Forth ; or sailing leisurely down the bay, trade with the monks of Holy Island, and the courtiers and soldiers at the royal seat of Bamborough ; or haply barter with the friars of Teignmouth ; or furnish necessities to the venerable monastery at Jar-row.

That there were any restrictions laid on the salmon fishing in the River Tweed, at this period, there are no means to prove. Our Saxon ancestors loved the salmon for its delicious flavour. As the fish were in plenty, and their means of snaring it rude and unsatisfactory, we may conclude no laws were put in force respecting it ; but every dreng and villein was at liberty to snare the monarch of the Tweed when his master had no occasion for his slavish services.

About this time a mighty swarm of those nations, who had possessed the countries bordering on the Baltic, began, under the name of Danes and Normans, to infest the western coasts of Europe, and to bring slaughter and devastation wherever they landed.

Great must have been the astonishment of the Saxons of Aberwicke, when they beheld from their rude stockades

and fences, one morning in April, a fleet of strange vessels doubling the head of Holy Island, and sailing heavily down the bay, impelled by a strong south wind which had carried them out of their course. Strange ensigns and banners were streaming from the masts and prows ; spears and shields, helmets and breast-plates, flashed back the rays of an early spring sun. This strange fleet had such an appearance from the land as would a number of our modern herring-boats returning to shore from fishing ; and yet those rude and clumsy built galleys wafted to the shores a fierce and reckless invader. It was the Danes meditating a descent, led by their redoubted leaders, Hubba and Inguar. Their intention was to have landed on the coast of the East Angles, but contrary winds had driven them to the shores of Aberwicke ; and rolling down the bay came the unwieldy crafts. The harbour was then a wide and desolate one, protected by a bar of sand, on which ever beat the waves of the ocean. Steering through the breakers, the harassed and sea-tossed Danes landed on the narrow point of land whereon the village of Spittal is now built. That they landed at Aberwicke, there is no doubt of ;\* but the precise spot of their landing may admit of some conjecture. It is not probable they would attempt a landing under the palisades of an enemy, or in the face of the armed Saxons, who, alarmed by their appearance, would naturally stand on the defensive. Rather let us suppose the sea-tossed and weary Danes landed on the narrow tongue of land, and from thence sent scouts about the country, until they were assured of success in their depredations. The Danes penetrated to Coldingham, where the Abbess Ebba, to save herself

\* See Matthew of Westminster.



from the lust of the invaders, with a razor so mutilated her features (the nuns following her heroic example), that the Danes being disgusted with so bloody a spectacle, slaughtered the pious sisterhood, and set on fire the holy pile. In their march to the south, these pagans destroyed the monasteries of Holy Island, Teignmouth, Jarrow, and Wearmouth. In the course of a few years, the Danes so completely swept away the works of the pious St. Cuthbert and Aidan, that Holy Island ceased to be an episcopal see, having enjoyed that honour 241 years.\* The inhabitants of Aberwicke did not escape the doom the Danes carried everywhere; from the circumstance of the Danish leader Halden dividing the country of Northumberland among his followers, who began to plough and sow the land, we may conclude the inhabitants were conquered or slain. Halden or Haldan having completed the conquest of Bernicia, it was "cantled out among the Danish officers."† Aberwicke was the scene of many skirmishes and bloodshed, ere the unyielding Saxon admitted the heavy-armed Danish pirate as his conqueror. Every step they took was imprinted in blood. Intestine war swept away the Saxon and his race. The strength of their defences was not sufficient to repel the forces of the Danes, whose rule, from this date, may be said to have commenced in Aberwicke.

\* Matthew West.

† Camden.

## CHAPTER II.

GREGORY OF SCOTLAND INVESTS BERWICK—THE INHABITANTS OPEN THE GATES—  
 TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF THE DANES—BURNING OF BAMBOURGH—BATTLE OF  
 HASTINGS—COMMENCEMENT OF THE NORMAN SWAY—TREATY OF PEACE BE-  
 TWEEN WILLIAM AND MALCOLM SIGNED AT BERWICK—MALCOLM TAKES BER-  
 WICK BY ASSAULT—GROWING TRADE OF BERWICK—CRUISE A ROYAL MERCHANT  
 —CONVENT OF CISTERCIAN NUNS FOUNDED—BERWICK BURNED BY BOHUN, CON-  
 STABLE OF ENGLAND—BERWICK FORFEITED TO HENRY III.—REBUILDING OF  
 THE CASTLE—RICHARD SELLS BERWICK FOR 10,000 MARKS TO SCOTLAND—  
 JOHN BURNS AND SACKS THE TOWN—THE BRIDGE DESTROYED AND REBUILT.

AFTER a lapse of seventeen years, Alfred hunted the Danes into Northumberland ; some he banished to Normandy on promise of not bearing arms against him.

Cotemporary with Alfred was the great Scottish king, Gregory, surnamed the Great. After subduing the south of Scotland, and extirpating the Danes, he arrived before Berwick, now strongly fortified and garrisoned with Danes. Vainly did the Scottish monarch endeavour to carry it by assault ; each successive charge but added to the number of Scots who were lying dead in the trenches of the walls. The Danes from behind their heavy shields (forming an impregnable barrier) sent forth a shower of darts which nothing could withstand. Baffled in his assault, Gregory drew off his men ; but he had friends in the town he little dreamt of. The inhabitants principally were of the old Saxon blood ; and

taking advantage of their tyrants being attacked, they arose in the night and opened the gates to the enemy, and the infuriated soldiers of Gregory rushed whooping into the town. In the triumphant slogan of the Scots the Danes heard their own death cry. Scorning to yield ingloriously, they fought with a desperation and bravery deserving a better cause ; and it was not until the Danes lay weltering in their blood that Gregory could boast of his victory. The Saxons materially assisted him in the work of death : the hoarded vengeance of not merely days or months but years, was let loose in that terrible carnage ; and fearful was the retaliation. In vain may the dames of Denmark watch for their lords' appearance : sadly sitting on the sea-beaten shore they wait for those who never can return. Following up his success, Gregory defeated an immense army of Danes in Northumberland ; and returning in triumph to Berwick, he passed the winter there in peace and plenty. So fell the Danes and their power in Berwick, which now became a Scotch town and subject to Gregory. The king granted to Berwick some important privileges ; and where lately the hoarse and guttural watch-word of the Danish sentinel was heard, as lazily pacing backward and forward on the walls he looked towards the sea, and sung in a low voice the ocean fights of Hubba and Hengist, the exploits of the sea-king Ragnor Lodbrog, or the deeds of Gunthrun ; now the light laugh of the hardy Scot was heard, mixed with the resolute and wary challenge of the Saxon guard.

From 948 to 1053 all was anarchy and confusion in the kingdom. Parties of Danes from York burnt and pillaged the country round Berwick ; and in retaliation,

parties of Northumbrians and Berwickshire men penetrated to York, and burnt and spoiled that city. A series of reprisals followed, in the course of which Bamborough, that strong fortress, and seat of royalty of the British Kings, was utterly destroyed. From the walls of Berwick the inhabitants beheld at night the sheets of fire that, soaring up to heaven, illuminated the country for miles around, and cast a lurid gleam over the dark waters of the sea, informing the startled and wondering gazers that even in that shower of roaring fire the royal glories of Ida, the pious labours of Osbert and Egfrid, the care of the warlike Edgar, and a long line of illustrious and noble kings, were in that beacon of light destroyed.

Morning dawned : the royal towers of Ida, that looked along the waves like a sea-king, were no longer to be seen ; a heap of ashes was all that remained of the Saxon fortress and palace. In the month of October, 1066, William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey Bay, three days after the Battle of Hastings was fought. William conquered ; the king and most of the noblemen in England perished. The Norman banner waved triumphant ; and the men of Berwick heard with surprise that the Cross and Crescent of the Normans usurped the White Horse of the Saxons, and the raven banners of Denmark. And thus, after so many years of turbulence and warfare, the Saxon rule terminated in England, and the Norman sway commenced. After the conquest the knight's fee was established ; all the great vassals of the Crown, whether lay or clerical, were obliged to have a certain quota of knights or horsemen in the field, completely armed and maintained at their own cost, for the space of forty days. Five hydes of land, which varied

from eighty to two hundred acres, was esteemed a knight's fee.

Although with their leader Harold at Hastings many of the principal chiefs in England fell, yet Morcar and Edwin (Earl of Mercia and his brother) refused to submit to the dominion of the Norman, flew to the north, and there, before the walls of Berwick, unfurled the banner of rebellion. The brave hearts that remained within the walls determined to succour the Northumbrians, as they had been their staunch allies in many a bloody fight. It was on an evening in spring, as the sun was about to set, red and portentous, in the west, throwing a burnished flood of crimson fire over the breast of the Tweed, tinging with a ruddy hue its waters, typical of the approaching flow of human blood ; a messenger appeared hurrying over the rude bridge that stretched its uncouth arches over the flood, showing in its structure the different styles of architecture adopted by the nations who, at various times, strengthened the ancient building.

In the piles and rude wood work, the hand of the early Briton might be seen. In the light bend of the arch, and in the compact piers and starlings, composed of flint and bricks, the adventurous Roman's work might be discerned ; while in the massive stone walls, and low and narrow arches, heavy with wood, and bound with iron, the Saxon and Danish order of architecture was plainly traced. William of Normandy was advancing with his power to chastise the rebellious Earls. Hastily arming themselves, the men of Berwick marched with the Northumbrians to intercept his further progress. The battle was obstinate on both sides ; but the superior discipline and numbers of the Conqueror prevailed ; and

when William, descending the steep hill of Sunnyside on the south, blew his bugle as a token of defiance, few were the fighting men left to oppose his advancing ; the best of them were lying dead on the lea. In 1070, an inroad of his old invaders the Danes, obliged the Conqueror to proceed against them. Several of the Northern powers, discontented with the Norman rule, secretly abetted the Danes. William, by stratagem, bribed and overthrew them, and to punish the people in the north, devastated the country from York to Haddington. According to Holingshed, Edgar, King of Scotland, gave Berwick to the See of Durham, in honour of St. Cuthbert, under whose banner he obtained an important victory. But Ralph Flambard, the fighting Bishop of Durham, disregarded the great gift of Edgar to the Church, and made an irruption into his territories, on which Edgar, provoked at his ingratitude, re-assumed the town of Berwick and its valuable appendages.\* William, having subdued Hereward, a Saxon leader, turned his arms against Malcolm, King of Scotland. Marching northward with a great force by sea and land, he met the Scottish monarch at a town on the frontier, which the English annalists call Abernethic.†

The Saxon chronicler distinctly asserts that William entered Scotland at Gaerwode, which some translate into the Tweed. Goodwood says it should be rendered "the ford." Hoveden's account of William's returning southward by the way of Hexham, agrees with his having entered Scotland by the Tweed, so that in the course of the Conqueror's treaty with Malcolm, that prince met him in Berwick, and there paid him homage, as a vassal of the English crown. But this peace between the King

\* Matthw. West.

† See Fordun, Matthw. Westminster, and Waverley Annals.

of England and Malcolm could not long exist, being founded on tyranny and oppression. In the autumn of 1072, the Scottish monarch took Berwick by assault (which we must suppose to have been garrisoned by William when on his march northwards), overran the country as far as the Tyne, and returned homeward, laden with spoil and many captives. Berwick, no doubt, contributed its share of booty to King Malcolm's soldiers. Lying on the frontier, and so advantageously situated, the Scots would visit on the head of the inhabitants any latent grudge they might entertain towards the English. And once more was Berwick left desolate and plundered, weeping like a widow on its hearthstone, from which the ruthless invader had taken both comfort and plenty.

William's last act of tyranny towards Berwick, was to send a body of mercenaries to plunder the unoffending townsmen of their wealth. These soldiers had orders to seize upon what little provender the town contained, to prevent it falling into the hands of the Danes, who, about this time, threatened to pay Berwick a visit ; but contrary winds and domestic disturbances prevented their coming. When we consider the unsettled state of the northern towns at this period, the constant wars and devastations perpetually recurring, the scanty information to be gleaned from the records of the time is no longer a wonder. The Domesday-Book scarcely mentions Berwick ; but that it was under Saxon laws for a great many years is evident from the names of several streets in the town to this day. (Hyde Hill is named from the Saxon word hyde, a hyde of land being the usual grant of a knight to his vassal.) Rufus succeeded his father in the government of England, to the exclusion of his brother Robert. King Malcolm having

marched his army over the Tweed, was besieging Alnwick Castle, when the spear of Hammond freed Alnwick from the Scottish yoke. There is no account of Rufus visiting Berwick (although some portion of the castle is said to be built by him). Rufus assisted to reduce the fortress of Bamborough (which had been rebuilt by Roger de Moubray), and having subdued that fortress he marched southward ; the Northumbrians and men of Berwick having tasted of his tender mercies even in that brief visit.\*

In the reign of Alexander the First, successor to the pious Edgar, in the commencement of the 12th century, Berwick began to assume the appearance of a port of some consequence. At this period, it was part of the realm of Scotland, and the capital of the East Lothians. In the reign of his successor the Castle was built, or at least considerably strengthened. In the time of the Britons there had been a rude stockade and fort erected. The Saxons fortified it with a ditch and vallum. The Danes also added various buildings to it, and it now assumed the appearance of a fortress, though it was still a simple structure, with low built walls and heavy towers. The expense of building it was mainly defrayed by the merchants of the town, which now could boast of a great number, its advantages as a port adding considerably to its wealth. It was now almost the chief seaport of Scotland. Ships from different nations now began to throng its narrow waters ; the heavy galley, the light brigantine, the shallow barge, or the unwieldy and high-built "schippe," that lay like a tower on the water, with its overhanging stern, and tops like pigeon-boxes.

Various palaces, belonging to the merchants of Ber-

\* Fordun.



wick, are described as being sumptuous in the extreme ; one of these merchants is mentioned by a cotemporary writer,\* who describes him as a man of great wealth and magnificence, hospitality, and unbounded generosity (a square called the Palace, still remains to this day in Berwick). This merchant was named Cnute, and acquired from his vast riches and magnificence the name of the "Opulent." He embellished the town with various buildings, monasteries, churches, and religious houses. Its importance as a place of trade is sufficiently attested by its having been made one of the four chief Burghs of Scotland. Tradition still preserves an adventure of this merchant. One of his vessels being at sea with his wife aboard, was taken by Erland, Earl of Orkney, a roving pirate in those days, who took her to the Fern Islands. Cnute hearing of the disaster, manned 14 vessels with a competent number of men, and went in chase of the pirates, whom he found, gave battle to, and utterly destroyed. The "Opulent" brought his wife to Berwick, and gave 100 merks of silver to his men.

Strange mutations have happened since then ; where the navy of the "Opulent" floated, is now streets and houses. The Foul Ford, a lane so-called, evidently points to the time when some river or stream covered the spot. As the town became peopled, it extended its walls. The walls, in the time of Alexander, ran down what is now called Ravensdowne, thence along Silver and Bridge Streets. At the foot of the Eastern Lane, in digging a foundation for a house, some years ago, the remains of a rude pier were visible, with iron rings attached to the stones, for the purpose of mooring vessels.

\* Torfaena.

—incontestible proof that the water covered Bridge Street in ancient days.

At this period of Berwicke's advancement, we find for the first time documents respecting the right of fishing for salmon. The monks evidently cultivated the "gentle art." Among the earliest we find in writing, is a grant of stationary salmon fisheries on the Tweed, given by William de Mordington and Clerebaldus de Essby to the priory of Coldingham.\*

Flambard, the fighting Bishop of Durham, who built the Castle of Norham, gives a grant of the fisheries of Hallowstell, at the mouth of the river Tweed, to the monks of St. Cuthbert. In a grant given by David of Scotland to the abbey of Selkirk, there occurs the following gifts—"In Berwick, a plow-gate of land, and a house below the church, extending to the Tweed, the half of a fishing, and seventh part of a mill, and forty shillings out of the revenue of the town." A confirmatory charter, granted by Malcolm IV. to the abbey of Kelso, contains—"A plow-gate of land in Berwick, and a house belonging to that plow-gate, near the church of St. Laurence, and another house within the burgh, forty shillings yearly from the customs of the said town, half of a fishing called Berwick Stream, the seventh part of a mill, the land of Dodin in the same town, and the land of Waltheof, the son of Ernobold."† The arrow of Tyrrel had relieved England from the rule of Rufus the Red; and his brother, Henry I., ascended the throne. David I. of Scotland having fixed the seat of his government at Roxburgh, founded the magnificent abbey at Kelso.

After the death of Henry I. in 1185, David, indignant at the usurpation of Stephen, marched into Eng-

\* Carr's Hist.

† Anderson's Diplomats, p. 25.

land, took Wark, Alnwick, Bambro', and Newcastle. After having signed an agreement with Stephen respecting the reversion of the crown of England in right of his sister Maud's son, David returned to Scotland, and founded the magnificent abbey of Mailross. It is but necessary we describe any new features of interest concerning Berwick at this time, which was now a Scotch burgh, and under the rule of Scotland. Although England, essentially its founder and guardian, relinquished for a time its hold upon it, yet the period was not far distant, when the Saxon war-cry should be heard once more on its walls. In 1141, David, King of Scotland, erected a convent of Cistertian nuns near to Berwick, on which four minor nunneries (or cells) depended.\* This convent of Cistertian nuns, noticed by Dugdale, must be the same Benedictine nunnery mentioned by Matthew of Westminster, as founded by David King of Scotland. It stood at Halyston, near Halidon Hill.

Berwick, Roxburgh, Edinburgh, and Stirling, were the four royal burghs. The king's chamberlain, whose office gave him jurisdiction over all the Scotch burghs, held a court, called the Court of the four Burghs, which consisted of delegates from the courts above mentioned, who, by virtue of a summons from the chamberlain, assembled once a year at Haddington; and by this court, all appeals from the courts of particular burghs were tried and finally determined. Berwick now remained in the power of the Scots, in peaceable and quiet rule. A dreary void occurs in all histories relating to the share Berwick sustained in the stirring events of the time. The good King David (who tried hard to merit a scat in heaven, by the many holy buildings he erected

\* Dugdale's Monasticon.

on earth) passed away from this life ; and Malcolm succeeded him, who was in turn succeeded by his brother William, surnamed the Lion, an implacable foe to the English ; in consequence of that nation having taken from him his inheritance of Northumberland, William, to recover his possessions, marched an army into England. But Bohun, the constable of that kingdom, being dispatched to repel him, William retired into his own kingdom. In revenge, Bohun crossed the Tweed and burnt Berwick, and laid waste the adjoining country ; thus again Berwick paid the price of her frontier situation ; and after the peaceful lapse of many years were her houses laid in ashes, her goods despoiled, and her children obliged to fly for safety and for succour to the adjoining strongholds.\*

Henry II. still withholding the possessions of Northumberland from the Lion, the latter commenced to burn and spoil England in revenge. But Berwicke, so long in possession of the Scots, was about to change masters again ; William of Scotland, being taken prisoner at the siege of Alnwick Castle, was restored to liberty on condition that he delivered up to the King of England the Castles of Roxburgh, Jedburgh, Berwick, and Maiden Castle, as hostages for his good faith and fealty, and for part payment of his ransom.†

William the Lion being unable to raise money sufficient to pay his ransom as stipulated, the Castle of Berwick fell into the hands of Henry II., who pulled down the old castle, and commenced to rebuild it entirely new. For this purpose he sent officers, having his warrant, into the country on the border, who compelled all merchants, barons, priests, &c., to furnish so many men for

\* Ridpath.

† Hoveden.

the work ; also seizing upon the poor drengs and villeins in the name of the king, compelling them to erect a stronghold of tyranny, whose very stones were cemented together by the blood and tears of the oppressed serfs. How great the labour must have been, and how severe the toil, may be judged from the fact of the villeins or serfs having to bring the stones for the erection of the castle from the sea-shore ; the earth and lime necessary for the mortar, &c., was conveyed on their heads several miles ere it reached the building.

The employment of horses at that time was very little followed indeed. It was the serf who bore heavy burdens, and drudged the work of beasts. The horse was accounted the property of knights and barons, who trained him for the purposes of war, and not as a beast of burden. The miserable carts at that period were such as to preclude any advantages to be derived from them as a means of transporting any quantity at a time. The body of the cart was of the size of a modern wheelbarrow, mounted on wheels hewn from a solid plank, full six inches in thickness, with long and heavy shafts, to which were yoked a team of sluggish oxen. Onward went the rude machine, creaking, labouring, and groaning, now jolting over some rocky debris, and now again plunging axle deep in some slough or morass, from which the united efforts of the huge oxen failed to extricate it. Such was the cart of the 11th century. Drove of villeins might be seen, thronging like bees on the hill side ; some carrying huge stones, others trenching the earth, riddling lime, and driving stakes and posts, kept to their labours by the whips of the king's officers, who had the power of "pit and gallows" at their disposal. Day by day, week by week, the huge

structure arose. Slowly but surely, battlements, towers, donjon, keep, portcullis, and drawbridge were at length finished. And the stronghold of the Norman king frowned gloomily over the Tweed, and over the fast extending town, in all the majesty of feudal grandeur. During the excavations at the castle in 1846, necessary for the railway station, the vaults of the castle were exposed, together with the foundation of several towers. As the blocks of masonry had to be removed, the stones of which they were composed were as fresh as if taken from the shore but yesterday; while the stubbornness of the mortar, rivalling the stone in strength and hardness, proved how durable were the buildings of our ancestors, when the pick of the "navie" failed to make impression on them. It was only by the application of gunpowder that the masses of stone could be detached. The method of building seems to have been as follows: the stones of the wall were built up a certain height, then boarded up on both sides, and boiling lime, in a fluid state, poured over the stones; this filtering down, filled up every crevice, and when it hardened, bound all the loose stones in one mass of concrete, durable and firm as marble.

Amid the growing advantages of commerce, tillage, civilisation, and luxury, which began to gather round the shores of Berwick, the spirit-stirring exercises of the chase were not abandoned. By the munificence of princes and nobles, many religious houses were incorporated in and about Berwick. The hunting of wild cattle, deers, boars, and even wolves, was still considered the chief pastime of king and baron. William I. depopulated 30 miles of country to form the New Forest. Malcolm the Fourth and William the Lion

exacted a heavy penalty from such as were detected in hunting the woods round Berwick. A forester resided in the midst of the remaining forest, to see that the royal commands were not abused. The priors of the religious houses were not secluded by these ordonnances ; the domains of the chase being at all times open to these reverend sportsmen. At Houndwood, the Prior of Coldingham established his quarters, for the accommodation of himself and gay associates, whence sallying forth at break of day, they pursued the grisly boar, or drove the deer to covert, and when the chase was over, planted his head on the festive board of the refectory. Such being the exercise of the Prior of Coldingham, we may conclude the abbots of Berwick would not stand idly by, but to the full as merry as the Coldingham prior, would they dash after the deer on their fleet ambling palfreys, making the glades ring again with their hunting horns, and the glad shout of their whoops ; for your priors of those days knew much better the flight of a hawk, or the pace of a hound, than they did of bell, book, and candle.

The warlike and lion-hearted King Richard I., roused to glory by the preaching of Peter the Hermit, left the ease and comfort of England to combat amid the wild and arid sands of Arabia for the recovery of the Holy Land. Accordingly, he adopted every method to enable him to undertake and prosecute this romantic enterprise. Nothing can be a stronger proof of his blindness to every consideration but what was connected with the crusade, than his selling, for 10,000 merks, the vassalage of Scotland, together with the fortresses of Roxburgh and Berwick, and freeing William the Lion and his heirs from all future allegiance and subjection to the crown of Eng-

land.\* Richard cared little for treaties or hostages ; his right of conquest lay in his sword, and like his father, he would have sold London, could he have met with a merchant willing to buy it.† Richard fell by the sword ; and John, the tyrannical and truculent John, the promise breaker, the defier of Popery and its slave, the murderer of his nephew Arthur, ascended the English throne.

In the year 1199, there happened in England, and on the Border, a terrible inundation, that swept away cattle, grass, houses, trees, &c., into the roaring bosom of the ocean, and, among the rest, the bridge of Berwick—the work of the Briton, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and Dane. (It stood about 80 yards above where the present stone one stands ; a small battery is now erected where the entrance to it was. Part of the road leading from the ancient bridge may yet be seen within the gates that lead to a granary at the back of Messrs. Nicholson's raft-yard ; the road is perfectly distinct ; it ran into Western Lane, where the Bridge Inn stands. There is a story that the owner of the Post Office property obtained a lease of the ground to build upon for 99 years for a trifling sum ; at the expiration, so loosely had the bond been worded, the Corporation was unable to tell which was their property, and in consequence they lost it.) Leland, in his *Collectanea*, observes, "The Bridge of Barwicke brak about thys tyme, with great force of water, because the arches of it were too low, and after the makying of it as it was then, it durid scars IX years,—p. 359." The old pile must have been interesting from historical association. Earl Patrick, then governor of the town (once more under the rule of Scotland), and at this time Justiciary of all Scotland, having received William the

\* Hume's Hist.

† Hoveden.



Lion's commands to re-build the Bridge, the governor (this is the first instance we have of a governor being mentioned) set about its erection with all imaginable speed, but in this he met with obstruction from the irascible Philip, Bishop of Durham, who forbade him to terminate the bridge on his land (Tweedmouth being in his diocese) ; but as it was impossible to make the bridge terminate anywhere else than on his land, the inhabitants were compelled to cross the river by the help of ferry boats, until, by the intervention of William de Stuteville, the Bishop suffered the work to proceed.\*

The Barons of England were now banding themselves together, for the purpose of wringing from John the famous Magna Charta, the protection of every Englishman. During this struggle, the discontented Barons in the north, having purchased the friendship of Alexander, the young King of Scotland, by paying homage to him, John, burning with revenge, marched northward to raise the siege of the Castle of Norham ; at his approach, the Scots retired, and John pursued them, burning their towns, and destroying with fire and sword all he could meet. The Norman Lords and Barons, who now shared the landed property of England, held their possessions as they had been obtained—by the sword. The authority of a monarch was insufficient to repress the irregularities of a haughty and warlike aristocracy ; he that had strength sufficient to wrest land from another, usually kept his acquisition, until superior violence forced it from him. Knights and esquires exercised themselves in rapine and robbery. In the reign of John, the castles of the Barons were the abodes of little better than robbers and thieves. The weak and the timid were exposed

\* Hoveden, p. 786.

to danger and injury. While society was in this state of lawless anarchy, chivalry and knight errantry rose in England. The knight resolved to redress those wrongs the feeble arm of the law feared to meddle with. For some time after the conquest, even the ladies excelled in military exercises.\* Some years before this, John had attempted to possess himself of Berwick, and began to build and fortify a castle and camp at Tweedmouth, and spared no pains to compass his design. William the Lion assaulted the works and razed them to the foundation, slaughtering the workmen and soldiers.

Among other places, the town and castle of Berwick fell into his hands, when the most barbarous cruelties were practised upon the defenceless inhabitants, and sanctioned by the example of a tyrannical monarch. The town is hushed and still ; it is near midnight, and the weary centinels nod on their posts, when hark, a shrill and long drawn piercing shriek, making all who hear it shudder, and pealing over shore and sea, tells of the first victim to the revenge of John : and now from various quarters of the town, shriek upon shriek is caught up, as one dies away in low moans, until a general roar of anguish and dismay swells up to Heaven ! The English soldiers are upon them, and well do they obey their master's behest ; blows and blood (the old argument) are dealt about wildly ; victims rush forth from their dwellings, pursued by the soldiers ; a few blows, and all is over. But darkness shrouds the riches of the burghers. Ho there, more light ! and seizing a torch, the monarch hurls it into the midst of a building ; his example is followed by his soldiery, and the wreaths of suffocating smoke soon give place to the devouring flames, that hiss, and leap,

\* Macka. Hist. Northd.

and crackle, as if they rejoiced at the slaughter going on. Soldiers bearded and armed, after a short parley, hang up to their own door-lintels men and women ; throw children into the flames ; in vain the shrieking wretches assert they have no more of wealth to satisfy their avarice ; the cries are disregarded, and the soldiers hurry away to seek out some fresh victims. "The greatest atrocities were perpetrated in order to extract from the inhabitants the knowledge where their money was concealed ; they hung up both men and women by the joints of their thumbs, inflicting on them various tortures."\*

John was capable of committing all that the old chroniclers charge him with ; he was an adept in the art of cruelty, and could broil a Jew on a gridiron for the sake of his money, as coolly as if he had been a mushroom ; or with refined cruelty could punch out a tooth every day from the jaws of an imprisoned Hebrew, until the wretched man yielded to his cupidity. That the violation, robbery, and atrocities his troops were guilty of, during the capture of Berwick, were committed by his express desire, there is no means of showing. Posterity will ever badge his memory as a tyrant, yet in his army there were a vast number of barons and mercenary soldiers, who served more for the plunder they could obtain, than any regular wages ; and as the payment of these wretches mostly depended on the success of the war, it solves itself into a question of certainty that the soldiers plundered the rich burghers of the towns they entered to satisfy their own demands. John was at all times a bad paymaster. We may suppose (if our charity will stretch that length) that John was ignorant of the

\* Chron. Mailross.

atrocities committed in his name, or if acquainted with them, his arrears of pay to his soldiers and knights made any remonstrance on his part nugatory and vain. A spirit of barbarity seems to have pervaded all the warlike proceedings of those times ; and the *lex talionis* was deemed the true criterion of courage among the contending parties.

Perhaps it was in pursuance of this system, that John every morning regularly set fire to the house he had lodged in the preceding night.

## CHAPTER III.

**Berwick Rebuilt—The Archbishop of York removes the sentence of excommunication from Alexander the Second—Gilbert, Earl of Pembroke, marries Marion, sister of Alexander, in Berwick—Berwick in the time of Alexander Third—His birth-day—The states of England and Scotland assemble in Berwick—Edward awards the crown of Scotland to Baliol, who refuses allegiance—Edward invades Berwick, and takes it by assault—The Red Hall burnt with its gallant defenders—Edward holds a parliament in Berwick—The oath of fealty—Establishes an exchequer in Berwick—William Wallace besieges the castle—Raises the siege on the approach of Edward—Wallace betrayed; executed—A quarter exposed on Berwick Bridge—Niel Bruce and others executed at the Gallows Knowe—Punishment of the Countess of Buchan—Death of Edward First.**

AGAIN was Berwick rebuilt, fortified, and its walls extended, as its increasing population thrust forth their bounds in search of more room, and once more did her patient toiling sons repair defences, soon to give way before the battering rams of the English. Several conferences between the Kings of England and Scotland were held in Berwick, and peace, with her olive branch, seemed to brood calmly over the frontier town once more.

In the year 1216, the Archbishop of York and Bishop of Durham, with a great train of prelates, friars, monks, abbots, footmen, and attendants, leading a number of sumpter mules, &c., came to Berwick, to absolve from a sentence of excommunication (bestowed on him by the Roman Pontiff, for his adherence to Louis of France), Alexander II. of Scotland.

The Castle Hall is filled with churchmen and knights, and kneeling at the Archbishop's feet is the rebel to the Church, but he is penitent now ; and amid his remorse, the Archbishop removes the curse from his head, and admits him once more to the pale of Christianity. The thunder of the "Te Deum" ends the ceremony, and amid the shouts of his subjects and the congratulations of the tonsured and shaven clergy, Alexander feasts them right royally in the old burgh.

Nineteen years after, Gilbert, Earl of Pembroke, having espoused Marion (sister of Alexander II.), came to Berwick to receive the fair hand of his bride. Here wended Alexander and his Queen, to lend an additional charm to the bridal, and in the train of the Earl Marischal of England, rode mercenary soldiers from various parts of the continent. Gallant companies of knights also came to escort the bride and bridegroom to the court of Henry III. There was the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Durham, William de Vesey, and Gilbert de Umfraville, from his solitary castle of Harbottle ; Roger Bertram, who had left his fortress of Mitford to lend his voice to the many congratulations of the knights ; John de Vipont ; and John, the son of Geoffrey, Sheriff of the city of York.\*

See! the bridal procession is in motion, and amid the acclamations of the populace, the long line of abbots, knights, and soldiers, disappear in the capacious porch of the church of St. Lawrence. (Of this church, the St. Paul's of Berwick at that time,—so often mentioned as the bridal and burial place of Kings, Princes, and Knights,—not a single vestige remains, or a record to point out the place where it stood. It may have stood on

\* Rymer, 350.

same site as St. Mary's, Scotch Gate. A gentleman to whom I am much indebted for his antiquarian research, affirms the church of St. Lawrence stood in the parish of Mordington or Bondington, west from Berwick, near the house lately built by Mr. P. Lambert. The Benedictine nunnery founded by David, King of Scotland, stood at Halystone, near Halidon Hill.) The Archbishop of York, in his sacerdotal robes, officiates; Gilbert of Pembroke is there, in a rich crimson shirt trimmed with minnever, reaching to his knee; the diamond that loops up his velvet bonnet, is a gem and fortune in itself; and standing opposite to him, with her passive hand in that of her bridegroom's, is the bride, Marion of Scotland. She bends her fair neck, as her royal brother gives her away; and as the service proceeds, she bows her head, until the long and silken ringlets, falling around her face and fair neck, envelope them as in a veil; her brother sternly whispers in her ear; and she raises her head, her face deadly pale, and a struggling tear oozing from her long and beautifully arched eyelid; for there runs a story that her royal brother compelled her to this bridal, and sought to strengthen his interest with England by this sacrifice of his sister. Perhaps she weeps for some favoured knight, but the fatal ring has engirt her finger, and she is the Countess of Pembroke now; the blessing is said, and the bridesmaids come crowding on her congratulations. Onward sweeps the train to the Castle, where all is feasting and mirth, and when at the solitary midnight chime the bride, who has stolen a few moments from the gay and joyous scene to be alone, looks from the Castle window on to the town, where a blaze of dancing lights, and shouts and laughter, come mingling on her ear, she

sadly weeps, and wonders why at such a time she can be unhappy, when all is so gay and mirthful around her.

In the morning the English Earl returns with his fair bride to the English court, attended by his gallant escort. The King and Queen progress to Scotland, and once more is Berwick left to solitude and silence.

But it was in the reign of Alexander III., that Berwick gained its acme of prosperity, and carried its commercial and trading advantages to the highest pitch. Alexander, in the plenitude of his power, invited over a colony of Flemish merchants, who, in consequence of the fair representations held out to them by the Scottish king, were induced to establish themselves in Berwick, where in a street (still called the Woolmarket) he built for them a splendid mart or building, which from the colour of the stone used was called the Red Hall. They were required to furnish so many men at arms for the defence of the town, and in the Woolmarket the heavy, bearded Flemings settled. The export of wool having become a principal item in the trade of Berwick, more "schippes" were required to convey the bales to London, Hull, &c. It is to these plodding and industrious Flemings, that Berwick in some measure was indebted for its prosperity.

For a moment let the imagination wander back 400 years, and note the scene that is passing in Berwick. It is early morning in Berwick, and the streets are comparatively empty, no signs of any bustle, but the centinels pacing in their mail coats on the walls and bridge; the cock has crowed thrice and loudly, and now the slipshod apprentice, fearing to be rated by the sluggish burghess, takes down the hutches from the booths, and opens the stalls, &c., that jut out from the low and heavy built



houses that form the principal street. Immense beams are bound together in ancient and fantastic fashion ; gorbato and brackets, ornamented with grotesque-looking faces, peer down in strange variety ; and the narrow gable projects six feet over the don ; narrow lattices rise among them, at whose half-opened casement some burgess daughter leans forth, exchanges a good humoured word and laugh with the apprentice, or suddenly withdraws her blushing face, as some knight or man at-arms lounges down the street, gazing boldly at her.

The sun has risen now, and the gates of the various entrances to the town are open ; flocks of sheep and oxen pass in ; and a long array of wains come creaking over the narrow bridge, where sits the collector of customs intent on his " toll and theame, ward and ward penny."

The stalls and booths are now hung with the different articles of the tradesmen, and the burgesses stand at the entrance soliciting custom (like the tradesmen in *Lydgate's Visit to Cheap*) ; and there is the never ceasing cry of " What do you lack ; any hoods, ruffs, or farthingales ;" " Sheffield whittles, steel daggers, rapiers, and knives ;" or the hosts of the different hostelries waylay the passengers with an account of the sherris wines, Malvoisie, and Canarys they vend, and the unwholesomeness of stirring forth so early without a draught of Hippocras stirred with a sprig of rosemary. Fish and vegetables are exposed for sale in the market place ; there may be seen the jolly abbot with his portly form and fair round face, followed by the pale and ascetic lay brothers, proceeding to a meeting on some question of church property. The wandering friar, whose house is supported by alms, comes next, with his wallet for pro-

visions or money ; the tipstaves, with their brown bills and axes, are conducting a few prisoners from the *Ber-freys* (a prison) to the provost or governor's. The Saylor, with rough beards, on which "many a tempest hath blown," come sauntering by, and haply stray into the church of St. Lawrence, and give some trifling offering to the altar for their next safe voyage.

The industrious Flemings cord, comb, and pack the wool, and the porters carry it to the quay, where a few ships are loading for sea. Quaint-looking are they, with strange sails, and still stranger hulls, whose saylors, undeterred by the perils of unknown seas, and wanting the inestimable blessing of the compass, steered their solitary way by the uncertain light of the stars ; even crossing the Channel to Calais and Dieppe, to Bruges, &c., coasting the shores of France to sell their simple merchandise. The merchants now carried on an extensive trade with wool, hides, tallow, and salmon, for that noble fish had at length begun to be prized both as an article of food and barter. In the indentures of apprentices of that time, there is a clause wherein the masters are bound not to give their 'prentices salmon more than four times a week. And amid the bustle and noise of barter, walks the staid Elderman, with his staff and gold chain of office, examining the weights, &c., of the tradesmen, and in the proud assurance of his exemption from "sack and sock," he glances indignantly at the rude man-at-arms who jostles him in passing, and with a dignified walk pursues his way to the Guild, to mark with an observant eye that the liberties and privileges of the ancient borough are not infringed upon, and to uphold his power of "toll, pontage, and passage,

pickage, rackage, and vinage, achate and rechate.”\* Thus was Berwick, a second Alexandria, as it was denominated by an eye-witness of its prosperity.† And the birth-day of the “good king Alexander” passes off with a magnificence and joy never since equalled.

But a new era was approaching, when the old town became the place selected for the decision of a mighty controversy, which shook the throne of Scotland for twenty years, and disturbed the domestic quiet of England.

It may be proper to inquire, what part the inhabitants of Berwick espoused in the ardent struggle which commenced for the sovereignty of Scotland, on the death of the good Alexander III. Dependent on the mother church of Durham, the priors of Berwickshire found it expedient to swear allegiance to the haughty and ambitious Edward I. The barons being of Anglo-Saxon or Norman origin, and having, therefore, little interest in the independence of Scotland, were led to pursue the same course. Accordingly, when Edward I. came to Berwick for the purpose of receiving the homage of his northern vassals, the Prior of Coldingham, with the majority of the clergy of the Merse, did not fail to obey the summons, and acknowledge the justice of his claim, whereupon they were re-invested in their office.‡ Among the list of Berwickshire clergy that swore fealty to Edward I. at Berwick in 1296, occur the names of Philip de Rydal, with many burgesses (who made submission to him in the Church), Agnes de Beringham, Priorissa de Berwyck, minister ordinis sanctæ trinitatis et captivorum de Berwick, Willelimus vicarius ecclesiæ stæ trinitatis de Berwyck, magister hospitalis

\* See Charter.

† Boethius.

‡ Carr's Hist.

beatea Maria Magdalena extra Berwyck.\* On the 2d of August 1291, the states of England and Scotland, with Edward I., assembled in Berwick, in order to determine the claims of Robert Brus or Bruce and John Baliol, who during the interregnum had applied as claimants for the throne of Scotland.

There were twelve candidates in all, but Bruce and Baliol appeared the only persons whose claims were thought worthy attention. Their pretensions to the vacant throne rested upon the following grounds. Alexander III. dying without issue, the right of the crown devolved on the descendants of David Earl of Huntingdon, brother to William I. Margaret, the eldest daughter of David, was married to Alan, lord of Galloway, by whom he had a daughter ; who marrying John Baliol, bore a son of the same name, who appeared as a competitor for the throne of Scotland in right of his mother.

On the other hand, Isabel, the second daughter, married Robert Bruce, whose son and heir, Robert, now appeared as the other competitor in virtue of the same right, the former the grandson of the eldest, and the latter the son of the second, daughter of David Earl of Huntingdon. Each of the rivals was supported by a powerful faction ; and arms alone, it was feared, must terminate a dispute too intricate for the law to decide.

The town of Berwick presented an animated appearance on that occasion, for there might be seen the war-like representative of every baron and shire of Scotland ; the barons of England had wrung the famous safeguard of our liberties from King John, yet notwithstanding the power of sovereignty was still absolute. And there, following in the train of the imperious Edward, rode in state the heavy-armed chieftains of the

\* Rymer, Pryme.

borders, attended by their hordes of marauding moss-troopers. The mighty and proud barons of England, descended from royalty itself, the English archers clad in their Kendal green, their tough yew bows in their hands, and bearing at their backs those fearful arrows, the terror of their enemies, the heavy bill-men of Lancashire, the light prickers of Yorkshire, and the sturdy Londoners and men of Kent. In the trains of Bruce and Baliol were many a Scottish baron and northern chief; the Galwegians from Galloway, the men of Caithness sheathed in steel, the wild soldiers from the Orkneys, the savage barons from Liddesdale and Morayshire, the reivers of the Merse, and the powerful and haughty leaders of the Lothians and Fife, attended by bands of wild and savage mountaineers, who gazed with admiring eyes as the splendidly dressed and gaudily accoutred Edward and his nobles rode proudly through their ranks. Pennon and banner, morions, plumes, helmets, and coronets, moved onward with the cavalcade, onward through the High Street, from whose balconies fair dames looked down in admiration on the gallant throng beneath, as they defiled through the Scotchgate with its portcullis up and drawbridge down, until dismounting at the Castle gates the leaders crossed the moat, and the expectant and tumultuous assemblage filled the great hall of the Castle. The King, nobles, and prelates, together with bishops, barons, knights, &c., being assembled, the claimants to the throne of Scotland asserted their pretensions. After several adjournments and meetings, upon November 17th, 1292, King Edward appointed John Baliol King of Scotland. Whether the King considered him as the true successor, or merely appointed him for his own selfish pur-

poses, is a question which has never been satisfactorily solved. Some have asserted Edward looked on the Scottish crown with a jealous eye, and by nominating Baliol, who was merely a puppet in his hands, and holding but the shadow of a sceptre, hoped at some future day to incorporate Scotland with that of England. This decision was received by the unsuccessful claimants with great discontent. Edward ordered the great seal of Scotland, which had been used by those who governed Scotland during the interregnum, to be broken in four parts and deposited in his treasury, as a monument and evidence of the sovereignty and direct dominion of that monarch over Scotland.\* Baliol swore fealty to Edward the next day at Norham, and soon after was crowned King of Scotland at Scone, the 30th of November.

In this year Edward passed several laws confirming the liberties of Berwick, one of them regarding the grinding of corn (and which is still preserved in the statutes of the Guild), namely, "Na man sall presume to grind quheit, masseloch, or rye, with hand mylnes, except he be in lalk of mylnes quhilk sould grind the same ine ; and in this case gif any man grinds at hand mylnes, he sall give the threttin measure as multer (toll) ; and gif any man contraveins this our prohibition, he sall tine (lose) his hand mylnes perpetualie ; and sall grind his corne at mylnes payand the twenty-four measure."

Baliol being placed upon the throne of Scotland, more as a vassal than a King, enjoyed for a time the empty pageantry of majesty, but on the complaint of a Gascon merchant, that Alexander the late King of Scotland, owed him a sum of money, which notwithstanding his

\* Ridpath.

solicitations Baliol refused to liquidate, Edward summoned the King to Westminster, and Baliol soon discovered he possessed merely the *name* of majesty, and not the *power*. In order to free himself from the yoke of so galling a master, he entered into a secret treaty with the Pope, who absolved him from his oath of allegiance to Edward ; he also made overtures to Philip of France, and proposed a marriage between his eldest son and the daughter of that monarch.

Edward, suspecting his intentions, summoned Baliol as his vassal to send him an army against the King of France, to surrender his principal castles, and meet him at Newcastle. Baliol, tired of the despotism exercised towards him, refused to comply ;\* the ambitious Edward accordingly invaded the north with a powerful army, and after several skirmishes he set himself down before Berwick-on-Tweed, in the spring of 1296. Burning with revenge at the insult offered to his power by Baliol, Edward moved his army to the Nunslees (or nine wells), and commanded the garrison and town to surrender. The soldiers rejected the summons, resolving to defend the town to the last extremity, in the hope of being speedily relieved by Baliol, reported to be hastening to their assistance. Edward in person gave the word to advance, and while his light armed troops endeavoured on the north side to scale the walls, his fleet crossing the bar, and anchoring within arrow's flight of the walls, distracted the attention of the inhabitants by their discharge of stones, &c. ; had they remained at anchor all would have gone well, but observing the army of Edward approaching the walls, and imagining the victory sure, the greater part of them weighing anchor made sail for the walls, but owing to their heedlessness, and

\* Leland's Collect.

the shallowness of the water, three of them ran aground. The men of Berwick, seeing by the confusion of those on board the error they had committed, sallied forth, and set fire to the ships, their unfortunate crews either perishing in the flames, or by the swords of the enemy ; the rest of the fleet, intimidated by their comrades' doom, with the assistance of the ebb tide regained their former place of anchorage.

Edward (who had knighted Harry Percy, and several others) beheld from his lofty situation his ships fall a prey to the devouring flames ; and for the purpose of saving his fleet he gave the order to attack the walls. He uttered the war cry, "St. George for Merry England," and away, like blood-hounds slipped from the leash, rushed knights and soldiers.

The town had been burnt down so often, and its defences so frequently destroyed, that its outworks were very feeble, merely consisting of a ditch, a rampart of earth, and barricade of boards.\* The English, dashing over these frail defences, entered the town, and slaughtered the unfortunate inhabitants and soldiers without mercy. The soldiery did not yield up their lives or liberty without a dreadful struggle ; and many were the deeds of valour the garrison displayed worthy to be chronicled in never-dying records of their country. Amid the shrieks and groans of the dying, the cries for mercy, and the infuriated shouts of revenge, that rose from the conquered town towards heaven, the Flemings bravely defended the street (which they held in fief from the King of Scotland, on condition they should defend it against his enemies) ; and well and gallantly did this little band of heroes show themselves worthy of their post that day : foot by foot did they retreat up the Wool

\* *Fortun.*



Market, presenting an unbroken array of shields, and pressed murderously by the overwhelming numbers of bill-men and archers of Edward's army. Each step they retreated was marked by the fall of a foe. Still did the combatants, surrounded on all sides, hold at bay the English men-at-arms ; they gained their tower, and beating off the foremost of their assailants, they rush in and barricade the gates ; 'tis a strong defence, and here they long and desperately held out against the foe. The brother of the Earl of Cornwall, touched with pity for the fate of those gallant men, pressed forward to save them ; his purpose being misunderstood by one of the Flemings, and as the Earl looked up to the building, the Fleming with his long spear pierced the eye of the unfortunate knight, who instantly fell dead, the point of the weapon having crashed through his skull. There went up a loud and long cry from the Englishmen as, maddened with their leader's fall, they pressed around the tower : battle-axes, bills, and clubs, rattled on the gates ; strong men with logs of wood vainly endeavoured to batter it down. Some got on each other's shoulders and on ladders, and sought to enter by the loop-holes and windows. The archers below, wherever a cap or head showed itself, picked it off with deadly dexterity. Still the thirty Flemings from within showered on the invaders bricks, stones, billets of wood, and tiles, and from lances, swords, and spears, rained a perfect shower of blows on all that approached. Some of the bill-men, in the meantime, heaped together a quantity of straw and wool, mixed with broken furniture, at the gate of the tower ; a torch was applied, and the stifling smoke slowly began to eddy around the brave Flemings ; they knew death was in those vapours, but scorned to yield ;

the crackling flames shot upwards like a serpent's tongue, and, as the heat increased, the lead ran down from the roof in molten drops, thick as a thunder shower. Still they gasped for breath amid that fiery atmosphere ; and thrust back at lance's point the foremost of their besiegers. Oh ! for one draught of the blessed air of heaven ! It will not be ; the flames are gaining on them ! while some rushed madly to the gate, to perish in a last essay, there was a terrible sound heard ; roof, walls, battlements, &c., fell in with a thundering crash ; the next instant, a shower of brilliant sparks shot up into the troubled air ; the evening breeze blew off the dust and smoke, and as the startled men-at-arms gazed silently and awed at each other, in the dull red and glowing embers, they saw the graves of the brave Flemings, and the ashes of the Red Hall.\* And soon the moon broke out and looked with a pale and saddened face on earth, as if sorrowful to behold such carnage and butchery.

The castle surrendered, and its garrison of 2000 men were allowed to depart weaponless, after having sworn not to bear arms against England. Fordun says, "The garrison would not have yielded up the castle, but for a *ruse* Edward practised. While the main party of his army marched on the town from Halydown Hill, a portion of it came round by the sea banks, and by displaying Scotch banners, &c., induced the garrison to imagine the Scots were coming to their assistance." Many writers mention the slaughter of the inhabitants by Edward as tremendous ; 7000 were butchered, according to the Scottish historian ; † 8000, by another writer ; and Matthew of Westminster does not scruple to assert that the number slaughtered exceeded 60,000 ; this must be evidently a mistake. What number of English fell in this assault is not men-

\* Fordun.

† Boethius.

tioned. Trivet asserts, that the Earl of Cornwall's brother, who fell at the Red Hall, was the only knight slain on either side. In the Instructions from the Regency and Council of Scotland to the Procurator at Rome, A.D. 1301, it is said, "that after the taking of Berwick, the King and his army committed the greatest cruelties on the inhabitants of Berwick ; the churches afforded no protection to those who fled thither, and, after being defiled with the blood of the slain, they were despoiled of all their religious ornaments, the King and his army stabling their horses in them." This account was penned by a churchman, and Edward was never a favourite with them. Some latitude may be allowed to a partial historian. That great barbarities were committed, there is no doubt. But some authors ascribe the carnage to resentment of the cruelties committed in the preceding year by the garrison of Berwick, who had attacked and burnt several English ships and their crews that had entered their port in stress of weather.\*

Having spent fifteen days in Berwick, and put it into a state of defence against the Scots, Edward marched northward and defeated the Scots at Dunbar, with great slaughter. Having taken possession of Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, and Stirling, he returned to Berwick, where he had summoned a Parliament, on the 23d day of August, 1296, to settle the Government of Scotland.

At this Parliament the nobility and clergy of Scotland swore fealty to Edward, and renewed their oaths of allegiance. On this occasion, the Bishop of Durham attended his sovereign in all the pomp and splendour of a Palatine prince ; 26 standard bearers, of his own household, and 140 knights joined his train, and 100

\* Hutchinson's Hist.

foot and 500 horse, marched under the banner of St. Cuthbert, which was borne by Henry de Horncastre, a monk of Durham. The oath of fealty was as follows : —“To all those whom these letters shall either see or hear, greeting. Because that we are at present under subjection to the thrice noble Prince, and our dear lord Sir Edward, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine, we do faithfully promise for ourselves and for our heirs, upon pain of body and estate, that we will serve him truly and loyally against all manners of people that may live or die, whenever we shall be required, or commanded by our said lord the King of England or his heirs ; that we shall hinder them from damage as much as we can, and set upon his enemies with all our forces wherever they may be found, and to the end that we may firmly keep and hold these presents, we do bind ourselves, our heirs, and all our goods ; and we have sworn to this upon the blessed Evangelists ; besides, we that are present, and every one of us separately, have done homage to our lord the King of England, in these words :

“I will be true and loyal, and bear true faith and allegiance to Edward King of England, and his heirs, and serve him with life and limb, and do him all earthly honours, against all manners of people that may live and die, and from henceforth I will not bear arms, or be aiding in council against his heirs on any cause whatever. So help me God and all his Saints. In witness of these things, we have made these letters patent, and sealed them with our seals. Given at Berwick-on-Tweed, this 28th day of August, in the year of our Lord the King, 24.” Among the items for victualling the Castle, furnished by Edward, in case of a siege, we have—“20

barrels of honey ; 100 do. of wine ; 12,000 pounds of iron ; 100 weight of hempen cord for the balistae (a machine for throwing stones) ; 100 balistaes of one foot ; 40 of two foot ; 30,000 arrows for balistaes of one foot ; 12,000 arrows for two foot ; 2000 feathered arrows of copper." The measure by which these balistaes are here distinguished relates to the arrows these engines were to throw. He also caused a ditch or moat to be cut from the Tweed to the sea. In breadth it was 80 feet, and in depth 40. (Its remains may be traced even to this day. It ran from the Tweed through a portion of the Cow Close, a corner of Redpath's Field, and from thence down by an old wall in the Greenses, over the Magdalen Fields to the sea-shore. It is called Spades mire.) He also established an exchequer at Berwick, on the principle of that at Westminster, for the receipt of the Scotch revenues, and left no means untried to render the town according to his wishes, opulent and flourishing beneath his rule. (Several parts of Berwick bear evidence of the existence of a mint. Golden Square is pointed out traditionally as the place where the Mint of Scotland was situated.; and Silver Street had an office in it, where the silver was assayed.) Yet some of the actions of this warlike and sagacious king tarnished the military fame and political ability of the hero. John de Warenne was appointed Guardian of Scotland during the king's pleasure ; Hugh Cressingham, Treasurer ; and William de Ormestry, Chief Justiciary ; and death or exile was the fate of those who refused to yield obedience to the laws of England. The inactivity of the Governor, the extortion of Cressingham, and the pride and rapacity of the Justiciary, was too galling to be borne by the Scots, who only waited a fitting opportunity to rise

in arms against the power of Edward. And such a one soon presented itself. In the year 1297, the English inhabitants of Berwick were panicstruck on hearing that Sir William Wallace, the patriot of Scotland, was approaching the town ; on the appearance of his troops, the townsmen immediately evacuated the town. Historians blame Cressingham for the defenceless state of Berwick at that time. The king, before his departure, had commanded him to build a stone wall along the edge of the fosse he had newly dug. Cressingham's avarice, it is supposed, appropriated the king's money to his own use ; hence the defenceless state of the town, which was not deemed tenable by the English against Wallace's troops. This William Wallace was the second son of Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie ; his first act of outlawry was his refusing to swear fealty to Edward, and having in early youth slain an Englishman of noble parentage.\* Nature and education had eminently fitted him to be the leader of his distressed countrymen ; his stature and strength were equally gigantic, his subtlety and art in devising stratagems were only equalled by his courage and address in executing them. Edward being absent in France, Wallace laid siege to the castle. The town was entirely deserted, thanks to Cressingham, who being slain at Stirling Bridge, was flayed alive by these very soldiers, and his skin distributed among them as trophies. Cressingham was a priest as well as a soldier, of the same kidney as the battle-loving Ralph Flambard. Cressingham is reported to have never worn any other coat but the iron one in which he was killed. Warenne fled from the field with great haste, and never drew bridle until he reached Berwick ; his charger fell dead as

\* Blind Harry.

they led him to his stall. The castle being well garrisoned and victualled, held out bravely : and in spite of the courage of Wallace, who led his Scots to repeated assaults, the Governor defied him. Wallace was in turn obliged to leave the town, for the regent (in the absence of the king) levied an immense force, consisting of 2000 horse, 1200 light horse, and 10,000 foot, and hurriedly marched them to the relief of Berwick. In 1303, King Edward gathered together that mighty army, with which he intended the complete subjugation of Scotland. The betrayal of the high-minded Wallace into the hands of Edward by the treacherous Menteth, is too well known to need repetition. Edward was deficient in all those great qualities that constitute the character of a just and merciful ruler. After an imprisonment and hasty trial, he condemned to death the only rival to his military fame Scotland furnished. Wallace was executed, his body inhumanly quartered, and his head,

“ With lippes round, his nose square and neat,  
Burning brown hairs on brows, and breees light,  
Cleir asper eyes like diamonds bright.  
Fair and whole well keepeed was his face,”

loomed from the Tower of London on its ignominious pole, frightening the Londoners with that majesty of gaze in death which no man could well endure while living ; and on Berwick bridge, the old familiar bridge of Berwick, a quarter of the hero was exposed on high. That arm whose lightest motion could have led on a thousand men to blood and blows when on its last visit to Berwick, now hung from the point of a spear, like a mass of carrion. The flesh shrivelled, and the fingers fell away, one by one, into the clear waters of the Tweed, that almost seemed to blush in the ruddy dyes of even-

• Blind Harry.

ing at this sickening exhibition of a tyrant's revenge :— those fingers, when grasping his trenchant sword, had made many a mother childless. The passengers, as they passed along the bridge, undeterred by the brown bills of the English guard, doffed their bonnets reverentially ; and as they passed the house of prayer at the foot of the Bridge, throw in their dole and uttered an *ave* for the soul of the hero. Youths who had listened many a long winter's night in breathless ecstasy to their grand-dam's recital of his victories, turned red and pale by turns as they clutched their unfleshed swords, glancing grimly from the remains of the slaughtered Wallace to the guards of his ferocious foe. Women, young and tender maidens, who had admired him for his chivalrous bearing and magnanimity, gushed into a flood of heart-bewailing tears, whispering in sobbing accents a requiem for the hero's soul. Some charitable hand, more imbued with humanity than the rest, at the dead of night removed this remnant of mortality from its gibbet, and buried it in a plot of ground within the walls, on the north-east side adjoining the church. Tradition has hallowed this lonely and unconsecrated burial-place by the name of "Wallace's Green." It is also said the hero lodged in one of the houses there, during his short stay in Berwick. In the succeeding year, Niel Bruce, brother of Robert Bruce (who raised up the standard of Scottish independence, when it fell from the shackled grasp of Wallace), with other knights of distinction, were taken prisoners in an assault on the castle of Kildrummy, and conveyed to Berwick under a strong guard. Edward ordered them to be tried ; and when wolves are the judges and lambs the criminals, the result may be imagined. They were sentenced to be hanged, drawn,



and quartered, which was accordingly put into instant execution. Seated on a rude sledge, drawn by a wretched horse, and attended by a priest of the Grey Friars, behold them leaving the portals of the castle surrounded by grim and weather-beaten soldiers, and followed by an immense concourse of the townspeople. But short is the journey ; for the gibbet stood but an arrow's flight from the castle, on a small knoll to the left of the road to Edinburgh, still called the Gallows Knowe (the usual place of execution for malefactors at that period). The culprits are pale and bare-headed, stripped to their doublets, and heavily fettered ; the priest prays incessantly, but the prisoners' thoughts are roving over many a stricken battle-field ; and if they feel any anguish at their coming fate it is not for the death which they have braved in fight, but the disgraceful manner of their end : to be hung up like a yelping cur or a thief, therein lies the bitterness of death, and to be degraded of their knighthood ! The fatal spot is gained ; the soldiers form round them ; and the townsmen look on in silence. There is a rude block and hatchet lying at the gallows foot : the knights are brought severally there ; and as the provost marshal reads their crime and sentence they look him boldly in the face. And now the hangman (a horrid truculent-looking fellow with bare arms and legs, clad in a doublet made from a bull's hide) chops, one by one, the spurs from each knight's heel. Then comes the flush of manly shame on their brows ; but short the passion : the fatal ceremony of adjusting the ropes to their necks is rudely and clumsily performed. Bruce,—after a long gaze at the hills of Scotland in the west, stretching far, far away up the Tweed,—with a steady voice blesses Bruce, the deliverer of Scotland, and reso-

lutely throws himself from the ladder. There is a convulsive struggling of the limbs, as the body spins round and round in agony : a last long quiver of death, and the brother of the Bruce hangs silently, like a drooping banner, from the ignominious beam. The other culprits follow ; till of the gay and gallant knights so lately breathing in life and honour, nought remains but those ghastly bodies stretched side by side on the grass, soon to be dismembered by the brutal knife of the executioner, and exposed in different parts of Berwick. To make the grave citizen lament the necessity for such horrid penalties, and to scare timid maidens by moonlight with the ghastly leer of their cadaverous features, the executioner announces in a loud voice the names of these victims to judicial tyranny, as he holds up by the hair, Judith-like, each of their heads to view. There is a deep and ominous shudder runs through the multitude : the trumpets shrilly sound forth a triumphant flourish ; the mercenary soldiers loudly shout ; the crowd walk away to their several homes ; and thus ends an execution in Berwick of the fourteenth century.

The Countess of Dunbar (sister to the Earl of Fife, and wife to Comyn, called Patrick with the Beard) eloped from her husband, carrying with her his war horses and retinue, with which she repaired to Robert Bruce, then at Scone. In the absence of the Earl her brother (who was with the king in England), and whose hereditary duty it was to place the crown on the head of a Scottish monarch, she assumed that office, and crowned Robert Bruce King of Scotland. For this offence, Edward sentenced her to be confined in a wooden cage, and shut up in one of the towers of Berwick castle. Those towers have now mouldered to dust, like the

hands that built them, or tradition might have pointed out the precise one in which the Countess underwent her bitter penance. According to the historian,\* the Chamberlain of Scotland had orders to make the cage of sufficient strength, in which she was to be attended by English women, but that no Scotch servant should be allowed to wait upon her, denying her the sympathy of her own countrywomen. That the King did not take her life may appear strange ; but Edward decreed "that as she did not strike with the sword, neither should she die by it." In derision of the office she usurped, we are informed the cage was made in form of a crown, and was occasionally hung from the battlements of the castle,—a spectacle for all the town of Berwick, and an everlasting reproach, "living and dead," to Edward's memory. There is something truly sickening in this vindictive revenge of Edward's. History contains no parallel to this cooping a brave woman in an inconvenient cage, and making her sufferings the comment and gaze of every boor that passed.

To keep the Countess of Dunbar in countenance, we are told that Edward confined Mary, a sister of Robert Bruce, in a similar cage in the castle of Roxburgh. The age of chivalry, with all its boasted pageants, was sadly deficient in one essential quality—mercy ; and that vengeance which could wreak itself on females, in place of more worthy objects, could only emanate from the worst of natures, fostered in heartless and unprofitable wars.

In the year 1307, an event occurred which doubtless filled all Scotland with joy and England with proportionate gloom,—the death of the warlike, overbearing.

\* Rymer.

and fearless Edward the First. That the English grieved for him is natural, as his sole ambition was the aggrandisement of England. There are some features of Napoleon's character that bear a great resemblance to Edward's : both were grasping, selfish, and heartless. Their development of war, their method of attack, their defence and policy of conduct were exactly similar (making allowance for the different ages they lived in). Edward expired at Burgh-on-the-Sands on the 2d day of July, in the 69th year of his age, and the 35th of his reign, spent amid the turbulence and desolation of war.\* In sight of that magnificent estuary, the Solway Firth, in sight of Scotland, that had rebelled against his power, as his servants were raising him up to take some food, the last breath of this mighty politician and warrior was drawn ; and the servants held but a mass of clay. In his last gasp almost his hate to Scotland was inextinguishable ; for in the true spirit of the age, he commanded his bones to be carried before the army into Scotland, to intimidate those in death, who, during his life, had often fled from him at the flash of his pennon or the tramp of his war-horse. There is something highly characteristic and romantic in the last commands of this tyrannical warrior king. If he brought woe on Scotland, at least he left Berwick the better for his conquering it : he found it but a poor Scotch town (for its glories departed with the death of its great patron, Alexander III.) ; and he left it better fortified, more ably garrisoned, and justly ruled, with the addition of weekly markets, an exchequer, and various grants in its favour. If he was tyrannical he was generous, as far as wealth was concerned ; if he was cruel, he was brave ;

\* Hume's Hist.

and for those deeds which bring discredit on his memory, they may be laid to the times in which he lived, and not to his own nature.

It is generally known that the coronation chair of the kings of Scotland—a coarse wooden seat with a stone bottom, supposed to be the same which served Jacob for a pillow when he travelled to Padan Aram!!!—was removed from Scone by Edward I., and lodged in Westminster Abbey, where it still remains. The following prophetic distich is said to have been the cause of its removal :—

“ Nl fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum,  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.”

“ The Scots shall brook that realm as native ground,  
If wierds fail not, whare'er this stone is found.”

This prediction was considered as verified when James VI. ascended the Scottish throne.\*

\* *Vide* Rapin.

## CHAPTER IV.

EDWARD II. VISITS BERWICK—PASSES A WINTER THERE—ROBERT BRUCE ATTEMPTS TO SEIZE THE TOWN BY AN ESCALADE, BUT FAILS—EDWARD ASSEMBLES HIS MIGHTY ARMY FOR THE SUBJUGATION OF SCOTLAND AT BERWICK, AND MARCHES INTO SCOTLAND—BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN—KING EDWARD RE-ENTERS BERWICK A FUGITIVE—BURIAL OF THE EARL OF GLOUCESTER, AND LORD ROBERT CLIFFORD—EDWARD DEPARTS—BRUCE ENCAMPS AT AULD CAMBUS, AND PREPARES TO ATTACK BERWICK—DENIES AUDIENCE TO THE POPE'S MESSENGER—TREACHERY OF SPALDING—DOUGLAS SURPRISES BARWICK—ARRIVAL OF BRUCE AT THE CASTLE, WHO MAKES AN INROAD INTO ENGLAND AS FAR AS RIPON.

EDWARD II., a weak and dissolute prince, having succeeded to the throne of England, had neither the will or the ability to carry out his father's designs against Scotland. After advancing to Dumfries, and receiving the oaths of allegiance from such as were willing to submit, he retraced his steps to Carlisle, and thence to London, leaving in the former place Aymer de Valence as lieutenant of Scotland, "with power to receive to his peace all rebels and enemies who were willing to submit."\* Edward's first care as concerned Berwick, was to release from her confinement the Countess of Dunbar. For eight years had she groaned out a miserable existence; each evening had she turned her eyes wistfully to the blue hills of Scotland, as if to upbraid them for being so tardy in sending her that help she so much needed. Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick (grandson of him who had contended with

\* Rymer.

Baliol for the throne of Scotland), was now laying waste the lands of the English in Scotland. But neither the desperate state of his affairs, nor the fulminations of the Church of Rome, nor the loss of his best and bravest followers, could break the undaunted spirit of Bruce. The more desolate his interests, the more hopeless his cause, the more insatiable was his revenge. Three years after his father's death, Edward honoured the burgh of Berwick with his presence, and that of his Queen Isabel, "she-wolf of France." But no trace of that vindictive spirit she afterwards evinced towards her unfortunate and deposed husband, was now discernible on her pale but beautiful features, as, followed by a great concourse of people, scrambling, pushing, thrusting, and elbowing each other, they followed her royal escort, endeavouring to obtain a sight of the son of the redoubted Edward and his beauteous Queen. Edward had invaded Scotland in the autumn, and now when the frost lay thick on bush and tree, and froze up the Tweed with a sheet of ice, like green marble ; when each dash of the hoarse billows on the small belt of yellow sand on the sea beach, sent up in showers small fragments of ice, frozen and left there by the succeeding wave, then returned King Edward from his Scottish invasion, to recruit himself and his army during the winter, at the expense of the good folks of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Providence, as if to relieve the harassed Scots from destruction by their foe, had sent a terrible dearth and famine over Scotland, the consequence of the protracted and severe frosts. Edward II. wanted the foresight of his politic father, and failed to establish on the border magazines of provisions.

The consequences were soon felt ; the army, exposed

to the rigours of a severe winter, encamped in a hostile country, where gold could not purchase a single meal, could not subsist, and Edward was compelled to abandon Scotland for the present. Hutchinson says the dearth was so great, the people had to feed upon carrion, and that the troops slaughtered their horses to obtain a temporary respite from hunger.

Edward, during his residence at Berwick, was by no means insensible to the welfare of the town. A house of Carmelites, or White-friars, was founded by Sir John Gray, (a knight high in favour with the King) ; part of the duty of the friars was to officiate in the chapel royal, attached to the castle ; according to the custom of the times, there was a religious house founded on Berwick bridge, dedicated to the Holy Trinity. Such institutions placed on bridges, were by no means uncommon in the 14th century, their object being, that the traveller might for a piece of money obtain a prayer for his safe passage over the river, or evince his gratitude by performing his devotions. When the insecure nature of the bridges of that period is taken into consideration, the founding of such a building will be understood. This building stood to the left of the present bridge, and was afterwards known by the name of the *Maison Dieu*, or house of God. Passing a river either by boats or bridges, was often attended with serious consequences to an army. King Edward I., when crossing the Tweed at Coldstream, lost several of his men by the flood. It appears there was also a house of Grey-friars here ;\* they had a grant of twenty marks per annum out of Weatherburn.† Alexander II. had founded here a monastery of Dominicans, or Black-

\* Rymer.

† Rymer.



friars, and endowed them with a yearly revenue of forty merks ; Robert Bruce added the rent of a mill in Berwick. William the Lion also founded a Trinity Monastery of Red-friars, so that the ancient burgh was well stored with religious houses.

There was also an hospital of Mary Magdalen, with an appendant hermitage at Sogden\* (a field between the walls and the sea is still called the Maudlin or Magdalen Field). It was undoubtedly the ancient site of the hospital, but vainly may the eye of the curious antiquarian endeavour to point out the precise situation where this holy pile dedicated to charity rose. The cattle of the freemen graze over what may have been the holy gardens and orchards, and instead of the meek and patient disciple of Mary Magdalen going forth on her errand of love and mercy, the rude fisherman strides over the ground, whistling thoughtlessly a snatch of some sea song, carrying his nets to the little haven, at the foot of the field, regardless of the hallowed dust his foot scatters around him. The hospital dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin stood on the south-east side of Scotchgate (a portion of it may yet be seen in the recess to the right of the gate). The house of the Franciscan Grey-friars, a mendicant order, was founded by Sir John Grey, A.D. 1229 ; the monastery (we know not that it had a church) stood in Western Lane ; part of its site is now covered by the *Advertiser* Office. The monastery of the Dominicans, or Black-friars, a mendicant order, founded A.D. 1230, stood near the castle, but within the town walls. The brotherhood were removed to the house of the friars of the Holy Trinity, near the bridge, when the latter were exiled by Edward II.

\* Tanner.

The last monastery founded in Berwick, was the Carmelites, or White-friars, who were, like those of the Dominicans, of a mendicant order, and had their origin from Mount Carmel, in Syria. They removed to the house of the Dominicans, when the latter took possession of the house of the friars on the bridge.

St. Lawrence was the earliest church in Berwick, of which we have any note. It stood, surrounded by its cemetery, on the spot where the reservoir now stands. It was dedicated to St. Lawrence, founded and liberally endowed by Robert Fitzwilliam.

This church made way for one more splendid and of larger size, erected at the charge of Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward I., and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. Its situation was on the ground now covered by the Cumberland bastion.\*

That Berwick had risen to considerable importance as a frontier town and borough, no question need exist to the contrary, for in the year 1310, King Edward leased the town to the burgesses of Berwick, for which they paid the annual sum of 300 marks to the exchequer. Up to this date, the borough of Berwick was under the archdeaconry of Lothian, in the diocese of St. Andrew, but Edward placed it under the see of Durham.† Among the rules passed in Guild during his reign was, "that no burgess should take a Scotchman for his apprentice."—*See Guild Roll.* A mayor and four bailiffs had rule over the town, who were in their turn subject

\* The above we believe to be the true situations of the various religious houses in Berwick. Historians of ancient days contradict each other as to the *actual* site of these buildings, some assigning Ravensdowne and the corner of Church Street as their sites. Over all there hangs a veil of oblivion, which no person of the present age can satisfactorily solve.

† Leland's Collectanea.

to the Justiciary of Scotland ; there was also a governor of the castle, and one for the town.\*

Two years afterwards, Robert de Bruce made a daring attempt to seize the town by an escalade. The attack was made in the dead of night ; the Scots stole silently to the foot of the walls, and fixed the ladders ; the town was buried in a deep sleep, and not a single sentinel visible ; the foremost soldier of the Scots was already on the wall, when the deep and hoarse baying of a hound (alarmed by the Scots) aroused the sleeping and unconscious Englishmen. The garrison rushed to arms, the bell-tower gave forth its dreadful summons, citizens rushed from their houses, girding on sword and hauberk, half asleep, and dreading the name of Bruce or Douglas, women shrieked, and everywhere disorder and confusion prevailed. As the day was breaking, and the garrison alarmed, Bruce judged it expedient to withdraw his men, rather than attempt to storm the town, in the face of an aroused and infinitely superior enemy.

Bruce continued to harass England at all points. The English inhabitants of the border complained to Edward of the tardiness of his soldiers, in not punishing such a handful of Scots, whom his father so readily could rout. Bruce was wont to say, " That he was more afraid of the dead Edward than the living one ; that it was easier to win a whole kingdom from Edward II., than a foot of ground from his father."

Irritated by the complaints of his subjects, and being determined by one great blow to crush the enemy, and thereby put an end to these inroads, on the sixth day before Midsummer 1314, Edward marshalled his army

\* Dugdale.

at Berwick. It consisted of 40,000 horse, 30,000 of which were completely armed, and 52,000 foot.

Never had Berwick seen such an army. As many as could be conveniently lodged in the town were accommodated ; castle, town, burgess, and peasant's house were full to the door ; the rest of this mighty army lay in tents pitched about the Walls. As no supplies could be expected from a country desolated by a twenty years' war, Edward, remembering his last campaign, had brought with him a string of wains, containing provisions, &c. When in motion and in extended line, this immense host covered full five leagues.\*

Thus passed the night in feasting and revelry, such as the old town of Berwick had not known for many a long year. The steeples rocked with the continued peal of the bells ; the bridge groaned with the weight of the army, as a continuous stream of living and warlike men passed over its creaking timbers. The burgesses were all in their holiday attire, with their wives and buxom daughters hanging on their arms, who looked with shy and maidenly gaze at the bold and licentious glances the courtiers and men-at arms shot at them ; and so in groups of two and three, with the streets full of men from every shire in England, and from each house sounds of wassailing and jollity ringing, passed the time until midnight. On the morrow, this great army, whose like had not been seen in the memory of man,† mustered its legions of squadrons, and prepared to march. Then, indeed, was a fine sight to be seen ; hour after hour, the Scotchgate poured out numerous troops. The archers of Nottingham and Derby, the footmen of Northumberland, the lances of Yorkshire, the bill-men

\* Malmesbury says 50 !

† Fordun.

of Kent, the men-at-arms of the southern shires, with the well-arrayed spearmen of the Bishop of Durham, onward marched like a living torrent. And still continued the Gate to disgorge its numerous forces, to find their place of rest on the sodden field of Bannockburn.

There rode young Edward, surrounded by his nobles and favourites ; there by his side, in no less majesty than their King, rode in proud and jealous state the Earls of Hereford and Gloucester, Sir Giles D'Argentine, the celebrated Aymer de Valence, the Earl of Pembroke (the faithful servant of Edward), whose name was long after remembered in Scotland, Clifford and Beaumont, the pious Sir John Grey (whose family had founded a religious house in Berwick), Sir William D'Ayncourt, and the celebrated and gallant Sir Henry de Bohun, mounted on his prancing war steed, went caracolling proudly along, unconscious of the Bruce's battle-axe, which in the skirmish before the battle of Bannockburn should end his gay career. 100,000 spirits rode gaily onward ; their pennons, banners, banderols, and ensigns fluttered in the summer's breeze, as that mighty host debouched from the gates of Berwick ; shield, corslet, helmet, aventayle, hauberk, gorget, haubergeon, cuirass, lance, battle-axe, and spear, shot back the glorious beams of the morning's sun in a thousand gleams of ruddy and golden fire ; flash after flash of bright and glancing light were seen tipping the weapons of the English, as they galloped in numerous bodies to gain their several standards, crossing and re-crossing, as their leaders issued into view with their troop. The measured tramp of this mighty army could be heard for miles around ; the roads were cut and furrowed by the passage of so many feet, as if they had been ploughed. Some rode

more at ease on the waste land and fields adjoining the roads, and ever and anon the shrill flourish of some trumpet, the lively reveillie of the bugle, the blast of the horn, and the deep roll of the nakers (a sort of kettle drums), rose on the air, and then faded in the distance. Alas, in a few days this living, breathing mass of valour would fertilise the soil on Bannockburn's bloody plain ! The last of the rear guard had ridden forth, and the dash of harness and rattle of arms had died away in silence, when the citizens descended from the ramparts, and sought their evening meal. All day long, with the hot summer sun pouring on them, had that immense power marched forth from Berwick ; now the old town once more resumed its ordinary quiet, and around the supper table of the burgesses that night remarks on that mighty army and of their victory were indulged ; the citizens tired and weary betook themselves to rest. The calm and summer night came on, tempered by the cool sea breeze, which fell with its moist breath and balmy dew on all things around, refreshing the parched flowers, and the hot and baked earth ; and so the army of Edward marched to Bannockburn from Berwick.

The third day after that battle, which many rumours had assigned to the English (their victory being beyond a dispute), the morning broke dark and dreary. Occasionally thunder was heard amid the pattering and heavy showers that fell ; far out to sea a leaden and livid cloud seemed to swallow up the jocund day ; sullen gusts swept over the walls and through the streets ; the birds flew restless here and there with weary wing ; the gull and curlew screamed discordantly on the river ; the hoarse and deep booming of the sea came thick on the

sentinel's ear (a sure sign of a gale) ; and flashes of sheeted lightning blinded men for a moment, lighting up the gloomiest place with a momentary splendour.

Towards nightfall, a solitary boat was seen making way along the foot of the Magdalen Fields : the frail bark rolled from gunwale to gunwale as the gusts of wind came tearing along the sea, filling the air with light spray ; then a sudden wash of snowy water almost hid it from view ; and as the clouds to seaward grew black and more stormy, even so did its flapping and torn sail look like the wing of a white sea-gull rising from the waves. In the coming tempest the fisher's boat rounded the point of rocks stretching into the sea, and rolling in over the heavy breakers at the bar, stayed not at Spittal Point, but ploughed up the river with the flood tide. Avoiding the walls of the town, it shot under the arches of the bridge, and never slackened sheet or tack until a small quay at the Water Tower received its freight. And what was it ? Four men feebly came on shore, and slowly began to ascend the arched and battlemented flight of steps that led up from the Water Tower to the castle. In the leader of the party, a wan and travel-tired stranger, on whose brows a kingdom's loss was seated, whose eyes were bloodshot for want of needful sleep, the surprised garrison beheld King Edward the Second of England, two fishermen, and the Earl of Pembroke, all his retinue ! Alas ! how great the contrast between his leaving Berwick and returning ! Where was his pomp of power ?—where his array of horse ?—where his infantry, whose very tread affrighted earth itself ?—where the mighty warriors that sat the war horse for his ordering, and rushed like eagles to the fight ?—The greater part of them dead on Ban-

nockburn field ; the remainder prisoners or fugitives, flying from the Scots they too lightly valued before. It was indeed Edward : Bruce had defeated the king at Bannockburn with frightful slaughter. England had never experienced such a day since the fatal field of Hastings. The rout of the English was complete, although the number of their killed was not near so great as stated by their historian.\* The King, overwhelmed with grief and fatigue, flung himself on a couch ; exhausted nature threw him into a deep sleep, and in the oblivion that wrapped for a time his senses in their pall, he forgot his misfortunes and recent defeat ; though ever and anon he started in his sleep, as though he heard the battle charge of the fierce Scots, or the wild halloo and vengeful war-cry of Douglas, who pursued him so closely from Bannockburn to Dunbar Castle. In the morning, troops of flying and wounded English sought the town and castle. In what a crippled condition, how woe-begone and faint they now appeared ! Their apparel soiled, their armour and shields hacked, the gilding gone, and the light plumes that floated o'er their helmets frayed and broken ; their horses, dropping with fatigue and wounds, strewed the wayside for many miles. Hardly was it possible to recognise in these worn and wounded fugitives the English army that, three short days before, had so proudly, and in such great array, marched from the gates of Berwick ! Bruce treated his prisoners with great civility ; and on the fifth day the bodies of the Earl of Gloucester, of whom Barbour says, in his poem of Bannockburn,—

“ He was the third best knight persay,  
That men knew living in his day,

• Fordun.



and Lord Robert Clifford were sent to the King at Berwick. The next day, with many moans, these brave and accomplished knights were solemnly interred in the church of the Holy Friars, with all those honours due to their military rank and fame.\* What may have been the feelings of the King as, standing bareheaded beside the graves, he saw the bodies lowered to their last home, it would be impossible to describe; the maimed and wounded who stood around as mourners, with the hot tears of anguish and grief on their faces, would add no consolation to his thoughts. If ever Edward felt the frowns of fortune, and the poignancy of his own defeat, it must have been at that solitary funeral in the Holy Friars.

Edward was not to blame for the loss of Bannockburn; his powerful army warranted any boasting the English might indulge in regarding the chances of the battle, which was won on the part of the Scots by a series of fortunate events, such as no commander could possibly have foreseen or avoided against. The rivalry of the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, who rushed on to the fight, regardless of proper support, the panic of the soldiers, and the unwarlike character of the king, were the principal causes of failure. The king, while at Berwick, published a proclamation, to advise his subjects of the loss of his great seal, which, with all his baggage, fell into the power of the conquerors, and warning them not to regard any orders that might appear with its impression, unless such orders were otherwise confirmed. But on account of the great friendship which formerly had subsisted between Robert Bruce and Ralph de Monthemmer (husband to the Countess of Glou-

\* Fordun.

cester, Edward's sister), the conqueror sent him to Berwick without ransom, giving him the Privy Seal to restore to Edward, a very remarkable gift.

With great sorrow and heaviness, Edward departed from Berwick. When at York, some touches of greatness seemed to have struggled for mastery in Edward's mind, for he restored the Bruce's wife and sister, who in exchange sent home the Earl of Hereford, taken prisoner at Bannockburn. The Monk of Malmesbury at this period described Berwick "as a strong and well walled town," from which it is evident Edward, during his wars with Scotland, had not neglected to strengthen and build defences for the safe keeping of the town. The king issued a summons a year after for his barons to meet him at Berwick, in order to ward off a threatened attack of the Scots, but when the king marched into Scotland, a famine again threatened his army, bread being so dear, that a quarter of wheat sold for 40 shillings—a monstrous sum in those days. Edward suddenly returned to London. During the king's absence, Berwick by no means enjoyed the blessings of peace; for the Douglas hovering about the neighbourhood, defeated and killed, on two several occasions, a Gascon gentleman, Governor of Berwick, and Robert de Nevil, both of whom were carried on the lances of their soldiers to Berwick, and there solemnly interred in the Grey Friars Church.

The revolution of twenty years now saw the crown of Scotland placed upon the brows of the Bruce, and her independence as a nation sealed with blood upon the plains of Bannockburn. The decline of the English interest in Scotland, with the rising fortunes of the Bruce, induced Edward to avail himself of the friendly disposition of the Pope, in obtaining a truce, so neces-

sary in the present posture of his affairs. Robert had refused to receive the letters addressed to him as "Governor of Scotland," written by the Pope. Provoked at so determined a refusal, the legates determined to try the force of spiritual artillery.\*

They sent Adam Newton, guardian of the Minorites (or Grey) Friars, to Robert Bruce, to lay before him the consequences of his stubbornness. The friar having proceeded to Auld Cambus (12 miles from Berwick), found the king and the Scottish army encamped in the woods ; and though it was then after the middle of December, yet Robert Bruce and his soldiers, stripped to their doublets, with bare and brawny arms, were felling trees and preparing engines to besiege the town and castle of Berwick. The friar was informed that whilst Bruce's just title of king was not recognised, there could be no hope of a treaty ; and to every intimation of the messenger, Bruce replied, frowningly, "I will listen to no bulls, until I am treated like a king, and have made myself master of Berwick." The friar having in vain solicited a safe conduct to Berwick, was on his way robbed and stripped of every thing, even to his clothes, by four men, who, it was believed, were ordered to waylay him, that they might bring back to Bruce the papal bulls and processes of the legates.† In the following March, 1318, eight commissioners from England, at the head of whom was the Archbishop of York, agreed to meet the like number of commissioners from Scotland, to confirm the truce proposed by the Apostolic See. The meeting was to have taken place at Berwick. Bruce, who thoroughly despised the Papal interference (as we have seen by his conduct at Auld Cambus), determined to assault Ber-

\* Ridpath.

† Ridpath.

wick, and thus hinder the proposed treaty. Bating that small guarded town, the whole of Scotland owned his rule :

" From the Reed Swire unto the Orkney  
Was nought of Scotland for his saye,  
Out taken Barwicke, itte alone."\*

It is not satisfactorily explained how Berwick fell into his hands. Historians allege it was the treachery of one Peter Spalding (who was either the governor of the town, or married to the governor's sister ; according to the generally received accounts, he was the latter). Spalding "entertained a violent aversion to the governor of the town, for the malignity and cruelty he showed to all Scotchmen, and that he had formed a project of betraying the town."† In pursuance of this plan, he proposed to Douglas, who was then Marischal of Scotland, that on a certain night when it was Spalding's watch, a party of Scots should scale the wall, at the Cowgate port (the wall facing the Magdalen Fields). The king approved of the measure, and Douglas and Randolph were entrusted with the command of the expedition ; gathering their men together, they met at a place called Dunse Park (a few miles from Berwick), and leaving their horses there, they proceeded in the gloom of the evening silently towards the town ; avoiding the castle and the ominous Gallows-knowe, they made a detour, came round by the Bell Tower and the Greenses, and so down the Magdalen Fields. Berwick was indifferently guarded ; not a single centinel saw the approach of Douglas and his power, the good citizens were all asleep in their beds, little dreaming of their enemies being so near. True to his appointed tryst, the traitor

\* Barbour.

† Leland.

Spalding was pacing his solitary post on Cowgate Walls. One by one the Scots were conducted over the walls, and conveyed to a secret place, where it was the intention of Douglas to have couched until the morning, and by a desperate *coup de main* to carry the castle. This project was rendered useless by the cupidity of the Scots ; anxious for booty, a few of them sallying forth began to despoil the early risers of their effects. The citizens caught the alarm, which was speedily echoed from the castle, and then was the old game of blows and blood played manfully in the streets of Berwick. As the day dawned, the drums beat to arms : the trumpets, with their wailing notes, seemed to herald in nought but death and woe. Parties of the garrison and the Scots were fighting in every street. Women and timid burghers hid themselves in cellars and strong rooms, and nought was heard but the appalling cry of the "Cateran Scots;" now and again some party of the gallant English hearts gave forth their lusty shout of "Good St. George for England," but it was but as a feeble answer to the Scottish war-cry. Men in knots of two and three placed their backs to bulks and walls, and fought long and doggedly against the "red shank Scots;" taken by surprise, unprepared, fighting against a superior force, one by one they fell face forward to the earth, their breasts covered with manly wounds. The soldiers were overcome, and the generality of the townsmen with their wives fled to the castle, leaving their houses a prey to the hungry Scots, and seldom had the "red shanks" met with such rich plunder as they did in Berwick. Here might be seen a band of Carrick men, or kernes from the Orkneys or Caithness, gazing with wild delight on a magnificent mirror ; others were bearing forth splendidly chased

goblets of silver ; fierce-looking caterans, with eyes like wild cats gleaming from beneath a mass of tangled red hair, bore aloft in triumph silks and cramasies, piles and webs of rich cloths. Bags of money and cups of gold were borne about in glee. Flagons, sacks, and goblets of wine were flowing in the streets, for the Lothian Scots knew Berwick's cellars held good wine. Some paid the forfeit of their intemperance, and were suddenly attacked and slain by parties of the garrison, who, as the day wore on, observing the small number of the Scottish banners, sallied forth, and meeting with Douglas and his Scots, a sharp hand-to-hand encounter ensued at the Scots Gate. (This gate stood at the foot of the present bridge over the railway in Castlegate, in a line with the old wall, and not in its present situation.)

The Douglas with his battle-axe hewed at the English men-at-arms, as the woodman cleaves the oak. The quick sharp sound, as the weapons hailed blows on the armour, was heard on all sides. "Ha ! St. Edward ! Ha ! St. Dennis ! St. Andrew !" were uttered by the combatants with bitter execrations ; some reeled back suddenly with their death-blow, and from the clenched teeth nature forced out a groan. Randolph, the hero of Bannockburn, whose name was as a spell to raise the borders, like an angry lion facing every danger, seemed to dye himself in the blood of the bold hunters. English bill-men and archers, grasping their light and agile foes by the throat, struck deadly blows, and fell together in the mortal death grasp. Sir William Keith, a young knight, who had newly won his spurs, and the Governor of the castle met in single combat, and bravely and nobly did old Roger Horsley maintain his fame as an English knight that day. The drawbridge and portcullis

rang again with the echo of their blows, and the good steel rained on all sides a perfect shower of fiery sparks, as, guarded in complete armour, they hacked at each other, cut, foined, and lounged with undiminished bravery. At length Horsley's foot slipping in the gore of a freshly slaughtered victim, he stumbled, and Keith thrust him down at sword's point ; but the old knight was up again battling furiously for victory ; raising his aventayle, he uttered his war-cry to animate his men, his grey locks streaming in the breeze, his plume all dancing in the conflict, and his eyes flashing fire, he was rushing on, when a cloth-yard arrow, shot from beneath the gate-way, struck him in the eye, and the old veteran rolled over in his agony.

The men-at-arms give way, and now there ensues a terrible race to gain the castle ; for life, for precious life they strain their limbs in speed, for behind them are the furious Scots, hacking, hewing, and slashing their bravest down. Quick of foot, and swift of hand, they ply their weapons ; and as the English dash into the postern gate of the castle, they leave a fearful trail of dead and dying warriors behind.

The castle surrendered in six days. Its governor and bravest defenders were gone, and the warlike and eagle-eyed Bruce, with a long train of mailed warriors, rode into Berwick on the next day, and took up his abode in the castle. Little did his grandfather imagine, when he sued for the throne of Scotland in that very hall, that a grandson of his should revive the fallen glories of Scotland, and dictate terms to the son of that king who denied him his claim.

Bruce found the castle well garrisoned with provisions and military stores, and instead of demolishing the for-

tress, which he had hitherto done to all those taken from the English, he resolved to strengthen Berwick, and let the old and blood-stained towers, gray with the violence of time and sieges, stand a little longer. He gave the keeping of both town and castle to his son-in-law, young Walter Stewart, who vowed to defend the perilous post to the utmost ; to assist him the Bruce enrolled as a guard five hundred gentlemen of birth and blood, also bowmen and engineers ; the chief (of whom we shall have occasion hereafter to mention) was Sir John Crab, a Flemish warrior of great courage and reputation in his art.\*

With the generosity characteristic of a great mind, Bruce not only forgave the monks and inhabitants for the hostile part they had acted against him, but in a great measure confirmed their charters granted to them by preceding monarchs, and endowed it with additional benefactions. Bruce, having defended the town, and made every addition the engineers could suggest, marched into England, and burnt, spoiled, and slew, until he came to Ripon.†

\* Fordun.

† Rymer.



## CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL OF EDWARD II. AT BERWICK—HE BESIEGES IT BY LAND AND SEA—THE GARRISON UNDER WALTER STEWART GALLANTLY DEFEND IT—EDWARD RAISES THE SIEGE, AND DEPARTS FROM BERWICK—HIS DEATH—SOLEMNIZATION OF MARRIAGE PERFORMED IN BERWICK BETWEEN JOAN, SISTER OF EDWARD III., AND DAVID, SON OF ROBERT BRUCE—BALIOL LAYS CLAIM TO THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND—EDWARD SUMMONS DAVID TO PAY HIM HOMAGE—HIS REFUSAL—EDWARD INVESTS BERWICK WITH A STRONG BLOCKADE—DISTRESS OF THE INHABITANTS—SETON'S SONS TAKEN PRISONERS—A TRUCE CONCLUDED—EDWARD HANGS SETON'S SONS—ARRIVAL OF DOUGLAS—BATTLE OF HALYDOWN HILL.

EDWARD, exasperated at the loss of Berwick, resolved upon its reduction forthwith. He levied a mighty power, and, losing no time, by forced and heavy marches he gained the walls of Berwick on September 1st, 1319. With the king there came a host of noble knights, anxious to wipe out the stain of the defeat they had suffered at Bannockburn. There were the noble John, Duke of Lancaster, the gallant Pembroke, the renowned Arundel, the noble-minded Hertford, and grasping Warenne,—(Aymer de Valence, the king's Governor in Scotland, was thrice married. At the nuptials of his third wife, he ran a joust at a tournament given in honour of the occasion, and was slain, leaving his young betrothed a maid, wife, and widow in one day),—besides the Earl Marshal the King's brother, and the truly chivalrous Hugh D'Espencer, Roger de Tammori, and Hugh De-

nally, the heirs to the Earldom of Gloucester.\* A fleet of ships, furnished by the Cinque Ports, stood into the bay, laden with provisions and soldiers, thus completely cutting off any help the Scots might receive from the sea. Many thousands of mercenary soldiers accompanied the army ; all whetted for blood and pillage, as the king had given a grant to every one, for £100 value, of what they could seize of the goods of the enemy, without being liable to restitution ; this was offering a premium to cut throats. The same liberal promises were given to the sailors and archers aboard the fleet, so that all the idle and dissolute spirits from the Continent, and all parts of the kingdom, marched on to the devoted town, intent on plunder. Edward intrenched his camp at Tweedmouth, and then began to invest the walls of Berwick with all that eagerness which recent defeat and hope of revenge could lend. This was the heaviest siege and most bloodily pressed that Berwick had ever sustained. With a cordon of armed men, he slowly but surely hedged the devoted city round about, and then began the assault. Barbour says that—

“ The walls of the town then were  
So low, that a man with a spear  
Might strike another upon the face.”

But the walls must have been higher on the river side, as will be seen hereafter. On the seventh and thirteenth days of September, two general assaults were made.

Young Walter Stewart had done everything in his power to repel the enemy. And now every man was at his post on the walls ; piles of arrows and stones, iron-headed bolts, &c., lay by the sides of the mangonels and balistaes (engines so called for hurling them). An immense catapulta was erected overlooking the river, and

\* Malmesbury.

bundles of javelins and spears are lying close to the walls. There has been some skirmishing during the earlier part of the day, but now a general pause has taken place ; and the English are slowly hemming in the walls, bearing before them immense shields and pavisses, behind which the archers and men-at-arms march ; heavy balistaes are hauled up to the walls, and fifty men are bearing a battering-ram to dash in the gates. All is still, not a breath heard, a long and death-like pause : one solitary trumpet gives forth a warning and wailing note, the deep roll of the nakers echoes round the walls, it is the signal for the attack, and with a mighty shout, like so many demons, the parties dash on. The English soldiers rear ladders to the walls, and rush up them ; the Scots bravely defend the ramparts, and hurl stones, logs of wood, and scalding water on the heads of the besiegers, who, guarded by their heavy shields and helmets, shook them off as though they had been thistle down, and gaining a precarious footing on the walls, waged a desperate combat until they were either killed or thrust back again. Ladders laden with soldiers, who clung to them as thick as bees, were ruthlessly thrown over, and the dead and bruised soldiers lay grovelling in the trenches. Again is the cry heard, " St. George for merry England," and the loud whoop of the Scots answers in defiance, " God and St. Andrew." Again the bugle's voice sounds to the charge, the trumpets bray deafingly their murderous summons, the nakers thunder out their noise, and the English rush on to the ramparts, endeavouring by every possible means to climb the walls. At every loop-hole lances strike mortal blows from above, the engineers bend the bonny mangonel, and a shower of bolts and arrows fly whistling through the air. The

balistaes hurl huge masses of stone on to the ramparts, and ever and anon, as the Scots crowd thickly to a particular point, a heavy stone hurled with terrible force, dashes in amid the thickest of them, knocking them over like nine-pins ; cross-bows, arrows, and battle-axes, spears, swords, and murderous headed maces, clubs, bills, and pikes, are thrusting from below and above all the day long. As the ladders are manned again, the broad arrows of the English archers, who shoot to a hair's breadth from behind their pavisses, whistle over the walls, and strike through the steel coats of the Scots as though they were cobwebs, and toppling over on the climbing soldiers the bodies fall heavily through the battlements. And a low busy hum, occasionally relieved with bursts of revenge and shouts of fight, floats over the walls all the day ; a din of tongues rolling round the ramparts, with groans and execrations rising on all sides, and the tortured air is filled with sounds of agony, as God's own image slaughters his fellow-creature, with the wild fury of Carribeans and untutored savages.

And so fought many a brave and warlike knight, that strange blending of the opposite qualities of human nature, a knight perhaps whose "gentleness in peace was no less remarkable than his wild ferocity and unbounded cruelty in war, pious in his faith, as irreligious in his deeds, sanctity on his lips, and bloodthirstiness in his heart, who looked upon women as a species of earthly goddesses, and yet too often disgraced himself by the grossest sensuality and lewdness." A knight's theory and practice in the matter of war and religion were two different things ; war was their end and aim—the red field in which they were supposed to reap glory and unfading laurels ; in peace they were generally mild, hu-

mane, and generous, but "when the blast of war blew in their ears," they were tigers in their fierceness. So fell many a brave and noble knight on both sides ; thrust through the gorget by spears, carried from the trenches by their esquires, they received absolution from the priests, and went to heaven wafted thither by the prayers of the church. While on all sides of the town a general attack was being made, the saylors towed one of their ships close up to the bridge house, and moored it to the wall of the town (built upon the brink of the river). This ship had a boat hoisted up to her mast, filled with soldiers, who were provided with a rude kind of bridge, for the purpose of reaching from the boat to the top of the wall. The Scots, nothing daunted, assembled at this point, and when the English soldiers attempted to lower the bridge, such a storm of shot, stones, quarlls, bolts, arrows, pikes, and spears were hailed upon them from the ramparts, that after a desperate and bloody fight, which stunned and distracted the English soldiers, who were swept from the bridge the moment they put foot upon it, they were compelled to desist. To add to their ill-fortune, the tide began to fall, which heeling over on one side their ship, hindered the soldiers from getting on the wall, and left their ship aground. Wounded and beaten off, blinded by the incessant shower of missiles the besieged kept up, the saylors quitted their vessel, and sought for safety in flight, while a party of Scots rushing from a secret postern, set fire to the vessel, and the conflagration added fresh horrors to the siege. Not a whit disheartened at the failure of this attempt, in the next assault the soldiers constructed a huge machine which they called a Sow, which in many particulars resembled the Testudo Arieteria of the ancients.

It appears to have been a large fabric, composed of timber, and well-roofed, having stages within it, and in height surpassing the walls of the town, which at that time were of no inconsiderable height. It was moved upon wheels and served for the double purpose of conducting the miners to the foot of the wall, and armed men to the storm.\* This mighty machine, unknown to modern engineers, was moved close to the wall, and the miners began to undermine the foundation of the walls ; but an English engineer, detained amongst the Scots for this purpose (according to some accounts, and, according to others, Sir John Crab) threw from the balistae a stone of such monstrous weight, that falling with terrible force upon the Sow, it split it into pieces. The besieged, seeing the success of this experiment, instantly followed it up, and threw burning faggots into the machine ; the sea breeze fanned the flame, and there rose up a fierce fire from the Sow ; the soldiers and miners concealed within, to escape roasting alive, fled from the machine, on seeing which some witty Scot cried out "the Sow had farrowed her pigs"†—a rude joke, perpetrated at the expense of the English, which they did not forget to retaliate. The English attacking the drawbridge at Marygate, burnt it instantly, and the gate being in danger of being destroyed (now known as Scotch Gate), the Governor, young Walter Stewart, sallied out from the Castle, and at the head of the Scots attacked the English, whom they after a long and doubtful fight succeeded in repulsing.

The fleet of the English were moored close to the town ; the ships at great hazard attempted to land a body of troops, but the Scotch so plied them with the man-

\* Fuller.

† Barbour.

gonel and cross bow, that the ships were compelled to abandon the attempt. It is probable that Edward would in time have conquered the town (for in the late assaults the Scots suffered severely, and would in the end have capitulated, being harassed out of rest by the enemy), had not the Earl of Lancaster, who was suspected of holding a secret correspondence with the King of Scotland, withdrawn part of his forces. Some writers assert it was in consequence of the hatred he bore to Edward ; others, that the Bruce had bribed him with a sum of £40,000. Jealousy may have been the cause of his lukewarmness and disaffection, as in the event of the town and castle yielding, Edward had nominated as their Governor Hugh d'Espencer, and Roger Tammori, which Lancaster considered an insult to his prowess and valour.\*

Edward, weakened by Lancaster's withdrawal, and dispirited by the failure of his attacks, grew very lukewarm in his assaults, and the inroad of a party of Scots into England, headed by the Douglas and the Earl of Murray, furnished him a sufficient pretext to abandon the siege, and hasten to the relief of his Queen, who narrowly escaped being made prisoner at York by the grim Douglas.†

Edward departed from Berwick, never more to visit it. The Bruce shortly after arrived in Berwick, and was now master of the old and valorous town, with its defences sorely battered and shaken, but still looking stubborn to the last, like some grim veteran after many

\* Malmesbury.

† The conquest of Berwick by Edward I. was fatal to its commerce in wool, for that sagacious monarch removed the trade to London, where it has ever since continued. Edward II. confirmed the port of London as the emporium of the wool trade.

wars. Bruce being sensible of the hazard to which it was exposed, and of its possession as a frontier town, heightened the walls ten feet, added many towers, and put the fortifications in a more complete state of repair. In the year 1323, May 30th, Robert Bruce confirmed at Berwick the treaty of peace entered into with Edward II., by his plenipotentiaries at Bishopthorpe, near York. The citizens of Berwick once more drew their breath in peace, and like men relieved from perilous danger, had now leisure to attend to their business in safety ; commerce, which the late wars had interrupted, once more was resumed. The merchant freighted his ship and stood out to sea, the fisherman betook himself in his light coble to his fishing ground, the husbandman and hind once more ventured to sow their crops and tend their flocks, certain if the truce lasted to reap their harvest without being plundered of it. English or Scotch, the foe was certain to rob them of their all.

The wars had almost extinguished all patriotism in the breasts of the Berwick burghers. So often had the dogs of war yelled at their door, that it was little matter to them *who* were their masters, since they were certain to be compelled to pay for the war ; the price of the ramparts and fortifications was generally mulcted from their little store ; they were like the ass in *Æsop's Fables*, —what matter was it of theirs *who* were their masters, since they would have to bear their panniers as usual.

In the year 1327, Edward the Second was murdered at Berkley Castle, under circumstances of great barbarity, by Gourlay and Maltravers, and at his death the Exchequer instituted by his father in Berwick was abolished. In 1460, it was continued by James III. of Scotland until 1488, when it ceased entirely, and was



swept away for ever. There is no mention made by any writers as to its situation. The Exchequer *may* have stood in the palace or in the Castle, but there is every reason to believe it was in Golden Square, where the other offices connected with the coining of money also stood. The inhabitants of Berwick had experienced five years of peace and were grateful for it. Edward III. was Regent during his ill-fated father's imprisonment, who had renounced all claims to the kingdom of Scotland, in consideration of which, and as a compensation for the losses sustained by England from Bruce and his subjects, Edward received from the King of Scotland and the estates of his kingdom, letters patent, binding themselves to pay in three sums, at Tweedmouth, £20,000.\*

A short time after this, at the fall of the leaf, the burghers of Berwick were all alive with glee and happiness. A wedding party were on their way to Berwick. The town still showed grim signs of its late warfare ; flowers in festoons hung over the blood-stained walls ; the houses were hung with flags and scarfs like a gay bridegroom ; burgesses and yeomen went about in their holiday attire ; the town was in an uproar of merriment ; old men were seen pledging each other in cups of wine, and recounting the perilous sieges of the first and second Edwards, while the bells jangled from the steeple, and bands of mynstrels were stationed at the English Gate by the foot of the Bridge. Amid a flourish of trumpets, bugles, mynstrels' chorus, and the shouts of the populace, Joan, the youngest sister of Edward III., the valorous daughter of the deposed monarch, passed into Berwick. The Earls of Murray and Douglas,

\* See Ridpath's Hist.

as the representatives of the bridegroom (David, son of the Bruce), rode on each side of Joan's palfrey. Tapes-try and webs of scarlet cloth were spread in the road for the Princess to travel upon ; here and there she bowed her young and beautiful head, arching her swan-like neck as she acknowledged the courtesies of the populace. Ever and anon she turned and whispered some sentences half-laughingly to her two stalwart attendants, then a grim smile would lighten up the iron countenance of the grim Douglas, and the habitual scowl which lay upon the dark features of Murray gave way to a gleam of kindness, as they looked upon that young and beautiful Princess, in all the fresh springtide of youth and loveliness, listened to her silvery voice, and marked the gushes of laughter, that, like some peal of music, broke from her in merry innocence.

As her royal bridegroom, David, was sick, the Princess was married by proxy. Douglas, in belted coat of steel, was the bridegroom's representative, and thus was the fair hand of Joan vainly made the surety to stop the old wars between Scotland and England, and by this royal marriage to cure the gaping wounds each nation bore upon her martial front. An offering of peace it might be. It is much to be feared, the will of the fair-haired, laughing, merry-hearted English girl was never asked in this matter ; such too often were the results of a state marriage, a mockery of God's holy ordinance, and proving the faithlessness of the children of the earth. Joan obtained the appellation of "Make Peace," a name by which she is best known in Scottish history, in allusion to the peace her marriage brought to Scotland. The truce was to be "renewed in perpetuity" on her marriage. The dowry Bruce paid for his son, by all accounts, must have

been immense, and as an equivalent Joan brought as her portion the "Ragman's Roll," and the charters, records, &c., of Scotland, which had been carried off from that kingdom by the rapacious and ambitious warrior, King Edward I. Once more were they to be deposited in the archives of Scotland, and this voluntary surrendering of a kingdom's greatest treasures, her records, smoothed the way for that universal love and respect with which the fair Joan was regarded, even reconciling to the Scots her descent from one of Scotland's greatest scourges. Upon the occasion of this royal marriage, the nobles of both nations and their retainers made a magnificent show ; and amid the solemn pomp of the times, occurred feats of chivalry, which was then at its height, tournaments, running at the ring, shooting at the butts, quarter staff, pitching the bar, leaping, racing, wrestling, &c. Yeomen of England, in mock encounters, wrestled with the natives of Scotland, and the rival nations sent forth her best knights to ride one *joust* in courtesy, where their fathers had so often fought against each other in all the fury of war and national hatred.

The townsmen eagerly pressed forward to behold the splendidly arrayed cavalcade ; long trains of chargers superbly caparisoned, brave and noble knights in suits of complete steel, followed by a countless number of retainers, all bearing their masters' badges on their barret caps, swept along the street. Lord Mortimer's retinue alone consisted of nine score of mounted knights, richly accoutred, with their esquires, gentlemen, and attendant yeomen, &c. On they passed, soon to visit the old town of Berwick as foes where they were last feasted as friends : such was the uncertainty of war.

On the seventh of June, 1329, Robert Bruce, the ter-

ror of the Border (the leader of such knights as Murray and Douglas, Randolph, Fitzpatrick, &c.), a name associated with Berwick for many a year, who had won his country from the expiring grasp of Edward the First,—and *such* a grasp!—this Bruce, this mighty warrior, and the only successful rival Edward had, was swept away from the earth by a leprosy. By his wisdom and fortitude had he obtained the highest pinnacle of human greatness. By his bravery and courage had he established his renown and gained the throne of Scotland, and held it in spite of superior numbers. He died lamented by both friends and foes, at peace with his old enemy England, and all men, leaving his crown to his son David. Providence seems to have preserved him through all dangers and unknown brawls, and to have led him step by step to that height of power to which he was destined to mount. Patience, endurance under fatigue and privation, a never-dying courage, and an indomitable spirit, were his ; and our admiration of his character is divided between his early struggles and the moderation he afterwards displayed as King of Scotland. Yet even when dying the master passion (to which he had been, in a great measure, indebted for his elevation) showed itself ; for he left as his last will and testament, that in the event of another war with England, the Scots should avoid all pitched battles, and trust to ambuscades and skirmishes ; make short truces rather than lasting peace, and burn and slay the country through which they might pass :\* and with this pious exordium on his lips, the spirit of the Bruce soared from him, and left what was so lately the Conqueror and King of Scotland a heap of senseless clay.

\* Fordun.

He directed, in the same spirit of his rival Edward I., that his heart should be borne to the Holy Land, and deposited in Jerusalem, as a penance for his manifold sins ; and appointed Douglas as the person to see the mission faithfully executed. Douglas instantly complying with his royal master's wish, embarked for Palestine ; and having reached the Holy Land, with the precious heart of the Bruce in his custody, he was slain in a skirmish by a party of the natives. It is said of him, that when in the heat of battle, Douglas, rising in his stirrups, threw the heart, in its richly embossed case, into the thickest squadrons of the enemy, saying,—“Go thou before, that so oft hath led the way.” In consequence of Edward Baliol laying claim to the throne of Scotland, as the descendent of John Baliol, he was aided by several English and Scottish nobles, who, with that restless spirit so inherent in the age they lived in, began to grow weary of the truce, and make inroads into the neighbouring kingdom. Young Baliol finding himself supported by a few daring spirits, swam with the tide, and assaulted and took by storm the castle of Roxburgh ; and to enlist Edward the Third in his cause, he sent that king letters patent, in which he acknowledged Edward supreme lord of Scotland, and ceded to him “the town, castle, and county of Berwick, to be annexed to England,” with many other advantages.

Edward, emboldened by this flattery, and forgetting the truce and his sister Joan's marriage, called a Parliament at York, in which it was agreed upon to send commissioners to require that David, King of Scotland, should pay him homage and fealty. But there were yet some touches of the Bruce's spirit left in his son : his father's brave blood rose at the insult, and he in-

dignantly rejected the demands with the greatest disdain.

This was what Edward wanted, knowing full well that David would never yield up Berwick without a struggle ; he therefore ordered his herald to give David a public defiance (which in those days was pretty much the same as a declaration of war). Baliol being hard pressed by David, at Annan, was obliged to fly to England, and was received by King Edward with great friendship. Henry Earl of Lancaster, the Earl of Arundel, Lord William Montague, and Ralph Lord Neville, conducted Baliol to the Borders, seizing on their passage a fortress or so. Edward prepared to invade Scotland, and rendezvoused his army at Newcastle, on Trinity Sunday, 1333 ; and on the 12th of April, King Edward the Third came in sight of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and marched his force down to the river side.

There, then, stood Berwick at last, the wish of his manhood to subdue, and the dream of his youth to behold ; there still stood the old towers, yellow in the rays of a faint spring sun ; the banner of Scotland threw out its royal folds from the donjon keep of the old castle, and numerous flags and banners, pennons, and pense-roles, fluttered from the walls in variegated colours. A fleet of Scottish ships were moored close by the town wall, and the long and narrow bridge defended by three gates (with a drawbridge at the foot), filled with men-at-arms, offered anything but an easy conquest. As the young monarch gazed on it, what a train of thoughts might have risen to his recollection ; there was the town, his majestical and hawk-eyed grandfather, Edward I., had subdued. In yonder time-worn castle, had his decision given a King to Scotland ; there, too, had his un-

fortunate father fled a fugitive from the disastrous field of Bannockburn, and vainly, at a later period, expended the blood of his soldiery to reduce it,—Lancaster's treachery, and his father's inability as a military leader, militating against the success. Noting all these things, the young king is said to have sworn "By the face of God"\* not to leave Berwick until he had subdued it. Although young, he was by no means a novice in military affairs. At fifteen years of age, he was fighting for his father's liberty; at seventeen, he overthrew the power of Isabel, "She-Wolf of France," and imprisoned "her gentle Mortimer;" two years after he was crowned King of England. He had learnt, by experience, to rely upon his own resources; he was young, vigorous, brave, and soon found himself at the head of a large army. Pitching his camp at Tweedmouth, over against the castle, and waiting for the arrival of his shipping, he immediately blockaded Berwick.†

The Scots had done everything in their power to render the town impregnable. Its defences were admirable, involving great loss for an enemy to force it by strength of arms. Sir William Keith was governor of the town, and Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, keeper of the castle.‡

Edward, though young, was, even at that early age, a consummate general; he knew the price it had cost his father and grandsire to win Berwick by assault, so with more wisdom he changed the siege into a strict blockade. The character of the English leaders had undergone a great change in the course of a few years; they were neither so fool-hardy or so cruel as their forefathers of a preceding age; and instead of shedding their soldiers' blood, to fertilize the long rank grass that

\* Malmesbury.

† See Froissart.

‡ Boece, Buchanan.

grew at the foot of the ramparts, they determined to reduce the town and castle by a strict blockade, by land and sea, to cut off all supplies of provisions, and starve them into surrender.

And now behold the inhabitants with famine staring them in the face ! As their provisions became scarce, they endeavoured by vigorous sallies to drive the besiegers away, or to force a passage through them, but in vain. The watchful and cautious policy of Edward was more than a match for them ; he met them resolutely, and the besieged were obliged to abandon the attempt, leaving their bravest soldiers dead without the walls. Edward's shipping having arrived, closely invested the town from the sea. At dead of night, the besieged manning their ships made a desperate sally on the enemy's vessels ; the assault took them by surprise, and profiting by the darkness of the night, the Scots, under the command of William Seton (bastard son of Sir Alexander Seton), slew all before them, and set fire to one of the ships. The conflict was carried on desperately on both sides, by the uncertain light of the burning ship, until young Seton, attempting to board another of the enemy's vessels, was either thrust or fell into the sea ; the weight of his armour speedily sank him, and his followers, discouraged by his death, hauled off their ships and returned to the town. They found affairs very little better there, for in a night assault the two legitimate sons of Sir Alexander Seton were taken prisoners, and the old knight reduced to great grief in consequence.

Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood with a large force, and as day after day stole away, the besieged cherished the hope that their countrymen would not suffer the town and castle of Berwick, the principal



key to the kingdom, to fall into the hands of the English without striking a blow in their defence. Archibald Douglas, at the head of the principal gentlemen of the Lothians and the Merse, had indeed a large force at his command, but the watchful and strict blockade kept by the wily Edward destroyed all hopes of his throwing either men or provisions into Berwick. The army of Douglas, being either afraid, or from some motive known to itself, instead of attacking the army of Edward, crossed the Tweed almost in sight of the town, and marched along the coast to Bambro', which being deemed impregnable, Edward had chosen as the safe residence of his Queen Philippa. Douglas made several attacks on the fortress, and wasted the country around, hoping by these means to draw off Edward from the attack on Berwick, but the king was not to be deceived ; he had sworn to take Berwick town, and faithful to his word he kept his post.

The besieged had beheld with gaunt and hollow eyes the departure of Douglas' army, which they imagined was coming to their relief, and as their countrymen faded in the distance, there rose a wild cry of disappointment. The town was reduced to its last gasp ; a rat, a dog, a cat was sold for almost its weight in money ; the horses were long since slaughtered for food ; the garners were empty ; and mothers might be seen gliding about the town like disembodied ghosts ; scarcely could they repress the wolfish feeling they felt arise to devour their own progeny. Warriors and men-at-arms were seen wandering along the ramparts with a pale and melancholy look ; they were grown so weak they could scarcely sustain the weight of their iron mail. A mother would have scarcely known her son, amid that band of

famine-struck wretches. The streets had a silent look with them, as though the plague was there.

The garrison, feeling the acuteness of hunger, began to slacken in their watch. Some were for surrendering the town to the English, others proposed a sally. Women, with emaciated children in their arms, came wailing to the Governor's house, and in hollow accents asked him for bread. The governor did all that a brave man could to keep the town ; he gave away his own store to supply the wants of his neighbours, but no aid arriving, the strongest party in the town sent a flag of truce to Edward (it must have been with a savage joy he received it), to enter into a treaty of capitulation, which he granted the more readily, as one of the articles gave him the chance of what he so ardently wished for, an engagement with the Scottish army ; this capitulation was concluded on the 18th of July, 1333.

The principal conditions were that both the town and castle should be delivered to Edward on the 20th of the above month, if not relieved by two hundred men-at-arms from the Scottish army, or by a battle ; that in the interval there should be a cessation of arms on both sides. The lives of the garrison and inhabitants to be spared in the event of a surrender, their properties secured, and forty days granted them to leave the town, and dispose of their effects. Sir William Keith accordingly left the castle to inform Lord Douglas of this capitulation, together with all the circumstances of their present situation.\*

The hostages for the performance of the citizens' capitulation, were Edward de Letham, John de Fius, and John de Hoom. During the interval, the following inci-

\* Tyler Chron., Lanercost and Scala.

dent, the theme of ballads, romances, tragedies, &c., is said to have happened, which, if true, sullies the lustre of Edward's character as a hero, and stamps an indelible odium on his fair fame. It stands recorded to the following effect.

It will be seen that Edward had taken in a skirmish the sons of Sir Alexander Seton (whom Sir William Keith had nominated in his absence deputy-governor). Some authors assert they were given as hostages to Edward, but in the list of hostages by Tyler their names do not occur. Soon after the treaty, King Edward being apprehensive he might lose the town, should the army under Douglas arrive, and fearing to be robbed of his prey, now almost within his grasp, sent a message by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, to Sir Alexander Seton, threatening him, unless he delivered up the town by the next morning, to hang his eldest son Thomas, as also his second son Alexander. Seton, in great sorrow, upbraided the earl with the king's faithless treatment, suggesting to him the period for delivering the town had not yet arrived, and complaining vehemently of Edward's violation of the truce. But Edward was not to be moved from his determined purpose, and ordered a gallows to be erected in sight of the castle.

Seton, on beholding the peril in which his sons were placed, in an agony of grief for their danger meditated the surrender of the town. But Lady Seton, with all the firmness of a Roman matron, interposed, and by reasoning with him on the dishonour likely to accrue from such a proceeding, and by hurrying him away from the dreadful sight, saved her husband the shame of betraying a trust reposed in him by his country.\*

\* Bocce.

Edward, unrelentingly, it is affirmed, put them to death. Seton's sons were hanged. Many English writers reject this story as improbable, and treat it as a malicious fable meant to asperse the character of Edward III. Ridpath, in his *Border History*, says, "Indeed the behaviour ascribed to Edward, in the above relation, is so unworthy of him, that it is altogether undeserving of credit."

According to the old ballad on the subject, it was Lady Seton whose maternal fears advised her husband to deliver up the keys of the town, and save the lives of her two gallant sons, and that Sir Alexander Seton, though counselled by friend and foe to yield up the town to Edward, exclaimed, "Wyth Chryst blessynge, altho they hang my sons, I wolde keep goode faythe wyth the Scottish Kyng, and barre out Yedwarde." To the many solicitations of his heart-broken lady, and reasoning of his kinsmen, the unfortunate knight could only exclaim, "My honour, sirs, my honour;" and urging "his lady might bare to him other sons, but that his honour, once misted or fyled with the breath of foul suspicion, wolde never grow clear again."

Edward dispatched the Earl of Northumberland to demand Seton's final answer. Seton, true to his honour, urged everything that a distracted father could suggest to induce Edward to forego his terrible threat; but the Earl assured him the King was resolute, and unless the town was surrendered by the next morning, his two youthful and gallant sons would assuredly be hanged. Seton stamped about the room in great agony, and gasped like a drowning man for breath; Lady Seton "gripped" Earl Percy so fast by the cloak, while she poured into his ear, with all a mother's tenderness, the

misery of her situation, that Percy broke away from her in great sorrow, and returned to the King, muttering as he went, "his fayther's sonne, on siccan a base erronde, never went before." The lady wrapped her head in her white wimple, and laid it on the board, "and spak never a word," so sharp and poignant was her agony. The morning broke, and the loud trumpet called the inhabitants to the ramparts; and there a large gibbet was erected on the Tweedmouth side, and the two young Setons about to be hanged. William, his mother's pride, threw himself first from the fatal tree, and was followed by Richard, who observed, "It was hard to die for no cryme ava, while his feyther and mither were looking at him; but that there was a heaven aboon, and a hell below, as Edward sould ken on the day that he died." The ramparts were crowded with the principal inhabitants of the city, who had known the youths from childhood, and patted their golden locks. When the bodies were discerned hanging from the beam there went up a piercing shriek from the bereaved mother, so loud and so full of agony, that the grey gull on the beach returned the cry, for he "wist his mate had spak." Douglas, according to the same chronicler, wreaked a terrible revenge on the prisoners who fell in his power. Among them were several English merchants, whom he hanged. They proffered him the "red gold" to save their lives; but Douglas, in the height of his revenge, swore "that if they told down the hail of England's wealth, it should not save them from the gallows tree; but that they should hang as Seton's bairnies had done."

Many terrible retaliations did this grim warrior exact. He set fire to an hospital (probably at Spittal) filled with wounded English soldiers; and as the flames grew

fierce the unfortunate victims shouted for help. Douglas likened their screams of agony to the cries of a rat, when the husbandman kills it. When any cruel action of the Scots needed palliation, "They aye cried 'Seton's sons,'" as if the remembrance of that deed of blood was sufficient to excuse it.

Many authors differ in relation to this cruel deed. Tyrell, a candid and industrious compiler of English history, gives an account of the transaction, which, though it does not relieve Edward's character from cruelty, throws the perfidy of the affair on Seton.

According to his version, when the truce concluded, as related above, Edward summoned the besieged to surrender. Seton answered that he could not yield the place, as he expected to be relieved, in a few days, by his countrymen. The King insisted on the express terms of the truce, by which he was to yield without delay. Seton refused compliance, and attempted to evade the articles of the truce; at this the King was so incensed that, by the advice of his council, he caused one of his sons to be hung up immediately. The execution of young Seton was a cruel measure; and it induced those who had any sons as hostages to solicit the King for new articles of truce, who consented to a prolongation of the truce for eight days.

This account of the affair, it must be confessed, is involved in considerable obscurity. It cannot be supposed that after so severe a step as the execution of Seton's sons, terms of composition could be thought upon. The above relation disagrees with the statement we have mentioned. Edward may have hanged young Seton as a prisoner, but certainly could not as a hostage, as his name does not occur in the list as such. Fordun, a.

writer to be depended upon, mentions that Edward caused a gibbet to be erected, on which he hanged young Seton, in sight of both his parents.

That such an execution did take place is handed down as a tradition to this very day. The fatal hanging place, on the south side of the river, is still pointed out ; the situation agrees with the accounts historians give of its being in full view of the castle and ramparts.

It is a considerable eminence, situated about one hundred yards distance from, and opposite to, a fishing water, formerly called the Pool ; but since that dire event it is better known by the name of " Hang-a-Dyke Nook." Moreover, the remains of two skulls are *said* to be seen in the poor-house of Tweedmouth, which the oldest inhabitants affirm have been handed down from generation to generation, as the skulls of Sir Alexander Seton's two sons :—an assertion rather paradoxical. The little knoll is immortalised as the scene of their death ; and if it be not true regarding their execution, it robs the spot of a portion of that interest which hallows and renders the very ground sacred. This affair is altogether lost in the mist of ancient days, and is one of the enigmas of history.\*

We must return to the thread of our history. Sir William Keith, on his arrival at the Scottish army, stated the precise facts concerning the town ; and by his entreaties, together with the representations several lords there gave, concerning the superiority of the Scotch over the English forces, added to the martial ardour of Douglas, who hoped to save Berwick by this stroke of war, they came to the resolution of immedi-

\* A sweet and touching ballad on the subject appears in the " English Border Mynstrelsy ;" and Mackay Wilson has made it the subject of a dramatic sketch.

ately giving battle to the English. A few veteran noblemen attempted to dissuade Douglas from his project, citing the dying advice of Bruce as an example ; but the army was set in motion, and their counsel was disregarded. On the 13th of July, the army of the Scots were crossing the Tweed once more, and marshalled by Douglas, encamped at a place called Dunse Park or Bothal, from whence he advanced towards the English. Edward, immediately on perceiving the design of Douglas, gathered his army together, and with consummate skill and judgment crossing the Tweed also, drew up his forces on Halidon Hill, a bold eminence of considerable height on the north-west of the town, rising by a gradual ascent from the river, and on the west side having a shorter but deeper acclivity. This height commands all approaches to Berwick from the west ; and was the only advantageous position for attacking an army approaching the town from Scotland. Notwithstanding the advantage the English King had seized, the Scots, spurred on by revenge, and the hope of relieving their countrymen in Berwick, made preparations for the battle. The Scots argued to fight the battle directly, as in the event of being beaten, the country was open for a retreat ; if victorious, the flight of the English would be impossible at the time of high water in the Tweed, which on that day happened at mid noon.\* Different accounts are given of the battle which ensued. The Scotch advanced to the charge in four columns : at the head of the first division was John Murray, in room of the Earl of Mar, supported by Lord Andrew Frazer and his two brothers, Simon and James ; the second division was led on by Robert, Lord High Steward of Scotland, sup-

\* Ridpath's Hist. Rymer.



ported by the principal chieftains of his clan ; at the head of the third were the Earls of Ross, Sutherland, and Strathern ; the fourth column was conducted by Lord Archibald Douglas, Guardian of the Kingdom of Scotland, and Commander-in-Chief, aided by the Earls of Lennox and Carrick. The several bodies composing the Scottish force has been estimated at 68,000 men ; but this is doubtful, considering the many losses the Scots had sustained the preceding year. Of the amount of Edward's army there is no certain account. Some historians assert it was considerably under the Scots, and that was the reason he availed himself of the advantageous situation he occupied. Certainly this last assertion is no proof of his superiority, but rather an instance of his skill as a general ; others say that Edward's army was more numerous, in consequence of the additions made to it by Gascons, Irish, Borderers, and others, and of the little loss he sustained in the north. Edward, assisted by John Baliol, drew out his powers into four battalions (each one to receive the corresponding column of the enemy), on the wings of which he stationed a body of his best archers,\* then esteemed the terror of France.† The English lay upon their arms ; and up the steep ascent before them came the harsh bray of many trumpets, and the deep and thundering tread of

\* Leland's Collectanea.

† At the battle of Halidon no armour could resist the arrows of the English archers. The bow was made from the bole of a yew tree, was generally five feet eight inches long, with a bend of nine inches. The string was either silk or hemp, twisted or plaited, but always round where the notch of the arrow was placed. The arrow was made of ash, oak, or birch ; and those used for war were thirty-two inches long, with a sharp unbarbed head. The shaft was a goose's feather. The arrow was drawn to the head, and always towards the ear when shot at short marks, but towards the breast when shot at rovers or long marks. The archers did not wink with one eye, but kept both open, and looked at the mark only.—Ascham's *Toxophilis*. See Froissart.

men in quick advance. While expectation sat mute upon the army, and each soldier almost heard his own heart beat, so still and anxious was the silence, one of those preludes which generally precede a battle, happened, as in the case of Bannockburn, and terminated as fatally on the side of the vanquished. When the approaching bands of the Scotch began to peer above the bank, a Scotchman, by name Turnbull, a soldier of gigantic proportions, relying on his vast strength, like Goliath of Gath (and who had saved the Bruce's life, by slaying a wild bull which had overthrown him while hunting), attended by a huge mastiff, left his own ranks, and approaching to within an arrow's shot of the English, challenged any person to come forth and meet him in single combat. After a short pause of astonishment and surprise, Sir Richard Benhal, a young Norfolk knight of great bodily strength, leaped forth and accepted Turnbull's challenge. The mastiff, hounded by his master, sprang at the knight's throat; but Benhal, with one stroke of his good sword on the dog's loins, cut him asunder, and immediately attacked the Scottish champion. Dire were the blows aimed at him by the giant, which he eluded by leaping aside, until at length he succeeded in cutting off the left arm of his antagonist, and ultimately his head; and with this trophy, in the words of the old ballad,

"He took his way to the English ranks,  
With his mailing rent and torn."\*

A death-like silence succeeded Turnbull's fall; and then, with a roar like the waves of the vexed sea, the Scots, losing all command, rushed madly up the hill. Their leaders and chieftains led them on foot, having left their

\* See the ballad of that name in the "English Mynstreley."

horses at the hill's ascent. The English spearmen in front, with levelled spears, stood unmoved at the sight ; and the English archers, stepping one pace forward, drew the good bowstrings to their ears, and poured on the close advancing columns of their foes a deadly shower of broad-headed arrows. Again and again whistled forth the cloth-yard shafts, transfixing head-pieces, steel plates, and gorgets ; yet no whit disheartened, the Scots dashed up the hill and threw themselves on the English spearmen : and where before had been anxious silence now came on the roar, the whirlwind, and all the features of a bloody battle. The men-at-arms, closing on the Scotch flanks, hewed them down as the woodman lops the twigs away. The Scots, breathless with rushing up the hill, and taken by surprise, still offered a bold resistance. Men cut each other down ; lances went splintering among the spearmen, like blades of glass. Oh ! for one hour of the Bruce ! Where were the grim Douglas and Randolph the Bold ?—The Scots, thrust down hill, rallied bravely to the attack : again went the terrible arrows whistling in among them, each one carrying a Scotchman's life on its point. Steadily did the spearmen advance with their unbroken and serried lines of javelin heads, presenting a rampart of steel to the foe. Overlapping the Scots on their flanks, the heavy-armed knights rode in amongst them, treading down the close battalions, while their riders dealt death at every stroke from the heavy falchion or the short mace. The men-at-arms followed them, and made terrible gaps in the Scotch ranks with the murderous battle-axe and the brown bills. Still, as men not without hope, the Scots struck fiercely and well ; and it was not until their general, Archibald Dou-

glas, the soul and leader of their enterprise, fell, that their courage gave way. Douglas, animating his soldiers with word, look, and gesture, had, after a terrible conflict, stricken to the earth a knight of great valour ; and pulling down a part of a dyke (a wall built up of stones, without mortar), called on his soldiers to follow him, when a rushing sound was heard ; the earth trembled as with an earthquake's shock ; on came the English knights, their lances in the rest, their shields hanging before them, and bounding fiercely onward, as if one spirit alone animated the iron mass of mounted knights that dashed murderously onward ; and Douglas, while encouraging his men, was stricken through the body, his last blow being an ineffectual one to strike his assailant ; and with a grim look of defiance and hate, the Douglas rolled over and expired.

The banners rose and fell like willow branches, when the wind howls through them ; first one and then a band of two or three Scots broke out from the battle and rushed down the hill, then followed more, until the rout became general. In vain their leaders sought to stay them ; pressed onward in the general tide of fugitives they were swept away. Edward, at the head of a reserve of cavalry, now rushed forth to the chase, and pursued the flying fugitives ; onward went the war-horse, every bound of its armed hoof, crushing the fair locks, the manly breast, and the pale and gashed face of an enemy. The Irish mercenaries under D'Arcy committed great slaughter, pursuing the enemy five miles from the field of battle.\* And so was fought the battle of Halidown Hill. The Scottish chieftains, seeing themselves hemmed in and beaten on all sides, sullenly surrendered, rescue

\* Boece, Buchanan.

or no rescue, and were led, disheartened and weary, before the presence of the conqueror.

The slaughter of the Scots on that day was very considerable. Eight earls, ninety knights and bannerets, four hundred esquires, and thirty-five thousand men, are said to have bedewed with their blood the grass of Hali-down Hill.\* The chief noblemen of the slain were their general Douglas ; the Earls of Ross, Sutherland, Carrick, Lennox, Athol, and Menteith ; three of the Stewarts ; three of the Frazers ; Sir John Graham, Sir Duncan Campbell, and Sir William Tudway.

Among the prisoners were, Sir William Keith, Sir William Douglas, Sir Robert Kirkpatrick, Sir William Campbell, Sir Gilbert Wiseman, Sir Alexander Graham, and Sir Oliver Sinclair. Boece, with his customary truth, charges Edward with the deaths of these prisoners the day after the battle—a summary revenge. But as many of these knights were alive long after this victory, the old chronicler doubtless laboured under a mistake. The spot where Douglas fell is still called Douglas Dyke.†

The loss sustained by the English was very trivial in comparison with that of their enemies ; and the results of the victory were solid and durable.

Rejoicing in the strength of his might, Edward marched down to Berwick, where the townspeople had anxiously awaited the result of the battle ; to them it brought no

\* The Scottish writers acknowledged the loss to be 10,000.—Boece.

† It is in a narrow lane, leading over the top of the hill. On a summer evening the view is beautiful from its summit, and here may the musing traveller give the rein to imagination, and trace out all the stations of that " heady fight." The sheep graze contentedly on the grass that covers the spot where Douglas fell. The kye "rout" in the loaming yet ; and should the pilgrim question the herd boy of the precise spot where the leader of the Scots fell, the rude answer of " I dinna ken," effectually awakens you from the dream of other days.

fears of any magnitude, as, whoever won the victory, would relieve them from the pinching famine that had afflicted their vitals for many days. Gladly did they surrender the town and castle to the youthful conqueror, who, on his part, faithfully observed the articles of capitulation. Edward rested several days in Berwick, to refresh himself and army after their late fatigue. He had accomplished his vow, and taken revenge upon them for the slight offered to his father ;—Berwick was his. He issued orders to all the archbishops and priests of his kingdom, to offer up thanks to heaven for his late successes ; and in addition to other gratuities, he gave a donation of £20 a-year, for himself and successors, to the convent of Cistercian nuns, which was situated just below the field of battle. Ridpath asserts, “he thus affected, like most other conquerors, to draw heaven to his party, and to regard the successes attending the most unjust enterprises as a proof of the peculiar favour of the Deity.”\*

However this writer may affect to doubt the gratitude of Edward as sincere, there is little question but that the king regarded this victory as a signal favour of heaven’s bestowing, for he repaired the convent and church of these poor nuns, which had been burnt in the course of the war, and presented a new altar to the church in honour of the Virgin St. Margaret, upon whose eve the battle was fought. It is probable to suppose, that the nuns tended on the wounded and sick knights, with all that devotion which religion and chivalry called forth ; picking their way amid the scenes of war, to minister to the wounds of the bleeding warriors. There is nothing more romantic or interesting in the annals of chivalry,

\* Ridpath’s Hist. p. 309.

than the records of these poor daughters of charity, pursuing their path of mercy on this earth, dealing forth with an impartial hand health and peace of mind alike to friend and foe. Two or three stones, and those scarcely distinguishable, are all that remain of this charitable institution ; the poor nuns were scared away by the remorseless mandates of the Reformation. The site of their building was near the Nine Wells, or the Nunslees. A spring rises there, which furnishes the inhabitants of Berwick with pure and wholesome water ; a type, it may be, of that water of life given by these humble sisters to the weary and fainting pilgrims.

## CHAPTER VI.

EDWARD ENTERS BERWICK IN TRIUMPH—STRENGTHENS THE FORTIFICATIONS—PROCEEDS TO FRANCE—ARRIVES IN BARWICKE—HOLDS A SPLENDID TOURNAMENT AT EASTER IN THE CASTLE-YARD—DEATH OF SIR JOHN DE TWIFORD AND TWO SCOTTISH KNIGHTS—THE SLAUGHTER OF SCOTS INVITED TO A BANQUET IN BERWICK, BY NEVILLE AND PERCY—THE EARL OF ANGUS SURPRISES BERWICK, BUT ABANDONS IT ON THE APPROACH OF EDWARD—SIR THOMAS MUSGRAVE MADE PRISONER BY THE SCOTS—DEATH OF EDWARD—BARWICKE CASTLE SURPRISED BY A PARTY OF BORDERERS—THE CASTLE TAKEN AND RETAKEN—BATTLE OF OTTERBURN—ARRIVAL OF QUEEN MARGARET IN BERWICKE—BOLINGBROKE BESIEGES THE CASTLE, AND HANGS SIR WILLIAM GRAYSTOCK—BERWICK BESIEGED BY JAMES III., WHO ABANDONS THE ENTERPRISE.

EDWARD, resolving to retain Berwick as his property by right of conquest, as well as by the grant of Baliol, appointed the Lord Henry Percy governor of the castle, giving to him and the Earl of March commissions to act as joint wardens of all the country on this side the Scottish sea.

He required also, for the better conduct of Berwick, twelve hostages, to be chosen from among the children of the families of the best rank and birth in Berwick, eight of whom were sent to Newcastle, and four to York.\* Baliol, being exalted to the throne, principally by the help and interest of Edward III., his parliament granted to Edward several concessions, the last of them being, "the gift of the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, the castle,

\* Kynton, p. 2654. Rym. p. 381.



and county of Berwick, to Edward III., King of England," perpetually annexed and incorporated with the royal dignity of the crown and kingdom of England.\*

Edward, leaving Berwick well garrisoned, which he had subdued by great policy, hastened to Newcastle, whither Baliol repaired and paid him homage. Although Baliol usurped the throne of Scotland, yet David Bruce, being crowned a King in the course of the next two years, so pressed Baliol with his forces, that at the end of that period, Baliol was obliged once more to throw himself at the feet of Edward for safety.

Edward, incensed at his favourite's expulsion, prepared to invade Scotland a second time, and so entered it by Carlisle. Baliol marched northward by Berwick, which he entered on the 1st of June, 1335, with a vast body of English barons, on whom he had bestowed lands in Scotland. There is no mention of any circumstance, worthy of record, affecting Berwick at this period.

Edward retired from Scotland in September the same year, and, in the following month, we find him again at Berwick, on his march homeward. For by a deed dated the 10th of October, Edward granted to William Pressen and his heirs (for having taken prisoner the Earl of Murray), "the village of Edrington, the fishing water of Eddermouth, the mills of Berwick, &c."†

He also gave to William de Montague the forests of Selkirk and Ettrick, for all which he was to pay the sum of thirty pounds to the king's exchequer at Berwick,‡ and granted to Baliol, his vassal king, the sum of five merks a-day from his exchequer to assist him in his daily expenses. In the summer of 1337, Edward was again in Berwick, for he gave orders for an embarkation of

\* Ridpath's Hist.

† Rym. p. 670.

‡ Ridpath.

troops from Portsmouth, to defend his French possessions, and having occasion for his barons, he recalled them from the siege of Dunbar.

About this time Sir Andrew Murray laid siege to the castle of Stirling, in which attempt Sir William Keith lost his life. Fordun remarks "he was slain unhappily by his own lance," which is a sufficient proof that Edward did not put him to death after taking him prisoner at Halidon Hill.

In 1340, Lord John Moubray was governor of Berwick, having engaged by indenture to remain there for a year. He had with him a garrison of a hundred and twenty men-at-arms, one hundred halberdiers, and two hundred archers,\* maintaining out of them 100 men-at-arms at his own expense.

That Berwick was a favourite place of King Edward's there can be no doubt, as in 1341, he came down from the castle of Melrose for the purpose of passing his Easter there.† And that his knights and soldiers should not rust in inglorious ease, he gave a splendid feast, and invited many noble knights to a grand tournament, the lists being pitched in the castle yard, which covered a vast area of ground.

Behold them then in all their pomp! At the upper end of the lists is a raised gallery, on which are placed the ladies of the knights and burgesses. On a raised throne, under a crimson canopy, sits the king; he has a natural gravity in him far beyond his years; his steel morion is encircled by the crown of England, from which

\* See Barnes' MSS., 240.

† In A.D. 1341, Kyng Edward kept the festiual of Easter at Barwicke, and held a tournament, in which twelve knights of Scotland entered the lists against twelve of Englande. They foughte soe bitterly that two Scotch knights and Sir John Twiford was slane.—*FOISSANT'S Chronicles*.

floats a plume of ostrich feathers ; a royal robe hangs from his shoulders, on which the long ringlets of his dark hair fall in massive shower, and but for the fire of the full dark eye, and the firm compression of the lips, there is nothing about him that would lead the spectator to suppose he saw before him the conqueror of Halidon Hill.

Knights, barons, esquires, men-at-arms, and archers, are thronged around him, and at the farther end, the burgesses and the common people are thrusting forward to catch a sight of the spectacle. Occasionally the trumpets give a shrill flourish, as some knight, led by his esquire to the barriers, having declared his name and purpose by the mouth of the herald, rides into the lists. There is a clamour of admiration at the way in which the knight manages his horse, and then a low buzz of conversation succeeds, as to his merits as a warrior, until the trumpets introduce another competitor. Twelve Scottish knights are opposed to twelve of England. There they sit, their lances couched, extending a fathom before the reins ; the shields, on which are their armorial devices, hanging from their necks, their vizors down, and but for the occasional and restive lashing out of their fiery chargers, they might be taken for so many statues in steel. But hark, the marshals have withdrawn to their stations. The king gives the signal for the onset, "Laissez aller." Where is their inactivity now ? Those trumpets, Prometheus-like, have infused fire into them ; with a bound like tigers, the war-horses spring forth ; the knights level their lances, and with a crash like a thunderbolt, the whole four and twenty meet in mid career, the lances splintering into a thousand fragments. There is a cloud of dust, and when it subsides, half of the saddles are empty, and the same number of

knights are battling on foot, or rolling on the sand, crushed and pent in by their bruised armour. 'Tis not merely empty honour which makes them strive so ardently to thrust each other down—the thoughts of Bannockburn and Halidon Hill add rancour and inveterate hate to their struggles, and from the animosity and known prowess of the warriors, this tournament essay may end in blood. The knights charge again. Selecting fresh lances, they spur the maddened horse to speed, and down go chargers and knights, rolling over each other in mortal struggle. Two noble Scottish barons are lying lifeless in their gore, others are senseless with their fall. Two knights still remain on horseback, Sir John de Twiford and Sir William Douglas. They are provided with lances a third time, and they run their course ; Douglas wards off the lance of Sir John, his own glancing from his antagonist's aventayle. Again, wheeling round in rapid gallop, they gain their ground, and run their fourth course. Sir John Twiford grasps his lance firmly, and sits like a rock in the saddle, hoping to put an end to the combat. Douglas perceives the intention of his antagonist, and collects himself to receive the shock. Their lances shiver to the handle, and both horses quiver on their haunches, so great is the momentum. The joust has ceased to be a contention for glory, for the eyes of all the spectators are fixed on them—the honour of their respective countries is at stake. Twiford picks from the lances offered him by the herald the strongest and heaviest. Douglas smiles ominously, but says nothing. The trumpets sound to the last charge, and the wearied horses, with the blood spirting from their jagged sides, bear onward their masters to the shock. Douglas couches his lance, and swaying on one side, avoids Twi-

ford's thrust, at the same time piercing the unfortunate knight through the body ; acton, gorget, steel plate, and shield are of no avail, the good spear has passed through them all, and borne over the crupper of the saddle, he falls heavily to the sand, while Douglas, in rapid gallop, passes to the other extremity of the lists. The king throws down his truncheon. The marshals rush in and raise the vizor of the fallen knight, and unlace his gorget. It is in vain ; the flush of battle is passing from his brow, his eye is setting fast in death—and now that heavy and deep drawn sigh—the barony of Twiford is lordless.

The slain are borne away by the soldiers, the fragments of the lances are gathered up by the grooms, fresh sand is strewed over the blood-stained arena, and the jousts re-commence. The night puts an end to them ; and the king, leading the Queen of Beauty, marshals the way to the Castle Hall ; the feast is spread with the greatest pomp and magnificence. And the whoops of the jolly Bacchantes make the roof-trees ring again, and scare the hawks that sit dozing on them. The benches and stools are cleared away. Inspired by wine and the mynstrrels' music, the king treads a measure with the beauty of the feast. His courtiers having doffed their steel defences, follow his example. The laugh and merry dance prevail until the cock crows out his third salutation to the morn. The music is hushed, the lights are fled, the hall deserted, all is silence, all are wrapped in sleep, save the nodding and weary sentinels who stumble as they pace the castle battlements in the cold gray light of an April morning.

Soon after this jousting in Berwick, King Edward founded the Order of the Garter, in honour of the Coun-

tess of Salisbury, whom he had relieved at Wark, when closely besieged by David Brus.\*

Edward passed and repassed through Berwick twice in the course of the two following years, continually making truces with the Scots, which they as little observed ; whereupon, Edward, on his return from France, "Swore he would bring such destruction on Scotland that should be remembered while the world endured."†

David the Bruce having been taken prisoner at the battle of Durham, in 1346, Berwick was the rendezvous on several occasions for the English forces, ere they proceeded into Scotland. On the 13th of October, 1357, articles were drawn up at Berwick, for the ransom of David, wherein it was agreed the money should be paid at Berwick, Norham, and Bambro'.

The Scots failing to perform these conditions, a second agreement was entered into, a truce for four years was signed, and 56,000 merks were to be paid by yearly instalments of 4000 merks each.

Edward being engaged in France, wherein he won the battle of Cressy, the Scots entertaining a desire to subdue Berwick, surprised it in the following manner.

The reasons which prompted the Scots appear to have been as follows :—In 1348, the Scots entered England, and laid waste with fire and sword the country far and near, at the same time taking many prisoners, which they ransomed at an exorbitant price. The English wardens, Ralph Neville and Henry Percy, resolved to exact a fearful price for such conduct ; and after a time proclaimed a great tournament to be held at Berwick, to which many of the Scots came in fancied security. But the wardens having placed several parties in ambush,

\* See Fordun.

† Barnes, p. 268.

fell upon the unsuspecting Scots when they arrived, and slew them. A terrible plague which desolated Berwick soon after, seemed as a judgment sent by heaven to punish such faithless and treacherous conduct.\*

After plundering Norham and defeating Sir Thomas Grey, Sir James Dacres, and other valiant knights, they moved on to Berwick, having formed their designs beforehand. The Earl of Angus, at night fall, landed a great number of Scots from some ships on the beach, at the foot of the Magdalen Fields. There did they crouch unobserved until the gray light of the morning began to show them surrounding objects. They cautiously stole towards the town, and having scaling ladders with them, and observing the walls at Cowgate deserted by their sentinels (the scene of Peter Spalding's treachery on a former occasion), they softly placed the ladders against the ramparts and mounted stealthily. The first who gained the top of the ladder was an esquire of the name of William Towers. Leaping on the ramparts, he proceeded with his comrades to the nearest tower (Brass Mount probably, or the rampart now called Windmill Mount), where the English picquet were waiting to relieve the watch; breaking upon them suddenly, as they reclined upon rude benches before a sea-coal fire, the Scots began their work of slaughter. One or two escaped with the news, on the receipt of which, Sir Alexander Ogle, at the head of a small body of men, assisted by two knights of great prowess, met the invaders, and a sharp conflict ensued, but the Scots having opened the gate at the Cowport, their countrymen rushed in, and Ogle and his companions being surrounded, after

\* See Fordun, p. 214.

a brief fight they were all slain, together with the greater part of the men-at-arms.

The citizens, being aroused from their beds by the whooping of the terrible Scots, panicstruck rushed half naked into the streets; some escaped into the castle, through Douglas Tower (a Tower so called on the Town wall). The Scots, after having killed six knights of English descent, plundered the town of its wealth; and once more was the old scene of rapine, bloodshed, and murder, acted over again. The garrison in the castle, at the instigation of Sir John Cope-land, who had taken prisoner King David at the battle of Durham, attempted to introduce a body of men into Douglas Tower and make a sally on the Scots, who receiving intelligence of their plan secreted themselves in the tower, and when the English attempted to enter they surprised and slew a great many, and a running fight commenced, the English retreating to the castle, wherein they were hotly besieged by the Scots, but to very little purpose. Garentiere, a French knight of great prowess, assisted the Scots in the taking of Berwick; the castle still held out, and intelligence having been conveyed to Edward in France, so eager was he to recover it from his enemies, that he immediately crossed the narrow seas to England, and though his parliament was sitting in London on questions of great moment, he stayed there but three days, and came on the prick of spur down to the north. He kept his Christmas day at Newcastle, and, reinforced by the fighting men of Cumberland and Durham, he arrived before Berwick on the 14th of January.\* Like a lion did he advance upon the walls of the town, observing by the display of his

\* Knight, Aversbury.



own banner from the castle that it still held out against the Scots. His navy with a favourable wind stood down Berwick bay ; throwing a portion of his forces into the castle, he prepared to attack the town on the east and north. Sir Walter Manny, a knight well known in the frays of France, with the Durham miners, had already begun to mine the wall and ramparts. The Scots, perceiving the hopelessness of defence, before so determined and experienced a general as Edward, surrendered, and were allowed to march forth with safety of life and limb. So says Rymer. The Scottish writers affirm that in the dead of night, the Scots abandoned the town after having first destroyed the walls and defences.\*

Edward, leaving a sufficient number of men-at-arms in Berwick, pursued the enemy into Scotland, and having laid Edinburgh and Haddington in ashes, after great provocation from the Scots, in memory whereof the Candlemas of that year was known by the name of the "Burnt Candlemas," Edward issued a proclamation to his Chancellor and Chamberlains at Berwick, regarding the rules to be observed in governing that town.

David and Baliol were now both dead, and the crown of Scotland had descended to Robert Stewart. Berwick had escaped those ravages which other fortresses more exposed had fallen a prey to, but from the importance of its situation new attacks might be apprehended almost daily. A perilous life of it, had the governor of Berwick,—constantly harassed, sleeping in his mail, ready to start at the well known cry of the Scots, ever on the watch, patrolling the walls at all hours of the night, waking up the sleeping and sluggish soldiery ; for so full of fear were the times, the wind blowing might herald in his

\* Boece, Buchanan.

death. On other days it was his duty to escort any messengers of the King to a place of safety, or act as a convoy to wains of provisions, either for his own use or the King's forces. Some such duty it was that called the governor of Berwick, Sir Thomas Musgrave, away with his squadrons to join the army of the Earl of Percy. Sir John Gordon ambushed his men near to Berwick, and when the governor and his train rode into it, Sir John and his party surrounded them, and finding escape impossible the governor surrendered.\* The warlike and sagacious Edward III. had taken his leave of earth, and his grandson, the vacillating and cowardly Richard II., succeeded, but the glories of Berwick "paled their ineffectual fires" after the death of the third Edward. It was during the reigns of the three Edwards, that the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war" occurred. A long farewell to the joust, the siege, the spirit-stirring sally, the heady battle, or the rash onslaught; and though afterwards several noble deeds were performed, and Berwick won and lost, yet they were futile efforts compared to the passages in arms it had been witness to.

In the first year of the reign of Richard II., when the differences and heartburnings were to be finally adjusted by commission at Berwick, a party of desperadoes, or borderers, amounting to eight, had the audacity to storm the castle of Berwick by night. They killed the governor, Sir Robert Boynton, but allowed his wife and family to depart, on condition they paid two thousand marks as ransom in three weeks, or failing, to return to their captors — a very common method practised in those days. The borderers were true of faith, when they pledged their word; "and though they would not care

\* Rymer, p. 714.

to steale, yet they would not bewray any man that trusts to them for all the golde in Englande and Scotlande."\* The number of the desperadoes must have been inaccurately chronicled, or else we infer the castle to have been very slightly garrisoned.

As the English and Scotch wardens disclaimed all knowledge of the invaders, they joined their forces together; and being asked by Northumberland to surrender the place, they boastingly made answer that they would neither yield it to the King of England or the King of Scotland; but that they would keep it against all comers for the King of France.† Some of their friends having joined them, to the amount of fifty, this determined band of borderers are said to have defended the castle eight days against seven thousand archers. On the ninth day the English entered, putting most of them to the sword, or else strapping them to the judicial gibbet on Gallows Knowe. They spared the leader of these banditti, for the purpose of discovering who set them on to this plot.

At the reducing of this handful of robbers, the celebrated Hotspur greatly distinguished himself. If the invaders were only eight in number, ill could the fiery soul of Hotspur brook this delay.

In 1381, the Earl of Northumberland, by virtue of his commission as Lord Warden of the Marches, had forbidden Sir Matthew Redman, Governor of Berwick, to allow any person coming from Scotland to enter the town. The great Earl of Lancaster, having received assurances of safety and good conduct from the King of Scotland, came to Berwick, on his march to England; but the Governor, remembering the Warden's injunction,

\* Froissart's Chron.

† Fordun.

refused to lower the drawbridge, but kept bolt and bar, at which the Earl was so incensed, that, on his arrival in London, he preferred the charge before the King ; and it was with great difficulty a quarrel could be avoided. Such was the conduct of these fiery and jealous lords, who imagined the slightest action was an affront on their power. They did indeed

“ Seek the bubble reputation, even in the cannon’s mouth.”

During the truce of 1384, the castle of Berwick was again seized by the restless Scots, which was betrayed into their hands by the deputy governor, who received a bribe to that effect. The Earl of Lancaster, who probably had not forgotten Percy’s denying him entrance into Berwick, as before stated, instantly arraigned Northumberland of high treason. He was found guilty, and his estates forfeited ; but before the sentence could be carried into effect, Percy, who had kept on the borders for his defence, instantly marched to Berwick, which was recovered in the same bloodless manner in which it was betrayed ; for the Scots, being unprovided to stand a siege, accepted the sum of 2000 merks, and were allowed to depart. On this being reported to the King, he pardoned the Earl, remarking that the Scots had taken Berwick twice during his accession to the throne, it having been retaken each time by the Earl with great expense.

Melrose having been burned by the Scots, the King granted to them, as indemnification for the loss sustained, two shillings on each sack of wool of the growth of Scotland, to the number of one thousand sacks, that they should send to be exported from the town of Berwick-on-Tweed, which two shillings were to be allowed out of the custom due to the King.\*

\* Rymer, p. 646.

From this grant, it would appear that the trade of Berwick had recovered from the decay into which it had fallen during the last two reigns, in consequence of its being the seat and centre of war.

During the truce of 1386, the garrison and inhabitants of the town of Berwick-on-Tweed were allowed to hold free communication with England, and to purchase necessities in Scotland, within two miles to the west and north of Berwick. This exception was only in favour of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Jed castles, these being the only places of strength the English held upon the Border at that period.\*

The battle of Otterburn was fought at the end of the summer, between Percy and Douglas, ending in the total defeat of the English, and death of Douglas. Sir Matthew Redman being still governor of Berwick, was at this battle with his squadron (having probably been sent for by Percy to augment his forces). At the termination of the battle, as Redman, with many more, was flying from the field, he was pursued by Sir James Lindsay, who, from the beauty of his armour, judged him to be some person of distinction. Redman, finding his horse failing in speed, after a flight of three miles, turned suddenly round and waited for his pursuer. A severe combat ensued, in which Lindsay was victorious. Redman was allowed to depart on his parole of honour, on condition that he returned to his captor in twenty days' time (a thing very usual in those days); but Lindsay, after dismissing his captive, was in his turn made prisoner by the Bishop of Durham's forces, which were on their way to the battle. Lindsay, being taken to Newcastle, was set free by Redman, who treated him

\* See Rymer.

with great kindness. This is a refreshing glimpse of good faith and honour during those barbarous times, where fierceness and generosity, bloodshed and mercy, were strangely mingled. The particulars of this fight are best told in the words of an old chronicler :—" I shall shew you of Sir Matthew Redman, an Engliche warrior, and governor of Berwicke, who fled on horse-back to save himself, as he colde not remedy the matter. At his departyng, Sir James Limsay (Lindsay) was very near hym, and saw hym depart. At this Sir James, to win honour, followed after hym, in chase, and came so near hym that he might have strycken hym wyth hys spear, had he lyst ; then he sayd, ' Ah, Sir Knight, turn, itt is a shame thus to fly : I am Sir James of Limsay ; if ye will not turn, I will stryke you on the back wyth my spear.' Sir Matthew spoke no word, but struck hys horse wyth hys spurs, sorer than he did before. In thys manner he chased hym more than two miles ; and at last Sir Matthew Redman's horse foundered, and fell under hym. Then he stepped forth on the earth, and drew hys sworde, and tooke courage to defende himself ; and the Scot thought to have strycken hym on the brest, but Sir Matthew Redman swerved from the stroke, and the spere poynt entered into the earthe. Then Syr Matthew strack asunder the spere wyth his sworde ; and when Syr James Limsay saw how he had lost hys spere, he cast awaye the truncheon and lighted afoot, and toke a littel battel-axe he carried at hys back, and handled itte wyth hys one hand, quickly and clyverly, in the which feat Scottes be well experte, and then he sett att Sir Matthew, and he defended hymself properly. Thus they journeyed together, the one with an axe, and the other with a sworde, a long

season, and no manne to lette them ; finally Syr James gave the knight such strokes, and held hym so shorte, thatte he was putte out of hys breath in such wyse, thatte he yielded hymself, and said, 'Syr James Limsay, I yield myself to you.' 'Well,' quod he, 'and I receive you, rescue or no rescue.' 'I am content,' quod Redman, 'so ye deal wyth me lyke a good companion.' 'I shall not fail thatt,' said Limsay, and so putt uppe his axe. 'Well,' said Redman, 'what will ye I sholde do ? I am your prisoner ; ye have conquered me : I wolde gladly goe agayn to Newcastle, and wythyn fifteen days I sall come to you in Scotland, where as ye shall assign me.' 'I am content,' quod Limsay ; 'ye shall promyse by your faith to present yourself, wythyn these four weeks, at Edenboro, and wheresoever ye go to reporte yourself my prisoner.' Alle thys Syr Matthew sware and promised to deliver ; and soe they parted, and Redman rade to Newcastle. But Limsay had not gone a mile, when he met the Bischope of Durham with 500 horse, and rade intill them, thynkyng them Scottish, until hee was too near to escape. The Bischope stepped to hym, and said, 'Limsay, ye are taken : yield ye to me.' 'Who be you ?' quod Limsay. 'I come fro the battel,' quo the Bischope ; but I struck never a stroke there ; I goe backe to Newcastle this night, and ye goe wyth me.' 'I may not chuse,' quod Limsay, 'since ye will have itt soe. I am taken and have taken, such is the adventure of arms.' Limsay was taken to the Bischope's lodgings ; and here he met his prisoner, Syr Matthew Redman, who found him in a study, lying in a window, and said, 'What ! Sir James Limsay ! what make you here ?' Then Syr James came forth of the study to him, and saide, 'By my fayth, Sir Matthew

Redman, fortune hath brought me hither ; for as soon as I was departed fro you, I met by chance the Bischoppe of Durham, to whom I am prisoner. As ye be to me, I believe ye shall not need to come to Edenboro to me, to make your fyance : I thinke rather we shall make an exchange, one for the other, gif the Bischoppe bee so mynded.' ' Well, Syr,' quod Redman, ' we shall accorde ryghte well togedder ; ye shall dyne thys day wyth mee. The Bischoppe and our men be gone forth to fyght your men : I cannot tell what we shall knowe att their retourne.' ' I am content to dyne wyth you,' quod Limsay ; and soe the matter rested."\*

Bolingbroke, having deposed Richard II., ascended the throne of England. A period of comparative quiet followed, as far as regards Berwick ; and it was not until the rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland and his son, against the power of the ambitious Bolingbroke, that Berwick was in danger of being once more in possession of the Scots. In 1404, the Earl of Northumberland engaged to deliver up the castle and town of Berwick-on-Tweed to the King of Scotland, Robert III., resigning also his revenue of 500 merks per year, out of the customs of the town of Berwick.† Northumberland was arraigned for this, but escaped punishment. After the battle of Shrewsbury, wherein Hotspur fell, the King seized upon all the lands and fortresses belonging to Northumberland, and marched northward with a great force, having with him artillery and engines necessary for the reduction of strong towers, &c. He summoned Alnwick to yield ; their answer was, " Win Berwick walls, and ye shall have ours." The Earl of Northumberland had fled into Scotland, carrying with him the

\* Lord Berner's History.

† Rymer, vol. 4.



son of Harry Hotspur, and left the defence of Berwick to Sir William Greystock, who, in conjunction with many friends and noblemen of Northumberland's party, determined to resist the King to the uttermost. Bolingbroke, having summoned them to yield, was told in scoffing answer, to "Win Berwick walls, and wear them." "By God's word, and that I will," was the answer of the monarch. The garrison, confident in the strength of the castle, and the many sieges it had endured, laughed at his threat. But a new and powerful agent had been discovered, and brought into practice since its last siege, which put all the defences of stone walls at defiance, one shot of which could do more mischief than a thousand catapultas—*gunpowder*! Bolingbroke directed his engineers to fire upon the citadel. The first shot which hit it was one from a cannon of large bore; and as the report shook the foundations of the old walls, and infused terror into the souls of the enemy, a large portion of the tower, struck by the shot, fell in ruins. Defence was useless against this formidable assailant; and the garrison, relying on the mercy of the King, surrendered. Several of the more obnoxious of the nobles—Sir Henry Bolton, Blenkinsop, Prendergest, &c.—made their escape by sea. Sir William Greystock and a few others were taken to the Gallows Knowe, and after a short and hurried shrift, beheaded on a rude block: the rest of the prisoners Bolingbroke confined in prison.

The thin blue wreath of smoke that rose from the discharge of that immense cannon, was Berwick's protection. Gunpowder introduced a new era in the art of war.

During the reigns of Henry V. and VI., a long and tedious litigation followed, touching the settlement of

the English and Scottish marches, which then were the scenes of many battles and skirmishes. Berwick looked on and flourished, the old wars had left her scathed, and hanging up her arms as bruised monuments, she rested quietly, hearing often the alarm of war, but escaping all its dangers. In the reign of Henry VI., 1449, Æneas Sylvius (afterwards Pope Pius the Second) came as legate into Scotland, and in his life, written by himself, thus gives an account of the borderers. "A certain river, namely the Tweed, falling from a high mountain, parts the kingdoms, over which Æneas ferried, and coming to a large village about sunset he alighted at a countryman's house, where he supped with the curate of the place and his host. The table was plentifully furnished with pottage, hens and geese, but nothing of either wine or bread appeared: All the men and women of the town flocked in as to some strange sight, and as our countrymen used to admire the Ethiopians or Indians, so these people stared at Æneas, asking the curate what countryman he was ; what his errand could be, and whether he were a Christian or no. But Æneas being aware of the scarcity he should meet with on his road, had been accommodated at a monastery with a rundlet of red wine and some loaves of bread. When these were brought on the table, they were more astonished than before, having never seen either wine or white bread. Big-bellied women with their husbands came to the table side, and handling the loaf, and smelling the wine, begged a taste, so that there was no avoiding the dealing the whole among them. After they had sat at supper, two hours within night, the curate and the landlord, with the children and all the men, left Æneas and rubbed off in haste. They said they were

going to shelter themselves at a certain tower at a good distance, for fear of the Scots ; who, at low water, used to cross the river at night for plunder. They would by no means be persuaded to take Æneas along with them, although he very importunately entreated them to do it, neither carried they off any of the women, though several of them both wives and maids were notably handsome, for they believe the enemy will not harm them, not looking upon whoredom as any ill thing. Thus Æneas was left alone with only two servants and a guide amongst a hundred women ; who, sitting in a ring with the fire in the middle of them, spent the night sleepless in dressing of hemp, and chatting with the interpreters. When the night was well advanced, they heard a mighty noise of dogs barking and geese gagging, whereupon the women slipped off several ways, and the guide ran away, and all was in such confusion as if the enemy had been upon them. But Æneas thought it the wisest course to keep close in his bed chamber, which was a stable, and there to await the issue, lest running out and being unacquainted with the country, he should be robbed by the first man he met. Presently both the women and the guide returned, acquainting him that all was well, and that they were friends and not enemies who had arrived." In 1455 the system of alarming the borders by means of bale fires, kindled on the adjacent mountains, began to be adopted. Five years after this date it appears Berwick was besieged a short time by the Scots under James III., who sought to annex the latter town and Roxburgh to his dominions. But it does not appear that any progress was made in the enterprise.\*

\* Buchanan.

## CHAPTER VII.

WARS OF THE RED AND WHITE ROSES—QUEEN MARGARET ARRIVES AT BERWICK—WARWICK STRIKES UPON THE TOWN, THE SCOTS GAIN POSSESSION OF IT—BESIEGED BY THE ENGLISH—THE BELL TOWER—INTRODUCTION OF GUNNERY—THE ENGLISH RAISE THE SIEGE—ALBANY USURPS THE THRONE OF SCOTLAND—BERWICK SURPRISED BY THE ENGLISH—LORD HAILES DEFENDS THE CASTLE—THE SCOTS ARMY DISPERSES—HAILES SURRENDERS—BERWICK GIVEN UP FOR THE LAST TIME TO THE ENGLISH—REIGN OF RICHARD III.—THE DREADFUL LAND—TREATY OF MARRIAGE BETWEEN JAMES IV. AND MARGARET OF ENGLAND—JAMES INVADES ENGLAND IN SUPPORT OF PERKIN WARBECK—SURREY PURSUES HIM INTO SCOTLAND—DISMANTLES THE TOWERS OF AYTON, RESTON, EDRINGTON, &c.—TREATY OF PEACE—THE PRINCESS MARGARET JOURNEYS TO SCOTLAND, IS MARRIED AT LAMBERTON TO JAMES IV.—REJOICINGS, &c.

THE wars of the Red and White Roses tore the heart of England with grief and bloodshed. In 1462 the lion-hearted queen of Henry VI. came to Berwick town, having landed at Bamburgh, with her general, de Breze. The fortress of Alnwick fell into her hands, but hearing of Edward's approach with a numerous army, she embarked for France ; but a violent storm burst over her at sea, and glad was the poor, persecuted, heroic, and undaunted woman to take refuge in the friendly port of Berwick. Her general, De Breze, rejoined her soon after, having made his escape from Holy Island in an open fishing boat. While the Queen undertook this expedition into Northumberland, she left in the guardianship of Berwick her son, the brave Prince Edward, he who af-

terwards fell beneath the dagger of the crooked-backed Richard and his sensual brother, Malmesbury-loving Clarence. The Queen must have speedily sent for the Prince, as he was with her at the battle of Hexham, which happened a short time after. King-making Warwick, having reduced Bamburgh, hastened to Berwick, which he speedily mastered (as there seems to have been no resistance made) and wasted the borders in revenge. It is supposed he did not take the castle, which was garrisoned by Scots, but soon after departed from the town as unworthy of his holding, the Scots taking quiet possession of it. Stowe is the only historian of the time that mentions Warwick's taking Berwick.\*

In the winter of 1480 the English laid siege to the old town. James III. had materially strengthened the defences, extended and rebuilt the walls, repaired the castle, furnishing them both with artillery, and the lat-

\* In Leland's Collectanea are the following notes : " Edwards, Erie of March, because Henry had broken covenantes, was made King at Westminster, Anno D. 1459.

" And straye Kyng Edwarde rode northward, and at Towton, not far from Yorke, on Palm Sunday, avengid his father's death, and wan the field, where were slayn, X.X.M. people on both sides. The Erl of Northumberland, the Lord Clifford, Syr John the Neville, the Erl of Westmorlande's brother, and Andrew Trollop were killid at this tyme. King Henry, the Prince, the Queen, the Duke of Somerset, Henry Duke of Excestre, the Lord Roos, Syr John Fortescue, chiefe Judge of Englande, and Tailbois Erie of Kyme, being at Yorke and hering of this, fled first to Newcastle, and then to Berwicke, delyvering itt to the Scottes."

What part of Berwick Henry VI. honoured with his presence is impossible to say ; very likely the castle. How the mind stretches back over the wide abysm of time ! Shakspeare has drawn so life-like a portrait of this unhappy monarch, that to hear his name is almost to know him by the immortal bard's description. Where Henry went to *from* Berwick is not mentioned ; the battle of Hexham was fought *after* his visit to Berwick, for at the time Margaret led on her Lancastrians, up the battle hill at Hexham, King Henry was a prisoner to the Plantagenets. Warwick too was here in Berwick, King-making, absolute and fearless Warwick ; who, having made and unmade Edward of York several times, at length rebelled against the power he had served, and was slain at St. Albans.

ter with a garrison of five hundred men, which the King maintained at his own charge.\* The mode of fighting had now completely changed, and a new system sprung up. The use of gunpowder made the dwarf a match for the giant; valour was no longer joined to the possession of strength, and the cloth-yard arrows of England, with the missiles of the balistæ and catapulta, gave way to the stone and lead cannon balls, and the gunner with his devilish linstock. Part of the walls being lately rebuilt, gave the English hopes of soon beating them down.† The art of gunnery was then its infancy, and had not effectually superseded the use of the yew and cross bow. The cannons were rudely constructed, being in many cases composed of wooden staves bound with hoops of iron.‡

The winter was very cold, and the frost hung in beads like pearls on the soldiers' breastplates, powdering with a thin white rime the hair and beards of the beleaguers, who, after having spent the greater part of the winter in endeavouring to reduce the town, (making several breaches in the new walls, but for want of being followed up with assaults, the garrison still kept the besiegers at bay) after an ineffectual battery, were compelled to raise the siege, and leave the time-worn walls in possession of their hereditary enemies. The Duke of Albany having assumed the title of Alexander, King of Scotland (James III. being still on the throne), acknowledging that he held that kingdom by gift of the King of England, the army of the latter immediately marched to the north to place the self-styled usurper on

\* Buchanan.

† The walls in James the Third's reign included Castlegate and the suburb called the Greensae. At the north-east corner of the wall was a heavy building consisting of a couple of towers, the ruins of which may be still traced.

‡ Holingshed.

the throne of Scotland. Accordingly, in the beginning of July, the English army was marshalled at Alnwick, consisting of 22,000 men, led by the Earl of Northumberland, the Dukes of Albany and Gloucester. The sun had cleared away the vapours from Sunnyside, and the darkness of night had vanished far out to sea in the blush of morning, when the citizens of Berwick perceived the army of the English king on the banks of the Tweed opposite the town. The inhabitants made no resistance, and the English forces marching in took it by surprise, but the gallant Lord Hailes, who commanded the castle garrison, prepared to defend it to the last. The army passed on to Edinburgh, leaving 4000 to besiege and take the castle ; Lord Hailes, with all the spirit of the olden times, resisted all attempts to take it, as he relied on assistance being sent him from the King of Scotland. But confusion reigned in the Scottish army, the nobles hung six of the King's favourites at the bridge of Stirling, the King fled to Edinburgh, the army dispersed, and Lord Hailes, having done every thing in his power to ward off the enemy, was compelled to surrender to the foe, and Berwick for the last time was delivered up to England, the Scots never again attempting the reduction of it. And thus, after a lapse of 600 years, with the halo of centuries surrounding it, and the memories of the Saxons, Danes, and Scots upon it, did this old and war-worn pile fall into the hands of the redoubted English. So rejoiced was the King at the reduction of Berwick, that in the succeeding parliament, he liberally rewarded the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Stanley, and the Duke of Gloucester, for their services in the Scottish war. The Scots had held possession of the town from the time of the surrender of it by the unfortunate Henry VI., twenty-one years before. The

cost of war in that time was upwards of £100,000, and the yearly maintenance of a garrison there, 10,000 merks, yet the importance of Berwick made it absolutely necessary that the garrison should still be maintained, which was accordingly done.\*

The bloody and tyrannous reign of Richard III. brought no ill consequences on the ancient town. The moss-troopers of the borders plundered and harried the frontiers of either nation, without regard to friend or foe. Seeing the hopelessness of redressing wrongs which were committed by reivers and thieves, commissioners, appointed jointly by the two crowns, met at Berwick, to ascertain its limits, but coming to no satisfactory conclusion, it was agreed that the ground in dispute should remain uncultivated, unbuilt, and uninhabited.†

The Earl of Surrey visited Berwick, with his army, in 1497. James IV. invaded England in support of the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck, who asserted that he was the second son of Edward IV., supposed to have been murdered in the Tower.

Not receiving such a welcome from the English as Warbeck had been led to expect, after invading the counties of Northumberland and Durham, James suddenly led his army back into Berwickshire, on learning that a superior force, under the redoubted Earl of Surrey, was pursuing him. The latter, after refreshing his forces at Berwick, marched after the king, and in retaliation of the ravages the Scottish army had committed in their retreat, he overthrew several of the strongholds in the vicinity of Berwick, Ayton Castle, the Castle of Cawdrestenes (old Reston), the tower

\* Carte, page 802.

† Rymer, vol. 8, 295.



of Huttonhall, the tower of Edrington, and castle of Foulden.

“ And when the Earl had received the Scottes (made prisoners the surrendered garrison), he with hys myners raised and overthrew the castle (Ayton), to the plaine ground. The Scottishe Kyng was wythyn a myle of the siege, and bothe knewe itte and sawe the smoke, and yet wolde not sette a foote forward to save the castell. And while the Earl lay at Hayton, the Kyng of Scots sent to hym Marchmont and another herauld, desyring hym at hys choise, to fyghte with whole puyssance agaynst puyssance, or they two to fyghte person agaynst person, and hande to hand, requiring that if the victorie sholde fall to the Scottish King, that then the Earl should deliver for his ransom the towne of Barwycke, and the fishgarthes of the same. He joyously, like a couragious captayne, received the message, and made answer, ‘ Thatte he was ready in the plain field, to abide the battaile with hys whole army, praying hym to come forward with his whole puyssance, and after that he thanked hym heartily for the honour that he offered hym, for surely he thought hymself much honoured thatte so noble a prince wolde vouchsafe to admit soe poore an erle to fyght wyth hym body to body; assertenynng hym farther, thatte the towne of Barwycke was the Kyng’s, his master’s, and not his, ye which he neither ought nor wolde lay to pledge, nor gage without the Kyng’s consent. But he wolde putte hys body in pledge, which was more precious to hym thanne alle the townes of the worlde, promising on his honour thatte, if he tooke hym prisoner in single combat, thatte he wolde release to hym all the part of hys fyne and ransom; and, if itte chanced the kyng to vanquish and apprehend hym,

hee wolde pay gladly such a ransome as was meet and convenient for the degree of an earl.' And when he had rewarded and dismissed the heraulds, he sette hys army in a redyness, awaytyng the comyng of the Kyng of Scots, and so stode alle daye. But the Scottish Kyng, not regardyng hys offers, nor performyng his great crakes and boastes, being afrajd to cope wyth the Englysh nation, shamefully and sodenely fled in the nighte sesone, wyth all hys power and company. When the Erle knew thatte the Kyng was returned, and had beene in Scotlande sixe or seven days, being dailie and nightlie vexed wyth continual wynde and inmeasurable raine, he colde notte cause hys people to continue inne thatte barrene and unfertyle region, wyth goode advyse retreated agayn wyth hys whole army to the towne of Berwycke, and there dispersed hys army, every man into hys countrie, tarrying there hymself till hee knewe the pleasure of the Kyng in furthering or protractyng the warres in Scotland."\*

In the year 1502, a treaty was entered into between Henry VII. and James IV. of Scotland, by which the gay and gallant monarch of Scotland, then in his heyday of youth and blood, should wed the beauteous Margaret, eldest daughter of the English King, and by that union heal the long and bloody wounds the wars of the two nations had occasioned.

By this agreement, the young queen's jointure was to be £2000 sterling (equivalent to £6000 Scots), and the writings giving and conveying them were to be delivered at Berwick to her father, or such as he empowered to receive them. Her dowry was 30,000 nobles of gold (about £10,000 sterling), to be paid in three equal por-

\* Grafton's Chronicle, vol. 2, p. 210.

tions, the first at Edinburgh, the last two at Coldingham; the first payment to be made at her marriage, the two other in the second and third years. The King of Scotland also stipulated, "That the town and castle of Berwick-upon-Tweed, with the ancient bounds and the inhabitants thereof, should for ever remain and be included in the present perpetual peace, friendship, league, and confederacy. So that neither the King of Scotland, his heirs or successors, nor any of them should by themselves, or any of their subjects, lieges or vassals, make, or suffer to be made, war, insult, ambush, siege, public or privately, against the places themselves, or their inhabitants; nor the King of England, his heirs, successors, or any of them should by themselves, or the inhabitants of the town and castle, make any war, insult, or siege, on the King of Scotland, or his vassals."\*

Vain was such lip profanation, and empty holy breath. Scotland and England could no more remain fast friends any definite period of time, than a man hope to take a fasting tiger by the tooth and come off scathless. Their old hatred, interests, and policy, alike forbade it. Did the fair "Make Peace" two centuries ago from that time, by the sacrifice of her young and lovely person? Did she for a moment stay the murderous effusion of blood? Vain sophistry! Here was another victim offered on the altar of royal despotism. The jewels and gold looked bravely, but they were but as the fetters that bound the victim. John Younge, a Somerset herald, after his quaint wording, has written a lively description of the manner in which the princess travelled to Scotland, and of the ceremonies attending her journey

\* Hollingshed, p. 90.

through Northumberland, which gives a faithful representation of the regal magnificence of the cavalcade.

On the 20th of the said month (June, writes the voracious chronicler), the young Queen departed from the ancient city of Durham, accompanied by a noble retinue of lords and gentlemen, and as she had been well received wherever she progressed, her cavalcade augmented by many nobles on her way. Thus in fair array and good order, did the princess approach the town of Newcastle. Three miles from thence, the Prior of Tynemouth, on his ambling palfrey, with a saddle cloth of blue, edged with silver, that swept the ground, attended by thirty horsemen, and servants attired in his livery, met the princess, and kneeling down welcomed her to Newcastle. Sir Ralph Harbottle, a very valiant knight, came riding gallantly after the prior, with a rich train of attendants, well mounted and richly appointed, to the number of twenty, all gentlemen and knights by birth and blood.

At the entrance to Newcastle, the young Queen mounted a fresh palfrey, furnished by the town ;—the Earl of Northumberland, whose retinue was gorgeous in the extreme, doing the same, with many other lords ; and thus in goodly array the royal bride passed on her way.

She was met on the bridge by the principal heads and scholars of the College of Newcastle, and with them were the Carmelite Friars, and the Black Friars, carrying mitres, crosses, croziers, censers, &c. The young Queen graciously kissed the cross which was offered to her, and gave it to the Archbishop. After in procession came the goodly mayor, the aldermen, and sheriffs, all in their gowns of red, with wands in their hands. After

the mayor had welcomed her Majesty to the town, and being kindly received by her, the mayor mounted his horse, and rode before the Queen, carrying his mace of office.

The Queen being brought to the monastery of the Grey Friars, tarried there, and on the third day set out for Berwick. Having passed through Morpeth, and being well received by the Earl of Northumberland, with whom she tarried that night, the princess pursued her way to Berwick in the following order.

On the 29th of the month, the Queen departed from Alnwick, and half-way she staid to get some refreshment at Belford. The care and attention of Sir Thomas D'Arcy, who was captain or governor of Berwick, had provided everything befitting the occasion, and, as Leland observes, "had made rady hyr dinnere at the said place very well and honestly."

Sir Henry Gray, the Sheriff of Northumberland, rode before the Queen the whole of the way from Newcastle to Berwick, carrying his white wand in his hand. Sir Ralph Widdrington, with many gentlemen of the county, met her at Belford to escort her to Berwick, to the number of a hundred, all pranked out in the bravest apparel, and mounted on fresh and goodly horses.

On coming down the slope of Sunnyside (the southern declivity of Tweedmouth), the people of Berwick, catching sight of the cavalcade, fired off all their ordnance; flash after flash, thunder after thunder, was seen and heard from the ramparts, while the thin blue smoke hovered in the air, over the ancient town of Berwick. The Queen, dismounting at a house of one of the gentlemen of Tweedmouth, changed her apparel, and pranked herself out, to meet the good folks of Berwick-upon-

Tweed ; and the gentlemen of the county augmenting her train, the procession again set forward in good array, amid the shouts of the people.

And so, proceeding in this state, the princess gained the long bridge of Berwick. Sir Thomas D'Arcy received her at the foot of it, with a large company of gentlemen and men-at-arms, who made obeisance to her, and tendered their duty to her.

Being come to the English gate, and the drawbridge lowered, the Master Marshal, with his company, received her kindly, each man bearing a staff in his hand.

After him came the Friars of the monastery,\* "revested" with the crosse, the which was given her to kiss by the Archbishop as before. At the gate of the said town stood the Master Porter of Berwick, with the guard and "soyars" of the town, with halberts and staves in their hands ; and on the gate sat the mynstrels of the governor, who welcomed the young princess with a flourish of soft music. Many little children, attired in surplice and gown, greeted her with their childish voices in a simple strain, which was taken up by the instruments of the mynstrels, and joined in by the populace. And so passing the drawbridge, the young Queen entered Berwick. It was a sight to make old age forget his crutch, and the heart of man all grief and care. The streets were lined with tapestry, and the houses hung with banners and festoons of the richest cloth ; from windows, balconys, house-tops, and chimneys, there were multitudes of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen looking on her. The ships in harbour were lined with sailors, that hung like bees to the rigging ; and ever between the thunder of the ordnance, that shook the old

\* Leland calls them the " College."

walls of the town to its base, the jingle of the rebecks and instruments was heard, mixed with the brawling merriment of the church bells, and the hoarse and boisterous cheers of the glad multitude.

Old, wrinkled, and gap-toothed women, in snow-white caps and red rokelayes, with palsied hand, and shaking head, told of the beauteous Joan, the last royal bride that had passed through Berwick. Their grandmothers were young girls at that time ; and the garrulous old men who gazed on the princess's face, had listened to the gossip of their grandfathers. Where was the gentle "Make Peace" now, whose dower of Scotland's precious charters was to have chained up the wild Scot from war, that the gentle stream of English blood might tame the ruddy currents of the descendants of the Gael ? Where was she, and thousands more, who at that time as now, lent their voices to the scene, and their presence to the pageant ? All gone ! dust ! and not a memento of them left to mock posterity with ! Up the Hyde Hill, thronged with a countless multitude, presenting a sea of upturned faces, did the young Queen pursue her course ; and now, being come into the High Street, the Master Chamberlayn, and the Mayor, together with the burgesses and aldermen, waited to welcome her to the town, in well-set speeches. The fair princess, after returning suitable thanks, set forward again ; up Marygate the procession wound its slow length, past the Church of St. Mary's, on the right hand of the Scotchgate,\* through the gate, over

\* Good, in his Directory of Berwick, writes, "The reason of this street being called Marygate, is because St. Mary's Church stood originally at the head of this street, near the Scotchgate, the remains of which have been frequently seen in old buildings, when pulled down by the workmen of late years. A greater certainty is that two feet or twenty inches beneath the surface, you will find human bones and skeletons all round the Scotchgate. I have seen many of them when digging out the reservoir (outside the gate) ; whole cartloads

the drawbridge, up the straggling suburb of Castlegate, and so to the castle itself, where, at the postern, was she honourably received by the Lady D'Arcy, together with a retinue of high-born dames.

The Queen staid two days in Berwick, where she was royally entertained and waited upon. The captain of the town, to amuse her Majesty, gave "corses of chasse" within the burgh; there were also mimers, jugglers, mysteries, and jongleurs, with the usual sports of the time, and a grand bear-baiting with dogs finished the whole.

On the first day of August, the Queen departed from Berwick for Lamberton, accompanied by a great concourse of people, and splendid retinue. There rode with her the Archbishop and Bishops of York and Durham, the Earls of Surrey and Northumberland, the Lord D'Arcy, the Lord Scroop and his son, Lords Grey and Latimer, and others; the Lord Chamberlain, Maister Polle, and other nobles and knights, being all arrayed in cloth of gold, with store of rich raiment. The chargers magnificently harnessed; some having "campaynes" gilt, others were of solid silver. Many of the young knights ran jousts upon the way, and "gampades of pleasure," &c., that it delighted the young Queen to look upon them. The Earl of Northumberland drew all eyes upon him with the gorgeousness of his apparel; his horse's housings were of scarlet velvet and embossed silver; the Earl himself was attired in a jacket of broi-

---

were thrown over the Wind-mill bank. When digging the cellar of a house near the spot, a number of human skulls were dug up by the workmen, five of which the compiler buried beneath his parlour hearth." On the perusal of this note, who does not think of Hamlet's lines—

"Imperial Caesar dead, and turned to clay,  
Might patch a hole," &c.



dered gold, "well wrought in goldsmith's work," and a cloak of purple, richly and quaintly broidered in cloth of gold. His henchmen and followers attired magnificently, each with their master's cognizance broidered on their left arm ; his master of the horse rode first, richly caparisoned, and from the harness of their chargers were hung a quantity of small bells, that jangled and rang out their tiny music at every bound of the war-horse.

A gentleman in rich livery followed next, leading a spirited charger by the rein. Its saddle-cloth was "covered to the ground of a very rich trapure (trapping) beaten of gold, of orfavery and broiderery in orange."

Several others followed the knights, bearing in their hands branches of green boughs (typical, we suppose, of the peaceful procession) ; one was fashioned like a large pine, in allusion to her royal bridegroom. After this came the young Queen, radiant in youth and beauty. She was arrayed very richly ; her stomacher was one blaze of precious stones and jewels, and a diamond necklace lay on her breast, of great value, from which depended a pearl of the size of a pigeon's egg ; her garments were adorned with sprigs of gold. She was not mounted, but sat in a litter, the length of the journey having fatigued the fair bride. Her footmen were harnessed in rich shirts of crimson, slashed with gold, and a guard of knights on rich chargers followed. After her came her gentlewomen and waiting-maids, richly drest and well appointed, with many nobles and knights all on horseback. Then came the captain of Berwick and the lady his wife, drest in great splendour, and followed by his guard and gentlemen in livery.

Before the Queen rode Johannes and his company, and Henry Glasberry and his company ; officers of arms,

and serjeants of mace, with the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Berwick, so that the old chronicler writes more truly than delicately, "at the departing out of the said Berwick, and at her bedward at Lamberton kerk, it was a joy for to see and hear."

And in such royal state and array, so passed the bride out of Berwick, until they came to Lamberton Kirk, where King James IV. waited to receive his bride.

Leland computes the number of knights that escorted the Queen to Lamberton from eighteen hundred unto two thousand.\*

\* The Kirk of Lamberton has been long demolished, and not a sign of it remains.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD—JAMES IV.'S BODY BROUGHT TO BERWICK—QUEEN MARGARET SEES FOR PROTECTION—PEACE WITH SCOTLAND—MARGARET MARRIES THE EARL OF ANGUS—FLIES TO BERWICK, AND IS SENT TO THE CASTLE OF HARBOTTLE—RE-ENTERS SCOTLAND—FEUDS ON THE BORDER—HENRY VIII. MAKES AN INROAD INTO SCOTLAND—TREACHERY OF ANGUS—NORFOLK MARCHES TO BERWICK, AND BURNS KESNO, &c.—DEATH OF JAMES V.—DEATH OF HENRY VIII.—SOMERSET THE PROTECTOR MARCHES TO BERWICK—ARMIES BY LAND AND SEA—BATTLE OF PINNEY—NORTHUMBERLAND INSPECTS THE FORTIFICATIONS—JOHN KNOX PREACHES IN BERWICK—MARY STUART MARRIES THE DAUPHIN—WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND—SKIRMISH ON HALIDON HILL—TRIAL BY COMBAT BETWEEN THE LAIRD OF GRANGE AND SIR RALPH EURN—ACCESSION OF ELIZABETH—THE WALLS REBUILT—NORFOLK'S COMPLAINTS—A STATEMENT OF THE GARRISON—THEIR PAY AND NUMBER.

IN 1513, the disastrous and bloody battle of Flodden Field was fought between the forces under the Earl of Surrey and the Scots with James IV. Flodden is but twelve miles from Berwick, and it is but natural to suppose that the garrisons of Berwick lent some of their force to that battle. The slaughter on the side of the Scots was truly great ; scarcely a noble family in Scotland, whose chief or some portion of his house did not fall at Flodden. It was indeed the Pharsalia of Scotland, which never recovered sufficiently from its loss. The English list of killed was heavy, a great many gentlemen of Cheshire and Lancashire being slain ; and there the heroic and unfortunate James, the victim of procrastination,

tion and beauty, rushing madly among the foe, with his royal life expiated his rashness.

After the battle, the Earl of Surrey came to Berwick to establish all necessary precautions, and to recruit his army, and secure his prisoners. The dead body of the gallant James was brought also there, and after the Earl had secured the artillery of the Scots, the booty, &c., he marched to York, and thence to London.\* The Queen of Scotland, who so lately had passed through Berwick in triumph a happy bride, was now a disconsolate widow, and by the misfortunes brought upon her by the death of her husband, compelled to supplicate her brother's (Henry VIII.) pity and protection for her and her infant son.

Henry, remembering probably the Queen of Scotland but as his little sister Margaret, although highly incensed at the Scots, swore bluffly they should have peace or war, according to their own behaviour.† A truce was entered into for a year and a day, and the gentle Margaret, forgetting the love she had sworn to James, in the humble kirk at Lamberton, married the young Earl of Angus. A year after she re-entered the town of Berwick, having fled from the power of her enemies, in consequence of her plotting to seize the persons of her children. Angus, her husband, accompanied her. It must have been with tears of bitter grief and anguish that she reflected on the manner of her entrance into Berwick, contrasted with her leaving it a young and joyous bride, when the

\* The body of the King of Scotland was sorely mangled with many arrow shots; in the neck was a terrible gash, as given with an axe, his breast gored, and his left hand cut off. It was conveyed to London, but from some cause, never satisfactorily explained, it never received a public interment, but was sent to Sheen, now Richmond. After the dissolution of that monastery, the chronicler Stowe saw it lying in a room, wrapped in lead, among a heap of rubbish.

† Drummond.

knights and lords of the country pressed forward for a smile, and thousands waited on her pleasure. Now a solitary fugitive, with but her husband and a servant, she humbly asked for shelter and security. Her stay was short in Berwick ; she was sent under an escort to Coldstream, until the king's pleasure was known, to whom she had forwarded an account of her situation. The King assigned them the castle of Harbottle (where she gave birth to Lady Margaret Douglas, grandmother to James VI.)

After her confinement at Harbottle, she repaired to her brother's court, but returned soon after to Scotland, and was received at Berwick by her husband, the Earl of Angus ; ample securities being granted to her for her life and honours by her son and his tutors.\* Berwick enjoyed a comparatively peaceful rest the few years following. Although the border was in a state of great unquietness, murders and robberies being frequent, and the feuds and forays of the Homes, the Halls, and Cockburns distracting the frontier, yet the ancient town looked grimly on in peace.

In 1525, the Commissioners between Henry VIII. and James V. of Scotland met at Berwick, where they concluded a treaty for a three years' peace. By the terms of this treaty, it was mutually agreed that murderers or malefactors should be delivered up in ten days after being demanded by their native princes or officers on the marches. An article relating to Berwick was inserted, of the same import as those in the articles of peace between Henry VII. and James IV.†

About this time Henry VIII. sought a divorce from his Queen Katherine, and was on the eve of departure

\* Buchanan.

† Rymer.

to Calais to seek an interview with Francis I. The Scots having committed great outrages at sea as well as by land, Henry apprehended that if he left his kingdom unguarded, and that nation unpunished, it might encourage the Scots to commit greater excesses. To check them on the border he sent Sir Arthur D'Arcy to Berwick with three hundred "tall men" for the defence of the English Marches. The Scots, nothing daunted, made an inroad into the Middle Marches as far as Fowberry, burning several villages, saying, "D'Arcy had brought them good fortune, and he and Angus slept well at Berwick." This Angus was Margaret's second husband, whom she had divorced; he was in great favour with the English king, and hearing the boasting of the Scots, Angus and D'Arcy made an incursion at night with 400 men, burning a village on the Scottish frontier; but the alarm being given, double their number of Scots soon surrounded them, on which D'Arcy ordered a retreat; but Angus, with twenty men-at-arms, making a stand upon a hill behind the Scots, and causing his trumpets to sound a charge, the Scots thought themselves surrounded by the English, and in turn began to retreat. The English pursued, slew several of them, and captured many prisoners, who were brought to Berwick on the 20th of October, 1532.\*

Angus, instigating King Henry to commence hostilities against Scotland, partly prevailed.† In the following spring the Berwick garrison, joined by forces from Northumberland and Cumberland, were led forth by

\* Hall, fol. 212.

† This earl was a dangerous and unprincipled man. Having married Margaret, James' widow, he sought for regal advancement; this being denied, and Margaret divorcing him, he turned a traitor to his country, and warred against it with the same zeal he had fought for it on a former occasion.

D'Arcy into Scotland ; they plundered and burnt Coldingham, Dunse, Douglas, and other villages. Henry also sent ships of war northward, to make reprisals for certain depredations committed at sea by the Scots, and published a proclamation, wherein he alleged, that the garrison of Berwick had been shamefully provoked by some insulting language of the Scotchmen.\*

Another peace was signed at Berwick, in December 1533, to be broken on either side, as the different interests and ambition of the nations prompted, which happened very soon after, for in 1542, the Duke of Norfolk, at the head of an English force, marched into Berwick, and then advanced up the Tweed against James V. He burnt Kelso and several villages, and after having in vain endeavoured to bring James V. to battle, the rigour of the season, and the scarcity of provisions, obliged him to re-enter Berwick, eight days after he had left it.†

James V. died soon after, of grief for the loss of the battle of Fala Moor, leaving his daughter Mary, an infant a week old.

Border raids, reprisals, and skirmishes continued around Berwick until the death of Henry VIII., when the Protector, Somerset, agreeable to the wishes of the late king, marched with a great army northward.‡ The force consisted of 18,000 men, well furnished with all kinds of stores, and arrived at Berwick in October. At the same time a fleet of thirty-four ships, thirty transports, and a galley were stemming the bay. Not since the time of the third Edward, had there appeared such an armament by land and sea ; and the old town looked like itself, as the soldiers bivouacked beneath its walls,

\* Ridpath, p. 583.

† Buchanan, 141.

‡ 1547.

and the fleet, laden with provisions, stood in near the shore. In the neighbourhood of the Magdalen Fields, tents of a temporary nature were erected, and the light laugh and careless jest, the merry song, and the gay appearance of the soldiers, contrasted strongly with the disasters such an irruption of English forces had formerly brought with them. War had changed his grisly front, and now the light tap of the drum, and the signal of the bugle, no longer make the blood forsake the burgher's brow, or the fair maiden weep at the ominous sound.

Somerset, it would appear, was attended by a great many borderers, whose discipline and noisy bearing seems to have offended the rigid Patten or Paton, who accompanied Somerset on this expedition, for he observes very snappishly, "That whereas allwayes in alle townes of war, and in al camps of armies, quietness and stillness without noise, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why), yet our northern prickers, the borderers, notwithstanding, wyth great enormitie (as thought mee), and not unlyke (to be playn) unto a masterless hounde in a hie way, when he hath lost hym he wayted upon ; some whoopyng, some whistling, and most wyth crying, 'a Berwyke, a Berwyke, a Fenwicke, a Fenwicke, a Bulmer,' or soe otherwise as their captayns' names were ; never linnde (gave over) those troublesome and dangerous noises alle the night longe. They sayd they didde itte to find outte their captayn and fellowes, but if the souldiers of our other counties and sheres had used the same manner, in that case we should have oftentimes had the state of our campe more lyke the outrage of a dissolute huntyng, than the quiet of a well-ordered army."\*

\* Patten's Expedition.

The Northumbrians were fond of their war-cries, which even in the present



Somerset abode at Berwick for two days, and then rode to Eyemouth, where, having inspected the creek, he pronounced it a fitting place to form a harbour there, and ordered a fortress to be built on a promontory on its north side.\*

The army, after two days' rest at Berwick, marched into Scotland, and soon after defeated the Scots at the battle of Pinkey. Three years after this, the English, in consequence of their war with Scotland, further strengthened their northern frontier, Berwick, by sending thither the principal captain who had commanded at Boulogne, and two hundred men; a survey was also made of the forts towards Scotland, and it is probable that in consequence of this order, considerable reparations and additions were made to the walls of Berwick.†

In the months of July and August 1551, the Duke of Northumberland, in quality of Warden General of the Marches, inspected the fortresses formerly erected on the borders, and one which was then erecting at Berwick. According to Strype, "he wrote a letter to the king, advising that new fortifications should be made at Berwick, and that some unnecessary expenses should be retrenched." The king seems to have declared his willingness, for in the minutes of Secretary Cecil, there is

---

day cling to them at the border foot-ball matches and games. According to Chalmers, the war-cry of clans was adopted from the ancient Britons. In the ballad of the Raid of Redswire—

"Then raise the alogan wyth ane schout,  
Fy Tindall, to itte, Jedburgh's here."

Our modern peers bear their houses' war-cries or alogans on their crests in the shape of mottoes.

\* Patten's Expedition agaynst Scotland.

† The charges for fortifying Calais and Berwick may be seen in King Edward's Journal, as a reason for debasing the coin; and mention is made at the same time of a piece of Berwick wall falling, because the foundation was shaken by reason of working a bulwark.—*Edward's Journal*, pp. 28, 35.

an account of the king's debts, one article of which is set down as £6000 for Berwick.\*

The fort then erecting would seem to have been that at the Scotch Gate,† and was to have four bulwarks, for making two of which it would have been necessary to leave the wall open on the north side. This being considered dangerous and expensive, it was resolved that the curtain should be strengthened by a rampart and two slaughter houses, to command the outer curtains, and that a great ditch and another wall should be erected in like form. This journal also remarks that Sir Nicholas Sturley was appointed captain of the new fort at Berwick, and Alexander Brest, porter. Not a vestige of the works is now left; they were swept away by the new fortifications begun in the reign of Elizabeth. Edward VI. and Mary, Queen of Scotland, made Berwick a county town (by royal treaty), and Rymer, in his *Fædera*, remarks Berwick to be "a free town independent of both states." It was not until several overtures had passed between the sovereigns, that this treaty was concluded. Edward was deeply sensible of the importance of the place as a frontier town, but other concessions being made to the king, he was prevailed upon to sign the treaty; and Berwick, the bone of contention, the ambition of English and Scotch to possess, about whose time-worn turrets flitted the shades of the Edwards, Bruce, Wallace, Baliol, and a long line of mighty warriors, was declared neutral.

\* Haynes.

† Or one erected on the side of the river between the Castle and the Town wall, the remains of which may be traced in the masses of stone scattered along the hill. In the view of Berwick, 1745, this fort is seen to the right of the picture, and called Fisher's Fort. The sturdy Lord Hundson was a great favourite in Berwick and on the border; the bastion now called King's Mount was at this period known by his name.

The King was by no means backward in caring for the souls of the good people of Berwick, while it was under his care, for he sent two of his chaplains as itinerant preachers among them, one of whom was the famous reformer, John Knox, the conqueror of Popery, and the champion of the reformed faith. Knox had been taken prisoner at the storming of St. Andrews by the French, and carried over to France with the rest of the garrison. Upon his escape from thence, he fled for refuge into England ; this was in the winter of 1547. He found favour with the Protector Somerset, and was sent by Archbishop Cranmer to preach in Newcastle, and thence to Berwick, remaining in each place two years. There is no mention made of any sparks of that holy fire being perceived in him which afterwards lighted all Scotland with a flame of reformation. Possibly he might think of his genius as David did of Saul's suit of armour,—"he had not proved it." Here, in the Church of St. Mary's, may the stern voice of the unrelenting Reformer,—that voice which in after years rebuked Mary for her vanity, and gave the death-blow to the monasteries in Scotland,—have rung along the roof in loud reproof, and endeavoured to arouse the stolid burghers of Berwick from a sense of their religious indolence ; here may the eyes of him "that never feared man," have fired with religious inspiration, as he detailed the doctrines of the new faith, and contemned the wickedness of the Popish creed. The people of Berwick doubtless took their own time to adopt the new religion, and gave themselves no further trouble about Knox ; not so his Newcastle congregation, for Strype mentions that he gave great offence to his friends of the old religion, by a sermon preached against their obstinacy on Christmas day, 1552. The King

granted him an annuity of £40 for preaching in the north. Some months before the death of Edward, he went to the south, and preached occasionally at court.\* It appears that even at that period of his life, his eloquence was beginning to gain him powerful friends, for the Duke of Northumberland, Nov. 3, 1552, wrote to court desiring Knox might be removed from Newcastle, one cause of the complaint being on account of the number of Scotchmen who resorted to him there, which probably excited the jealousy of the English residents.

On the accession of Mary to the throne of England, and a little before her marriage with Philip of Spain, the Queen Dowager of Scotland made a progress to the Eastern Marches, to hold courts of justice for punishing and redressing all wrongs. This progress, made at so critical a time, gave great alarm in England, insomuch that Lord Coniers, who had command of the Marches of England, sent messengers to the Earl of Shrewsbury at Berwick (then Lord President of the north, and Lord Lieutenant of the English borders), requesting the Earl to provide men and arms, in case of any sudden attack.†

Queen Mary of England having, at her husband's entreaty, prevailed upon her parliament to declare war with France (1550), in consequence of the close connection subsisting between that kingdom and Scotland, the latter was compelled, in a manner, to support her ancient ally. Mary of Scotland having married the young Dauphin, D'Oysel, a lieutenant of the French monarch, marched to Eyemouth, and began to fortify the fortress Somerset had caused to be erected there, and which, in pursuance of the treaty whereby the last war was terminated, the English had demolished. As the

\* Edward's Journal, p. 42.

† Strype's Mem., p. 136.

rebuilding was a direct violation of that treaty, and its vicinity to Berwick calculated to alarm the English, the garrison attacked D'Oysel at Eyemouth ; he repulsed them, and becoming in his turn the aggressor, mutual skirmishing was the result ; and the war with the two nations proceeded.\*

Percy, the old enemy of Scotland, collecting the forces of the neighbourhood, entered the Merse, and committed great depredations, the prisoners that they took being committed to Berwick for security. Thomas Percy, son of Sir Thomas Percy, and nephew to the last earl, was at this time Warden of the Eastern Marches, and captain of Berwick-upon-Tweed ; his salary was 700 merks a year.†

In 1553, there happened a hot skirmish on the scene of a former battle—Halidon Hill. It appears that some soldiers belonging to the garrison of Berwick were stationed there for the protection of the husbandmen who were mowing or reaping their corn. The English soldiers, who were weary of keeping watch when no enemy appeared, relaxed their strict discipline, and passed the time in leaping, running, wrestling, &c. The French and Scotch soldiers, informed of this carelessness on the part of the English, came upon them unperceived, and overwhelmed them with a fierce attack. The English, unprepared, and surprised to see a foe in the midst of them, rallied to the fight, but with so little success, that they were thrice driven from the crown of the hill, and thrice regained it. At length Sir John Cross, advancing with a reinforcement from Berwick, changed the fortune of the day, and, after a bloody skirmish, compelled the enemy to retreat after three hours' hard fighting.

\* Ridpath, p. 535.

† Strype, 422.

Halidon Hill was also the scene of a trial by combat (the usual mode of asserting innocence), between Sir William Kirkaldy, Laird of Grange, and Ralph Eure, brother to the Governor of Berwick. Kirkaldy had sent a challenge to Eure on the complaint of his brother, whom Eure had maltreated while a prisoner to him in Berwick. Eure denied the charge, and offered to prove his innocence by combat. The challenge was accepted, but in consequence of the superior rank of Eure, it was resolved that Ralph Eure, his brother, should be his champion; twelve gentlemen on each side to accompany the champions to the field, and to be witnesses of the combat. The lists were staked out on Halidon Hill, and the scene of a former battle was chosen as an apt place for a modern combat. The champions having entered the lists, took the accustomed oath to practise neither by charm or any spell aught against the person of his adversary. Having subscribed to this and kissed the cross, they mounted on their steeds and prepared for the fight. Some clamour was made by the friends of Eure against the heavy armour worn by Grange, who was cased in jack, breast-plate, and helmet, Eure, on the contrary, wearing only a light corslet and morion. The objection was overruled, and wheeling round at the trumpet's sound, they rode fiercely at each other. The good ash staves flew in flinders, and the Laird of Grange slipped from his saddle with the shock. Eure, springing to the ground, unsheathed his sword as Kirkaldy did his, and the combat was renewed on foot. In this, as in the joust, the Laird had the advantage; the weapon with which he fought being a monstrous two-handed sword, very much in vogue on the border. Eure had but his good faulchion; yet with this odds against him, he so harassed Kirkaldy, leaping aside

to avoid the heavy blows aimed at him, that many thought the victory lay with him. In avoiding a sweeping blow on the right, Eure left his side exposed ; Kirkaldy instantly perceived this advantage, and with a trenchant blow he shore through the corslet and guard of his antagonist, even to his very bone. Eure fell, and his conqueror, placing one foot on his breast, and the point of his heavy sword at his throat, bade him confess himself guilty and surrender. Eure threw up his hands in token of defeat, and the combat terminated.\* Elizabeth having succeeded to the English throne, that nation, apprehensive of a descent from France on the Northumbrian coast, gave orders to Lord Eure (brother of the knight above-mentioned), to carry on the fortifications began at Berwick. Supplies of ordnance and ammunition were ordered and sent thither, and the Earl of Shrewsbury received orders to levy a body of foot in Yorkshire for the defence of Berwick. There seems every probability of believing that it is to Elizabeth the present walls and defences of the town are due ; that she rebuilt them in a complete state, enlarging and strengthening them, there are records to substantiate the supposition. The ancient town walls were in the time of the first Edward considerably smaller, proceeding by the east side of Ravensdowne, then turning short along Silver Street, and in a straight line to the bridge. That portion of the town now known as Bridge Street was the ancient channel of the Tweed.†

\* Hol. p. 364.

† In 1830-1, some workmen, when forming the present Bowling Green, came, at a depth of six feet from the surface, upon the remains of an ancient dock ; the stone of which it was formed crumbled to pieces on exposure to the air. In the bottom of what had been the dock was sea sand, mixed with a great quantity of sea shells, proving incontestibly this must have been *outside* the walls at some period of Berwick's advancement. Docks were seldom found

The aspect of the town underwent a visible change ; it was now honoured with a suburb, for the fortifications we now behold crumbling fast to ruin, and which we safely prophesy will, ere the lapse of many years, be level with the ground on which the ramparts and bastions are raised, were constructed after the military fashion then in vogue on the continent of Europe, and particularly in the frontier towns of France ; and to prosecute their erection, many master masons (some of them foreigners), with a great number of labourers, were brought from Liverpool, to which place they were sent back when the works were completed. To proceed with the fortifications, it was found necessary to cut away a large portion of what was called "the lower town," near the Quay, and also to pull down many houses in St. Mary's Gate ; for at this period (a glance at the map annexed, published by Speed, the antiquarian, will corroborate our assertion) the street now called High Street, and the whole line of Castlegate to the toll bar, went by the name of Mary Gate. The Church of the Hospital of Saint Mary had now become the parish church, for that built by Bishop Beck, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity, having been taken down by order of Queen Mary, stood, as we have said before, near the Cumberland bastion.

To supply the stone necessary for the fortifications, the old walls on the north and east of the town were levelled nearly to their foundation, as it is evident enough at the present day. Nor was the tower of Hyde Hill, or the gate on the Parade (seen in the old map), or the Bell Tower spared. It is probable that the monas-

---

*within* a fortified town. There is a narrow street entitled the Ness, or Foul Ford, which, as its name implies (Ness, a ford over a stream, as Ballyburghness, Stromness, Bowness, &c., signify), must have been covered with water ; possibly the stream being shallow here, obtained its present name.



tic edifices, which had remained vacant since the death of Henry VIII., were also taken down for the like purpose, or how else can it be accounted for, that we have so few evidences of the ancient buildings of Berwick? How long these works were in progress, until the time of their completion, there are no means of knowing. Judging from what we see of them now, and knowing they had a garrison of 500 infantry, independent of cannoneers, to work the ordnance, with which they were furnished, the walls must have presented a most formidable front of defiance; yet we are told by engineers, whose judgment in these matters we are not disposed to question, "that had the military art of that day approached in any tolerable degree towards the perfection to which it has now arrived, these fortifications would have been found of no avail to sustain for any moderate length of time the attacks of a besieging army."\*

In consequence of the Duke of Chautehault arriving in Scotland with forces, &c., for the assistance of the Scots, the English parliament judged it necessary to strengthen Berwick still further, and accordingly the Duke of Norfolk, in 1559, came down to Berwick to view the fortifications, and to arrange matters concerning the intended expedition. A fleet of fourteen ships, well stored with provisions, landed part of them at Holy Island and Berwick,—for the latter place a considerable force of harquebussiers. The garrison of Berwick at that time consisted of well-trained and "for the most part old soldiers, who were so skilful in the use of the harquebuss and pike, that there were few better."†

It appears from the accounts contained in Norfolk's

\* Border Mag. page 250.

† Haynes, 221.

letters, that the Queen's stores at Berwick, during that time, were, as Falstaff says, "most damnably abused," for there is an entry of £400 to pay part of a debt of £10,000,—“one hap'orth of bread to the sack.”

Norfolk, in a letter to Secretary Cecil, freely gave his opinion concerning the fortifying of Berwick, which was then carrying on under Sir Richard Say. He remarks, that the natural situation of the place was very unapt for fortifying, and that the work could not be carried on without great pains and expense, and wished to consult the most eminent engineers of the day, about the expediency of having “that side of the old town next the haven to be cut away, wherein lay the Queen's store-houses and all the best houses of the town, or if the old wall should be fortified, and the houses saved.”\* Though Norfolk entertained a high opinion of the soldiers at Berwick, he by no means had the same feeling for the captains of that town, for he writes, “I think there be not one captain of that town (or if there be any, but very few), but that rather do serve for gain than any good will of service. And what good service is like to ensue from such minds? I can judge nothing but polling and pilling the Queen's treasures.” But in the present state of affairs, and on the eve of an expedition to Scotland, it was impossible to remedy this evil. The Duke engaged to make the present officers live on their wages, or put others in their places that should. It was a part of the charge brought against Sir James Crofts, Captain of Berwick, that he had encouraged that garrison to robbery, by his insatiable “polling and pilling.” And, for the force before Leith, Norfolk says, the abominable robberies of the garrison at Berwick had infected that army.†

\* Haynes, p. 228.

† Haynes, p. 321.

It may be interesting to the reader to give an account of the garrison at this time. It consisted of eight companies of musqueteers, two of them containing 100, and the rest 65 each ; the pay of the private men was 8d. a day ; captains of large companies, 4s. ; lesser companies, 2s. per day ; eighty horsemen, under command of eight constables, the horsemen had 4d. per day, in addition to £6, 13s. 4d. per annum. There was also a master gunner, mate, and four quarter-masters ; the pay for the artillery was £800.

The Lord Governor's salary per year was	£182	6	3
A Chaplain, ... ..	13	6	3
A Secretary, ... ..	13	6	3
Forty Household Servants, each	6	13	4
Especial (or secret service) money per annum, ... ..	40	0	0
The Marshal, ... ..	33	6	0
The Under Marshal, ... ..	20	0	0
Twenty Horsemen, each ... ..	6	13	4
Two Tipstaffs (bailiffs), each ... ..	5	6	8
Increase of pay given by her Majesty,	66	13	4
The Treasurer, ... ..	20	0	0
Two Clerks, each ... ..	13	6	0
Gentleman Porter, ... ..	20	0	0
14 Footmen, each ... ..	5	6	0
Chamberlain, ... ..	20	0	0
20 Soldiers, each ... ..	6	13	4
Master of the Ordnance, per day,	0	5	0

At the time of this establishment, Lord Hunsdon was governor of Berwick ; Sir Richard Constable, High Marshal ; Sir Francis Russel, Chamberlain ; Robert Bowes, Esq., Treasurer ; Thomas Sutton, Master of the Ordnance ; and John Selby, Esq., Chief Porter. The

Mayor had £10 a year ; the Customer and the Comptroller of Customs £5 each.

The Master of the Ordnance had twenty artificers under his charge, and, characteristic of the age they lived in, we find among them, " One bowyer, and one fletcher."\*

\* Haynes.



## CHAPTER IX.

THE ENGLISH BESIEGE LEITH, AND ARE IMPULSED—NORFOLK LEAVES BERWICK—  
 DECAY OF THE CASTLE—MARY STUART VISITS THE BOUNDS OF BERWICK—SUB-  
 SEX MARCHES NORTHWARD, AND SUBDUES AND WASTES THE BORDERS—THE "RAID  
 OF THE REDSWIRE," BETWEEN SIR JOHN FORRESTER AND CARMICHAEL—EXE-  
 CUTION OF QUEEN MARY—JAMES VI. VISITS THE BOUNDS OF BERWICK—DEATH  
 OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND ACCESSION OF JAMES VI. TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND  
 —HIS JOURNEY TO BERWICK—REJOICINGS—HIS DEPARTURE—GRANTING OF  
 THE CHARTER TO BERWICK—BUILDING OF THE BRIDGE—THE KING'S LETTERS  
 PATENT AUTHORISING THE SAME—LETTERS OF THE BISHOP OF DURHAM TO THE  
 CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—DEATH OF JAMES I.

DURING the siege of Leith by the English, the Duke of Norfolk abode at Berwick, from whence he occasionally sent reinforcements to carry on the siege. The Duke took great pains to win over to his party the Homes and Kers, but to no purpose, as they were not to be depended upon. Having raised 600 light horsemen, and two hundred harquebussiers, this force, with the garrison of Berwick, and the "power of the country," were esteemed a sufficient defence against the Scottish marches. In his letters to the English court, the Duke observes, "That at all times when any army of England invaded Scotland, there was ever a convenient power both of horse and foot left to guard the frontier."

The Lord of Home, having rendezvoused his followers upon the border, an idle rumour was spread about, that

he intended to invade England ! on which occasion Norfolk makes the following characteristic reply : “ We have provided such sauce for him (*i. e.* Home), that I think he will not deal in such matter, but if he do fire but one hay goff (stack), he shall not go to Home again without torchlight, and, peradventure, may find a lanthorn at his own house.”\*

Norfolk suspecting Home intended to intercept the money he was about to forward to Leith for the payment of the troops, in consequence of its heaviness, sent it by sea. Home soon after joined the English lords with 300 men, but the wary Norfolk seems to have suspected the border chieftain still, for he prudently advises the garrison at Berwick to be ready at an hour’s warning, adding, “ that no man can tell what he mindeth to do, but we look rather for ill than good.”†

The English forces, consisting of 900 men (part of them from the garrison of Berwick), having been repulsed by the enemy at Leith, with great loss, the blame of this miscarriage was laid on Sir James Croft, who having been sent to London, was deposed from the governorship of Berwick, and that office given to Lord Grey. Croft seems to have been no favourite of Norfolk, for the latter calls him by a somewhat inelegant name, “ the bell-weather of all his mischiefs.”‡

Monluc, Bishop of Valence, Sir William Cecil, and several other commissioners, met at Berwick in 1560. A treaty of peace was concluded between England and Scotland, in consequence of which the English forces marched back to Berwick, and Leith was dismantled. It would appear at this period the quarters at Berwick were very indifferent, for Cecil, writing to Sir

\* Haynes, p. 275.

† Haynes, p. 314.

‡ Camden.

William Petre, on the 14th of July, says, "That there was no reason that Norfolk should tarry in Barwyke, having no lodging meet for him, or, I assure you, my poor countenance." Norfolk left Berwick soon after, leaving a force in the garrison consisting of two thousand men.\*

One reason of there being "no lodging meet" for Norfolk or the fastidious Cecil, was from the castle being neglected, in consequence of fortifying the town on the new plan; for that ancient fortress, which adjoined immediately to the south-west corner of the old town wall, by the alteration of the town walls in the year 1560, was left at a distance of several hundred yards without the nearest fortification.† This is the first mention we have of the castle's decay, and of its isolated position, in consequence of the contraction of the town walls. From this period may be dated the decay of the ancient castle of Berwick, the present mode of warfare rendering it neither safe nor agreeable to reside in it.

The Lord Grey, of Wilton, dying this year (1563), was succeeded in the government of Berwick and wardenship of the Eastern Marches, by Francis Russel, Earl of Bedford.‡

The annexed map of Berwick-upon-Tweed is copied from one in Speed's Britannia, and is doubtless a true plan of that ancient borough. Its present inhabitants may smile while inspecting the rude and ill-defined map—the germ of its present streets, &c., may be distinctly traced. According to this map, there was no Bridge

\* Haynes, p. 353.

† Camden.

‡ There is an account extant, in the second Berwick Guild Book, for the sum of £6, 9s., laid out in sugar and wine for my Lord of Bedford, for entertaining him, no doubt, when he came to take possession of the Government.







Street in those days. The situation of the *Maison Dieu*, or house of God, is plainly discernible. Eastern and Western Lanes are marked out, Hyde Hill and Church Street also. The old Tolbooth or "State House" (as it is called in the map), is visible, with two ancient crosses. We can trace Silver Street, Ravensdowne, the Ness, &c., in this remnant of a former age. There seems to have been a gate at the head of Church Street, which led into the Parade. The site of the barracks is occupied by the king's storehouses and granaries. The windmill on the middle mount (now Windmill Mount) is also visible. There is no church set down in the map, unless we take the building to the left of "New Marie Gate" as such. Of the correctness and antiquity of this map, there can be no question, as it has been obtained from a quarter beyond suspicion. The walls running round the Greenses, the moat encircling the walls, the situation of the eastern ramparts, and the defences to the west, the castle and drawbridge are clearly defined, and it gives us a complete insight into the thoroughfares, buildings, and ancient defences of Berwick three hundred years ago. It also sets at rest the question, for what purpose the ruin in the Magdalen Fields was erected; here it is plainly set down as the north-east bastion of the town walls. There are no fountains in the map, but that there were many in Berwick, may be seen from the account published by Monsieur Jorvain, several years after the publication of Speed's Britannia.

The beautiful and unfortunate Mary, of whom Brantome justly remarks, "that no person ever looked on her beauty without admiration, or heard her sorrows without pity,"—Mary, the Queen of Scotland, whose beauty and sorrows have been the theme of kings, poets, painters,

and historians—the gentle Mary, it appears, actually came to Berwick in 1560. It was but a passing visit, and the motive which brought her into the neighbourhood adds slander to her gentle fame. Bothwell having been wounded in a rencontre with some mosstrooper in Liddesdale, the Queen, anxious to behold her favourite, set out for Hermitage Castle. Having satisfied herself of the state of Bothwell's wound, she fell sick of a dangerous illness, produced by rapid travelling and anxiety of mind. On her recovery, she progressed down the Tweed to Kelso, Wedderburn, and Langton, and being desirous of seeing Berwick, she came into the neighbourhood accompanied by a retinue of 300 horse. Sir John Forster, deputy-governor, met her at the bound road, with 60 horsemen and the principal inhabitants of the town. Forster tendered her the respect of the good people of Berwick. The Queen expressed her wish to see Halidon Hill. The captain escorted her there, and pointed out to her the different situations of the battle, Douglas Dyke, &c. ; from thence he conducted her to a spot on the west of the town from whence she could obtain a view of the borough. And those gentle and hazel eyes, that had smiled on the young Dauphin, the first husband of her young love, softened to pity at the melancholy strains of the accomplished Rizzio, gleamed approvingly on the boy figure of Henry Darnley, and looked fondly on the rude and boisterous Bothwell, wandered over the several towers of the old town, with an interest visible in the questions she asked of the captains. It would have taken a more than prophetic spirit to have divined that that fair neck of snow, half hid by the enormous point lace ruff, should in after years be gored by the headsman's axe, or that those fair brown ringlets, with which the

breeze was dallying, should, ere that sad event, turn gray, bleached by her sorrows ; or that those eyes, mild as the dove's, large, melancholy, and full of unutterable tenderness, should almost have wept their loveliness away, during her lonely imprisonment in Fotheringay Castle.

She was saluted with a general discharge of cannon from the town, and was afterwards attended by Forrester and his company as far as Eyemouth, on her way to Coldingham,\* and thence to Edinburgh, where, in a few days afterwards, the cold-blooded Bothwell blew up the Kirk of Field, and laid the body of her bruised and blackened husband in the orchard, where it was found. It was in Berwick that Murray (on his return from London) was informed by Sir James Melville of his appointment to the regency over the young Prince James VI. It would seem that the Berwick people had either let their justice sleep, or with the decay of their castle allowed the usual place of execution to be destroyed, for there is an order of the Queen's, "to erect a new gallows on the Heading Hill, near Berwick." Possibly the moss-troopers on the border found her injunctions too well obeyed. In 1570, Sussex marched northward to subdue the malcontent lords. He made Berwick his headquarters ; doubled the garrison more than once ; committed incursions up the Tweed as far as Teviotdale, attacked Home Castle and Wark. Lennox obtained a force of 1200 foot and 400 horse to accompany him into Scotland, and aid him in reducing the Queen's lords. To ensure the safe return of these forces (bating the chances of war), against any treachery, Lord Ochiltry and five Scottish gentlemen were sent as hostages to Berwick. Drury, Marshal of Berwick, who

\* Melville, p. 151.

had command of this little army, was knighted by Sussex prior to his setting out on this expedition, which was successful. Having dispersed the mutinous lords, they returned safe to Berwick in little more than three weeks.

In this year there happened an unfortunate rencounter between Sir John Forrester and Sir John Carmichael. Having met with their followers at a place called Red Swire, in the Middle March, they were employed in the ordinary cases of hearing and redressing wrongs. The Scottish warden demanded to be delivered up one Farnstein, an English outlaw. Forrester demurred; some altercation ensued, and an attack commenced forthwith. The English began with a flight of arrows, but the Scots closing in upon them, compelled them to fly. Sir George Heron, Keeper of Tyndale, and 80 of the Scots, were slain, while Sir John Forrester, his son-in-law, Francis Russel, Collingwood, Ogle, Fenwick, and others were taken prisoners, and carried to the Regent Morton at Dalkeith, who requiring of them to appear in Scotland on such a day to answer the charge, dismissed them to Berwick, whither in haste Lord Hundson arrived with the Earl of Huntingdon. A conference took place between the latter and Morton; Forrester, who was captain of Berwick, was declared to have been the aggressor, and Carmichael dismissed with honour. It was from Berwick James VI. first received intelligence of the execution of his beautiful mother, Mary,—Robert Carey (son of Lord Hundson), being sent as ambassador from the Court of England to *apologise* for the deed.\* The King would by no means receive the ambassador on Scottish ground, alleging, as an excuse, his people's resentment might endanger the ambassador's life. Accordingly, in the little

\* Carey's Mem., p. 49.

church at Foulden, did Carey deliver his dispatches to noblemen deputed by King James to receive them.

The King threatened to take vengeance on his mother's murderers, and had he been like his predecessors, there is little doubt he would. Lord Hundson played the part of a mediator, but not with much success, for he writes from Berwick to the Queen, dated 30th October (1587), "That if she looked for any amity or kind feeling from the King of Scotland's hands, she would find herself greatly deceived, for he had such bad company about him, and so maliciously bent against her Highness, that if he had any good inclinations towards her, they would not suffer him to remain in it two days together."\*

In the spring of 1588, James, like his unfortunate mother, paid a visit to the frontiers, and came in sight of Berwick, which he reconnoitered, but refused to enter. The captain and gentlemen of the garrison rode out to pay their respects, and the forts saluted him with a discharge of ordnance. Berwick continued in a state of peace until 1602-3. The first information the Borders received of the death of the daring and undaunted Queen Elizabeth, was brought to King James at Edinburgh by Sir Robert Carey (the same gentleman who, a few years before, conveyed to him the melancholy intelligence of his mother's execution). The bond of blood between England and Scotland was at length torn asunder ; the ambition of so many kings of England was at length realised : chance, by a woman's death, effected what millions of lives expended bloodily on a stricken field, had failed to accomplish. The crowns of Scotland and England were one ; and James the Sixth and First was the sole monarch of the double throne.

\* Mardin, p. 591.

The King was proclaimed in Berwick on March 25th ; and her palmy days of battles and sieges became but as a tale of yesterday. There is preserved in the archives of Berwick a copy of a letter written by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons, dated on the above day. It is full of expressions of duty and loyalty to their new sovereign, informing him, "They had with present expedition, and with what solemnity the present time would afford,, published and proclaimed his Sacred Majesty King of England, France, and Ireland ; and entreats him to pardon such defects as by ignorance, omission, or otherwise, by the straitness of time, had happened in the performance thereof." A copy of the King's answer remains in the archives, to the following effect :—"Trusty friends,—We greet you heartily well. We render you thanks for your so dutiful affection. Utter it in assisting and concerning sae willingly with your governor, in putting the town of Berwick in our hands, which we have appointed to be governed in the same form and manner as heretofore, while we advise otherwise to dispose upon the same, assuring you always to find us a gracious and loving prince, wha sall be careful to maintain your wonted liberties and privileges, and to see that the same be na ways brangillit or otherwaies prejudget. And we commit you to God. From Halirude House, this 27 of March, 1603. To our trusty friends, the Mayor and Aldermen of Berwick." And now behold the gentle King Jamie setting forth from his northern domains, to take possession of the rich plains and waving corn fields of England,—England that had ever held him and his ancestors at spear's point from her land. The dream of war had changed : ambition was dead ; and descent by birth and

blood had fallen upon him. With a retinue of five hundred persons, the Duke of Lennox, Earls Mar, Murray, and Argyle, the King set out from Edinburgh, and slept at Dunglass the first night. On his progress towards Berwick, he was joined by many of the chiefs and dependants of the house of Home. Many English knights, also, met him on the way, and tendered him their duty and loyalty ; and thus with easy pace, his retinue being swelled at every village by some new accessions, he journeyed leisurely onward. Being arrived at the boundary of the town, he was received by Sir John Carey with every demonstration of respect and joy, accompanied by all the officers of the town and garrison and at the head of their respective companies, both horse and foot.\* As his Majesty passed them, they saluted him with a discharge from their pieces ; at the same time, the castle and garrison of Berwick and the ramparts commenced firing their ordnance, as the King entered the town amid acclamations of joy that, mixed with the thunder of artillery, deafened the air. He was met at the Scotch Gate by William Selby, gentleman porter, who, kneeling, delivered to him the keys of the town, which his Majesty immediately returned, and knighted him forthwith. Passing on down the High Street, he arrived at the market place, through the armed bands of the garrison that lined the entire street, where he was received and welcomed with every demonstration of loyalty by Hugh Gregson, mayor of the borough, who presented his Majesty with the gold chain of office and the charter of the town ; after which the Recorder addressed the King in a congratulatory speech, all which the King received very graciously, at the same

\* See Ridpath, p. 792.



time restoring their charter, and assuring the town of his royal favour and protection. In royal state the King proceeded to the church, to render public thanks to God for granting him so peaceful an entrance into his new dominions. Toby Matthew, the Bishop of Durham, is said to have preached the sermon upon that occasion. At the conclusion of the service, the King proceeded from the church to the castle. On his way thither, the populace strove to obtain a look of the Monarch, in whose person the sovereignty of two great kingdoms was united, whose fair round brows a double crown was to encircle. The ordnance was again firing, the bells ringing, and the ancient streets of the old borough echoing with the King's name. These old walls had heard other shouts in other times, and looked immovable and grim upon the smiling procession. A little while, and then other faces would inhabit their walls; other voices swell the general uproar; and other sovereigns visit their time-scarred ramparts. Early on the following morning, a number of gentlemen and noblemen arrived in Berwick from the surrounding country, to signify their duty to his Majesty.\* His Majesty, accompanied by his train, and a number of officers, proceeded to the walls, inspected one of the fortifications, forts, magazines, and in presence of the officers and men (notwithstanding his habitual timidity, and not having the fate of James III. before his eyes), "his Majesty actually discharged a gun with his own royal hands;"†—an immense feat for a pedant of James's peaceable temperament. But even while he sojourned at Berwick, a spice of the old warlike times came wafting over the town, intelligence being brought of certain grievous robberies

\* See Ridpath, p. 708.

† Stowe.

and riots committed by a body of 100 men of the west marches, who had plundered the country as far as Penrith. To repress these outrages, the King dispatched Sir William Selby with 250 men. Widdrington and Fenwicke accompanied him ; and the King empowered them to press the assistance of all officers and fighting men either of England or Scotland.

On the day following, the King, after confirming the charter of the town of Berwick, and having liberally rewarded the officers and garrison, and declared his gratitude for the loyalty and affection shown him by the inhabitants of Berwick, passed through the English gate, and first set foot in England.\* The Sheriff of Northumberland received him, and the Captain of Berwick attended him as far as Widdrington, where his Majesty was nobly entertained. That the King found the hospitality and loyalty of his new subjects agreeable to him, we may infer from the fact that his Majesty expended more than a month in his journey from Berwick to London. A few days after his arrival in London, the King issued a proclamation commanding all persons concerned in the late outrages on the Border, to show themselves at his palace in Westminster, and declaring his fixed resolution to accomplish the union of the two nations, in consequence of which the Borders should no more be considered as the *extremities* of the kingdom, but as the *middle*.† Not since the days of Alexander the Second, had the “gude toun” such a patron as gentle King Jamie.

\* From the sentence uttered by James in his passage over the Bridge, we may presume that structure was in a dilapidated condition, as he is said to have remarked, as he fearfully cast his eyes along the ricketty building, “Is there never a man in Berwick, that can *boo stanes* (bend stones) to build a brig over Berwick stream ?”

† Parl. Hist.

A few months after, in consequence of the decline of the office of Warden of the Marches, the garrison of Berwick was allowed to dwindle away, and was never officially renewed : and thus the two countries that had for ages fought with bloody and well-remembered hatred against each other, were now united in the bond of brotherhood. The English, before the union, ever considered the Scots as vassals ; and the Scots regarded the English as usurpers : but on the union of the two crowns, these nations, like brothers who had been long sundered, and strangers to the arts of peace, began gradually to enjoy the fruits of repose, which each had for centuries so ardently longed to possess.

At what time the religious houses in the town were destroyed or ceased to flourish, there are no means of knowing. Possibly in the reign of Henry VIII. the houses of the friars might have been dismantled ; but there is no authentic information, nor the least shadow of a record to guess at : all is conjecture and surmise, and to that we must leave it.

A long and peaceful reign followed ; and though the Border, for a century after, continued to rob and plunder its neighbours, yet the ancient feeling between the Scotch and English had changed to a more Christian and enlightened spirit.\*

\* The munificent Charter granted to the burgesses of Berwick was the result of James's bounty for the joy he felt at entering the first town in England. It was our intention, on beginning this History, to have given as much information as the charter, &c., would allow us. The archives of the borough have been to us as a sealed letter ; no access can be allowed to them, save to their own body (so we are told),—a rule that cannot but be greatly lamented on several accounts. There are means to enforce the production of these archives ;—an appeal to *Bancus Regius* might do it effectually. To say the least of it, the refusing of the Corporation to allow their Guild Books to be seen has a "dog in the manger" look, especially as one-half of the Council are no more burgesses than "the three taylors of Tooley Street" were the people of Eng-

It is to the liberality of James the Sixth of Scotland that Berwick is indebted for nearly the whole of its present wealth. In the second year of his reign over England, James granted them by charter, confirmed by Act of Parliament, the seignory of the town, and all the lands within the borough, except certain estates which he had given to Sir George Hume, and the burgesses' tenements within the walls, which belonged to private individuals. This territory measures about 3077 acres, being two-thirds of the whole land within the bounds, and at present yielding an annual revenue, including other incomes, of £10,000. It is by this charter that the town and liberties are at present governed. In addition to its former civil officers, James granted them a recorder, a coroner, and four sergeants-at-mace: all the corporation officers are elected by the burgesses in guild, and not by the crown. It empowers the Justices of the Peace—consisting of the Mayor for the time being, with those who have previously served that office, and the Recorder—to try all offences committed within the borough and liberties, and to pass into execution sentence of death and other punishments,

---

land. The charter granted to the Corporation, soon after his accession to the crown of England, gives to the Mayor, Recorder, and Burgesses, many special liberties and privileges; confirming all prescriptions, franchises, and immunities which they possessed in ancient times; among others, authority to purchase land of £60 per annum value; authority to make bye-laws for the government of the town. The burgesses are privileged with exemption of toll throughout the kingdom; and of prisage or imports of wine imported into Berwick; of pontage, passage, nuwage, panage, cranage, lastage, cornage, kayage, vinage, achate, and rechate. The Corporation hath power to tax the inhabitants for the chambers' use; and hath sack and sock, toll and theam, ward and ward penny. It also has a pye poudre court, tolls, tallage, picage (or stall money), fines, amercements, &c. The jurisdiction comprehends a court leet and view of frankpledge; and anciently possessed the powers of infangtheof and outfangtheof."—*I'ide* Charter.

as fully as can be done by Judges of Assize in England, who have no jurisdiction over Berwick. In all its courts, civil and criminal, the proceedings are the same as in the English courts, the laws of Scotland having no force in the "gude town."

James, it would appear, did not forget his frontier town ; for he determined to have a man "to boo stanes," and erect a noble bridge over the Tweed. Accordingly in the sixth year of his reign (as appears by the duplicate in the archives of Berwick), James "did grant to James Bailyf, burgess of the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, for new building a strong bridge over the river Tweed £10,000 of debt, and arrearages of rent, being of record, and not of record, concealed and unjustly detained goods, or the value of them due in right of the crown of our England and duchy of Lancaster, in any year or years, from the first year of the reign of Henry VII., until the end of the forty-second year of the reign of the late Queen Elizabeth, for the which no establishment, composition, or extent, seizure or record hath been had or made. Also, one moiety of £18,000 remaining due to our crown of England, &c., to be levied, recovered, and enjoyed, to the only use and behoof of the same James Bailyf and his assigns, for and towards building the same stone bridge at Berwick aforesaid, which said grant of debts, as aforesaid, was nevertheless granted by us, at the humble petition of our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, George Earl of Downbars (Dunbar), deceased ; and the monies thereupon received, for the most part, was paid for the use of the said Earl towards the building of the said bridge. ....And for that we are not willing that a work of so much good consequence as the building of the

said Bridge, tending so much to the benefit of the subjects of England and Scotland, to have the same rely upon uncertainty of monies to be levied out of old debts, which are slowly recovered, do grant £8000 at the time hereafter mentioned, viz., £2000 for the works to be done this year ; and afterwards one thousand yearly, or more, at the discretion of our Treasurer of England and the Chancellor of our Exchequer, until the said sum of eight thousand be fully satisfied. Our will and pleasure is, that our Treasurer of England do set down orders in writing, as you shall think meet, to be observed by the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses, for their better proceedings of the said work, which shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalf." Then follow orders for overlooking the building, which gives a very curious picture of that monarch's caution. "Two honest and discreet burgesses to have the daily overseeing of the workmen and labourers, and delivery of the same out to the workmen, as the labour shall require." The Mayor and six of the best and most sufficient aldermen and burgesses of the town to subscribe their names to the books of the charges paid to the different workmen ; and that the paymaster, George Nicholson, "certify once in three months the state of the same works, and how they forward them, to the end his Majesty may be acquainted therewith, and also how far you proceed every year." That "James Burrell, master mason, be allowed 2s. 6d. per day for overseeing and directing the said work." The whole of the accounts, on finishing the bridge, in 1634, were declared before the "Right Honourable, and Right Reverend Father in God, William, Lord Bishop of London, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland and England ; Lord

Cottingham, Chancellor, on the 20th July, 1637, in the 13th year of the reign of Charles First, by the grace of God, King of England, France, Ireland, Scotland, Defender of the Faith."

The grant of the money to the bridge is "given under our privy seal, at our palace of Westminster the 21st of May, in the 9th year of our reign of England and of Scotland the 44th."\*

In August 1620, the Bishop of Durham repaired to Berwick to see in what state of forwardness the Bridge then was, and to inspect the accounts. It seems that the good people of Berwick still retained something of that "polling and pilling" which Norfolk grumbled so much about, for we find the Bishop complaining of the tardiness of the works, and also he found "that the charge of the works was spun out at length, and grew great by day work of all hands, besides a daily charge to his majesty for entertainment of a surveyor, a master mason, and a clerk of the work." The Bishop before his visit to the north, had some conference on the subject with the Right Hon. Fulke Greville, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and commissioner for his Majesty's treasury, and therein thought fit, "upon advice with others his Majesty's commissioners there for that work, to bring the whole business to a certainty upon articles both for the charge and the time of finishing the whole work."

While staying at Berwick the Bishop wrote the following letter to Fulke Greville "anent" the Bridge:—

"May it please your honour, I have according to

\* The cash issued from the Treasury for the carrying on the work was altogether £15,000 from 1611 to 1637. Here follows a list of labourers and their pay, in which occurs one curious item, "paid to eleven women for sanding the new Bridge, 3d. per diem each."

your directions come to Berwick, and spent some time in a careful survey of that work (*i. e.* the Bridge) where I confess I received less contentment than I expected, finding that the expenses of his Majesty's monies rise apace, but the Bridge riseth slowly ; I do not find but that the Mayor and his brethren are faithful, but partly through want of timber in due time, which came not to Berwick till the end of July, partly with the hurt done by the great water that happened the last year, the expenses are more than I expected, and the main work less forwarded. At this my being there I fell into compounding for the whole work, to be well and substantially performed by a set time for a certain sum of money, and for as much more timber as necessarily must be had for the perfecting and finishing of the whole work, and if such a course may stand with your Majesty and your honour's good liking, I will proceed in it. I do utterly dislike the *spinning* of it out either by day's work, or *parcelling* it to task, for so the overseers and the workmen will delay and gain time of us, do what we can." After mentioning the munificent gift of his Majesty, and a warrant for 200 tons of timber, he proceeds, "The safety and preservation of the Bridge will much consist in the perfect timbering of the pillars, upon which the arches are turned. There were finished the last year (1619) seven of fourteen. I hope there will be done ere they give over this year the landstall (dry arches) on the south side, with a pillar and arch next adjoining." After speaking of "a perpine wall throughout the whole Bridge," and the paving, iron work, and 200 tons more of timber, he proceeds, "to have it well and substantially done ; the Bridge to be made passable with all kinds of carriages by Midsummer's day



next." Good easy man! the Bridge was not completed until 14 years after (1634.) There must have been a "spinning" and a "parcelling" out in spite of the Bishop's overlooking them. After enumerating the price of the stone per foot, the dressing of and delivering it at the Bridge for the "perpine (parapet) wall" and the price of lime and sand per load, the careful Bishop thus concludes his letter,—*"There hath not been that use made of his Majesty's commission for ease of his Majesty's charge for the carriage of the said timber by land and by water which I expected, and which I would have done had I been here in the country when the first use was made thereof, but the gentlemen of the country being unacquainted with his Majesty's right and service in that kind, and willing to serve their neighbours and tenants"* (more spinning here) "took hold of the words of that commission, *at reasonable prices*, and by that means the carriage of this 200 tons of timber hath cost his Majesty £40 more than I expected should have done, which I cannot now redress. I fear I am too bold with your honour, considering how precious time is with you, in regard of your many and great occasions, and therefore with remembrance of my love and service, and prayers for your health and happiness, commit you to God, and rests, your honour's loving poor friend.

"To Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

22d August, 1620."

To excuse the tardiness of the building and to account for the "spinning" out, the following letter is sent from Berwick, in answer to one received from the Bishop, who in his zeal to have the work "substantially and faithfully performed," sends to inspect it one John Johnstona, "surveyor of the Bridge work of Berwick," a man skil-

ful and honest in his actions, the Bishop giving the said Johnstone, during his stay at Berwick, the sum of 2s. per diem from his own privy purse. "After which the work was so wrought, that by Michaelmas after, the pillars and arches, with the same filling of the course thereof, were finished ; but there coming in October an extraordinary abundance of rain and storms, that made such floods throughout the north parts as the like thereof hath not been known in any man's memory, and the river of Tweed, bringing down with it stacks of corn, hay, and timber, bore down the great part of the old timber Bridge there, which together with the violence of the waters, and abundance of stuff that came down there forthwith, falling upon the stone Bridge, being yet green, and the lime not dried and knit, and the centres of the arches being not stricken but standing, overthrew all the work done that year." At length, in 1634, the Bridge was finished, the King granting to William Bowyer, Mayor of Berwick, "who was continued Mayor of that town for divers years, to his great trouble, extraordinary charges, and pains ; and in demonstration of his Majesty's acceptance of his services, there be allowed unto him, Sir William Bowyer, the sum of £100 at the rate of £20 per annum for five years."

This Bridge is built close by the Quay, and in almost a line with Western Lane, and 50 or 60 yards below the site of the old wooden bridge (whose foundations of timber may still be seen at low tide). It is built of fine hewn stone, and has 15 arches ; it measures 1164 feet in length, and is the longest bridge in the United Kingdom, except a wooden one erected over the loch below Belfast, and a similar one in Cornwall. Its width is 17 feet ; the sixth pillar separates Berwick from the county

palatine of Durham. A century ago, "the battlements at the outlets to the pillars are always covered with soda, as a guide to constables and others in the execution of warrants, for the apprehension of delinquents."\* "The south gate of the town, together with the adjoining guard house, shut up the Bridge at its northern extremity ; towards the middle of it are two strong wooden barriers 140 feet distant from each other. In order to give additional security to this mode of defence, they are made to project considerably beyond the battlements."†

\* See Fuller's Hist. p. 193.

† Ibid.



## CHAPTER X.

REIGN OF CHARLES I.—QUARRELS WITH THE PARLIAMENT—ARRIVES IN BERWICK—ON HIS WAY TO SCOTLAND TO BE CROWNED—SPEECH OF THE RECORDER—THE LITURGY APPOINTED TO BE READ IN CHURCHES—RIOTS IN THE CATHEDRAL IN EDINBURGH—THE AFFAIRS OF SCOTLAND—THE COVENANTERS RAISE AN ARMY—ESSEX MARCHES TO BERWICK—THE KING FOLLOWS AND ENCAMPS IN THE “BERKS”—THE EARL OF ESSEX RETIRES BEFORE LESLIE AT DUNDEE—TREATY OF PACIFICATION—THE KING GRANTS A BRIEF FOR THE BUILDING A CHURCH IN BERWICK—CIVIL WAR—CHARLES I. DEPOSED—CROMWELL AND HIS PARTY—SIR MARMADUKE LANGDALE SURPRISES BERWICK—MANY OF THE GENTLEMEN JOIN HIM—HE DELIVERS UP THE TOWN TO A GARRISON SENT BY THE DUKE OF HAMILTON, AND MARCHES TO CARLISLE.

JAMES VI. was gathered to his fathers, and the “melancholic” Charles succeeded to the English throne. After a brief struggle with his Parliament, concerning the prerogative of the crown on one side, and the liberty of the people on the other, a civil war ensued. On the 3d of June, 1633, King Charles I. arrived in Berwick, on his way to the Scottish capital to be crowned. He was met at the foot of the Bridge by the authorities of the town, and conducted with great honours to the Market-place, where Mr. Widdrington (of Gray’s Inn, London), Recorder of Berwick, delivered the following speech :

“Most gracious and dread Sovereign. What the noise of useless and obsolete cannon ; what these strong yet desolate walls ; what the reliques of sometimes warlike soldiers ; what the ruins of a poor yet ancient borough ;

what all these would say, could they say anything, your Majesty's humblest and meanest subjects desire to express with an unanimous and cheerful exclamation, is no more but this, that your Majesty's presence doth now bring as much joy and comfort to us all, as ever the loss of this towne of Berwicke brought sorrow to the English or Scottish nation. It were unseasonable for us to represent to your Majesty's view, the gloomy cloud of our pressures and our wants ; no ! I need not do it, the mite we are to cast into your Majesty's treasury will quickly tell you them." (We must conclude by this, that the town had fallen into decay both in trade and buildings.) "We cannot do it, for that cloud is suddenly vanished by the radiant beams of your sunlike appearance, by whose approach these rusty ordnances, these solitary walls, these soldiers, this now despicable town, have all instantly received their former life, lustre, and vigour, and hence we are induced to think that this year (being the year of your Majesty's royal progress) is likewise the year dreamed on by Plato, wherein all things were to return to their former life, splendour, and excellency. You have in your Majesty's eye, the representative body of the poor town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Yet a town (Fuimus Troes) that hath been the delight, nay ransom, of Kings,—a true Helena, for which many bloody battles have been fought, lost, and regained, several times within the compass of one century of years. A town, the strongest fortress of both your Majesty's flourishing kingdoms ; yet upon each discord and dissension banded as a ball between them : now held in the hands of one, then tossed by the other kingdom ;—a ball that has never found rest until the happy Union.

"A town at this day as useless as arms in time of peace,

yet may serve for your Majesty to cast your eyes upon as a little map of your kingdoms, as participating in the nature of both; yet doubtful whether most beyond the ordinary limits of the one and without the jurisdiction of the other kingdom, but conspicuous in the eye of both.

“A town neither wholly regulated by English or Scottish laws, but by customs and usages in some things differing from both, yet rather inclined to English laws, and more affecting Scottish fashions and language, as being oftener saluted by the rescript of the one, and seeing and hearing of the other.

“Although it is now English, and so hath continued since the time of King Edward IV., yet such is our distance from the centre of the kingdom, that the lines of those felicities now enjoyed by that kingdom by your Majesty’s happy government and residence there, do not so happily concentre in us, and your own right have long since given it into your own hands. Our humble prayers are that not only that but all your other crowns, may be unto your Majesty crowns of roses, without the mixture of any thorns; and we most affectionately wish that the throne of King Charles, the great and wise son of our British Solomon, may be like that of David the father of Solomon, established before the Lord for ever.”

It does not appear that the King in any way repaired the buildings or bettered the condition of the burghers of Berwick, although the speech was tedious enough to make him remember it.

It was about the month of July, in the year 1637, that the Liturgy (after having been examined by the bench of Bishops, and the King’s sanction given to it), was published, and appointed to be read in all churches.

This was an attempt to force upon the Presbyterians a form and office of prayer totally at variance with the religion of that sect. But with the headstrong pertinacity for which Charles I. was ever remarkable, he persisted in issuing a proclamation setting forth "that on the next Sunday throughout the kingdom, the Liturgy should be read."\* Accordingly, on the Sunday morning, when the Dean began to read the Liturgy in the Cathedral in Edinburgh, the congregation raised a great clamour, threw stones and cudgels at the Dean's head, so that he was compelled to desist. As it fared in the Cathedral at Edinburgh, even so it was received in most of the principal churches in Scotland.†

Whether the people of Berwick joined in the general outcry against the Liturgy we know not. This was the beginning of that fruit, whose seed John Knox had so worthily sown in Scotland. If the Berwickians *did* rebel, there is no account of it. Indeed the affairs of Scotland were managed with a very lax hand at that time. The King would not suffer its interests to be discussed by his Privy Council, but "handled those affairs himsel' with two or three Scotsmen, who always attended at court for the business of that kingdom."‡

It is true, says Clarendon, "that there were very many of the nobility and gentry of high rank and quality in the nation, who did not appear to concur in this seditious behaviour." Probably the King thought so too, until he heard the Covenanters (so called) were raising an army to defend their rights, and had given the command of it to Colonel Leslie. Charles immediately raised an army and gave the command of it to Lord Essex; and in the beginning of spring 1639 the King advanced to-

\* Clarendon's Hist. p. 190.

† Ibid.

. ‡ Ibid.

wards the borders. A large fleet accompanied the King, who sent forward the Earl of Essex with a party of horse and foot to possess the town of Berwick, which it was rumoured the Scots would be or were masters of. Essex lost no time in his ordering, but pressed forward night and day until he arrived within one day's march of it (this would be Belford or Alnwick), where he met several Scottish gentlemen, who informed him that he was too late to take Berwick as it was already garrisoned by an army of Scottish forces, the number and excellence of which was beyond compare, and advised him to advance no farther with his party, being so much inferior to his enemies ; whom some of them had met to the number of three thousand horse, well provided with artillery on their march to Berwick.\*

It is evident Essex suspected the truth of these news, for without staying in his pace, he pressed on and entered Berwick the same night, which he took without any opposition, and so far from it being garrisoned by Scots, by all the information he was able to collect, there was not a troop of them nearer than Haddington.

Essex lost no time in acquainting his Majesty of what had passed, giving the names of the gentlemen that had so deceived him, they having at court published the news of the Earl's being cut off by a party of the Scottish army. The King summoning his nobility set out for Berwick, and with the reserve of the army passed through Berwick, and encamped them on the further side of the town, in an open field called the Berks.†

\* Clarendon.

† I have made inquiries as to a field so called, but can meet with nothing around Berwick that may answer the description, unless Clarendon has mistaken the name, and written *Berks* instead of *Links*,—Links being high banks near to the sea shore.



It does not appear that his Majesty much honoured the town with his presence during his stay, as we read he passed most of his time in his tent. The fair courtiers of the King, used to silken ease and the elegancies and comforts of London, appear to have grumbled sorely at the privations of a camp life, for the historian remarks, "every day's march wrought much upon the constitution, if not the courage of the court, and too many wished aloud 'that the business were brought to a fair treaty.'" And by the walls of Berwick did the melancholic King pass his time, perfecting himself in those martial exercises hereafter to fall before the superior skill of bluff Oliver and his Ironsides. Berwick hung out her flags and banners, as if a spice of the old times had come again. It was but a transient and flickering gleam. The army of Charles was gay enough, for the cavaliers composing it were renowned for their lace and points, but the discomfort of a camp, and the cold air of the north, froze their gallantry, as nothing is alleged to the contrary. The King, hearing of an army of Scots being at Dunse, sent thither 5000 men under the command of the Earl of Holland. Leslie had but a small force under him; but to deceive the English general, he gathered together a host of country fellows, and by placing them on the hill so intimidated Holland, that after writing to the King, and without waiting for an answer, he marched back to Berwick.

The Scots made the most of this bloodless victory, and addressed letters to the several noblemen around the King, and after some conferences with that monarch a treaty of pacification was entered into and concluded on the spot; the impatience of all the army was so much

for a peace, that it was speedily disbanded, and the King returned towards London.\*

What impression the burghers of Berwick made on his Majesty the historian saith not, but we find, two years after his visit to Berwick, the inhabitants of that town petitioning the King to grant them a brief in order to collect money to build a Church (the old one which stood at St. Mary Gate having been taken down in Mary's reign, and appropriated to building walls and other fortifications). His Majesty graciously sent them a brief, which is as follows :

" Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Ireland, Scotland, Defender of the faith, &c., to all and singular, Archbishops, Bishops, Archdeacons, Deans, and their officials, Parsons, Vicars, Curates, and to all spiritual persons, and also to all Justices, Mayors, Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Constables, Churchwardens, and Headboroughs, and to all officers of cities, boroughs, and towns corporate, and to all our ministers, officers, and subjects, whatsoever they be, as well within liberties as without, to whom these presents shall come greeting.

" Whereas by a petition to ourselves exhibited, bearing date the 9th day of July 1641, we are credibly given to understand by our trusty and well-beloved subjects, the Mayor, Burgesses, and Bailiffs of Berwick-upon-Tweed, near adjacent to our kingdom of Scotland; humbling shewing and to our knowledge, that our town of Berwick being an antient and great town, and many inhabitants there residing; there was formerly a very fair and spacious Church, which Church in Queen Mary's reigne was pulled down and utterly demolished, and the stones and other materials thereof were employed for the erecting of a new wall and

\* Clarendon, p. 149.

fortifications in or near the place where the said Church then stood, with an intention to have built another Church thereof, in a more convenient place of the said towne of Berwicke ; but the alteration of time being and continuing troublesome, and no settled peace between the two kingdoms" (he here adverts to the question of the Covenanters), "the said inhabitants were necessitated to make use of a very little Church, meanly built, and not roome enough to contain half so many people as inhabit in the said towne : and then our royal father, after the happy and blessed union between the two kingdoms, seriously taking the premises into his royal consideration, did purpose and resolve (after the Bridge at Berwicke over the river Tweed), to erect and build a new Church in the town.\* But it pleased God that our said late dear father departed this life before that great work of the Bridge was finished, or the other pious work of the Church taken in hand ; and now ourselves have finished to our own charge the worke of the saide Bridge, and do resolve to fulfil according to our saide deare father's intention the humble supplication and true petition of our true and loyal subjects aforesaid, in granting them our gracious letters patent of collection (according to their desire), whereby they may be enabled to aske, gather, and receive, and take the charities of all our pious and well-disposed subjects, towards the furtherance of the new building of the house of God, in so great and so populous a town. Now we, in our princely compassion to works of this nature, and according to our wonted clemency, have thereby thought good to recommend the saide work unto all our loving

\* In the grant of money for the Bridge, James talks of his intention to erect a Church with the residue of the money left, but the "spinning out" spun out all the money too.

subjects whatsoever, within our realme of Englande, not doubting but that they will freely and liberally (and the rather for our recommendation hereof) extend their charitable benevolence for the erecting and new building of the saide Church in our towne of Berwicke aforesaid. Know yee therefore, that of our especial grace and princely compassion, we have given and granted, and by these letters patent under our great seal of England do give and grant unto our said subjects, the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses of our good towne of Berwicke-upon-Tweed aforesaid, and to their deputy and deputies, the bearer or bearers hereof, full power, licence, and authority, to aske, gather, and receive, and take the alms and charitable benevolence of all our loving subjects whatsoever, inhabiting within all our countys, cities, boroughs, and towns corporate, parishes, villages, and in all other privileged places whatsoever, within our kingdom of England, and not elsewhere, for and towards the effecting of so good, so necessary, and so pious a work, and to no other use, intent, or purpose whatsoever.

“Wherefore, we will and command to you, and every one of you, that at such time or times as the said Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses in our towne of Berwicke aforesaid, their deputy or deputies aforesaid, the bearer or bearers hereof, shall come and repair to any of your churches, chappels, or other places, to ask and receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of our said subjects, quietly permit and suffer them so to do without any manner of lets or contradictions. And you, the said parsons, vicars, and curates, for the better stirring up of a charitable benevolence, deliberately to publish and declare the tenor of these our letters patent, or the copy of brief hereof, unto our saide subjects upon some

Sunday, shortly after the same shall be tendered unto you, and before the expiration of the date hereof, earnestly exhorting and persuading them to extend their liberal contributions in so charitable and so good a work.

“And you, the Churchwardens of every parish where such collection is to be made, as aforesaid, to collect and gather almes and charitable benevolence of all our loving subjects, as well strangers as others; and what shall be gathered to be by the ministers and yourselves endorsed on the back side of these our letters patent, or the copy of the briefe hereof, in words at length, and not in figures, and the summe or summes of money so gathered and endorsed our will and pleasure is shall be delivered to the bearer of these our letters patent, warranted and allowed to receive the same, and to no other person when as thereunto you shall be required.

“And lastly, whereas we are informed of the great abuse which is now crept in among these poor people, who sell their licenses unto some other person, whereby men's charity goeth not the right way, but unto such as deserve it least; that from henceforth our will and pleasure is, that if it may appear to you, or any of you, that the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses in our towne of Berwicke aforesaid, have contracted any bargain, or made or shall make, sale of these our letters patent, whereby the benefit shall pass from them to any other person, that thereupon these our letters patent to be void, and to none effect, any statute, law, ordinance, or provision heretofore made to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

“In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patents, to continue for the space of one

whole year next after the date hereof, and no longer. Witnesse ourselfe at Westminster, the one-and-twentieth day of July, in the seventeenth year of our reign.

“DAWE.

“God save the King.”\*

A few years had passed over the head of him who wrote the preceding brief ; and now what a change had taken place in regard to his position ! Then he was King of England, his authority no man questioned ; but now, where was he ? A prisoner in the Isle of Wight ! The blood of England had watered the disastrous fields of Naseby, Marston Moor, Round-a-way-down, Stratton, Newbury, and Chalgrave with a warm and bloody shower. Cromwell was mighty of the mightiest ; he had defeated, in pitched battles, “the curled darlings” of England. Sovereignty was dead, or lying languishing at its last gasp in Carisbrook Castle. Regarding the fate of the King an ominous silence was observed ; the more so as men knew not how far the power of Cromwell and his associates would transport them. That they had dared to dethrone the King there was not the slightest question : how far their boldness would impel them to seek his anointed life, no one could tell. Men shuddered at the supposition : what would they do at the reality !

Berwick, from its distance from the field of civil war, partook of none of those horrors which attended that unnatural scene of strife. That it was visited by vari-

\* This brief or grant bears the printer's name at the bottom of it, “T. Badger, for F. Bodington ;” and is endorsed on the back, “Collected at Thornhill, the seven-and-twentieth of March, the sum of ten shillings and tenne pence, by William Mountain, Costin Currant, Thomas Annisly, and John Clayton, Churchwardens.” By his Majesty being so stringent with them, regarding “the letters patents,” 'tis possible he had not forgotten their “spinning out” of the Bridge.

ous portions of Roundheads and Cavaliers, there can be no doubt ; for, in 1647, Sir Marmaduke Langdale surprised Berwick in the following manner :—Sir Marmaduke being in the north, recruiting men and money for the King's use, concerted with other gentlemen to make themselves masters of Berwick, which was thought would hold out on the Parliament side (although it had as yet never given any demonstration for either party). Sir Marmaduke had several officers and soldiers laid privately on the Scottish side, to wait his commands, and more on the English, there being several good families within two or three miles of Berwick (that is, families friendly to the King's cause), who were well affected, and ready to appear, when they should be required, in expectation whereof they had harboured many men. Some of them Sir Marmaduke appointed to meet him about a mile from Berwick, on the Scotch side, the night before he intended the surprise ; and the rest to be in the town at the rising of the sun, some about the Market-place, and some about the Bridge, by which he must enter. The next morning, being market day, when great droves of little horses, laden with sacks of corn, always resorted to the town, Sir Marmaduke, with about a hundred of his people, walked on the draw-bridge with some few of the market people, presently after sun rising, without any apprehension ; and finding his friends there whom he expected, he caused the drawbridge to be suddenly drawn up, and guarded by his foot, and sent soldiers to other parts of the town.

Himself, with most part of his troops, went into the Market-place, where he found his country friends ready to do all he would command. There was so general a consternation fell upon the whole town, there being no

other garrison than townsmen, that, after they had seized upon the Mayor, who was the governor, all things were in a short time so quiet that they opened their ports (gates) again, that the market people might not be interrupted.\* Sir Philip Musgrave had performed the same exploit at Carlisle, wherein he writes, "the people were generally affected better to the King, and more disinclined to the Scots than those of Berwick used to be," from which we may infer the general feeling in the latter town was evidently in favour of Cromwell. From the foregoing account of Langdale's surprising Berwick, it will be seen that there was no garrison kept in the castle or town at that period, but what was furnished by the townsmen themselves. To account for the decay of this strong position we must again quote Clarendon. "It will be much wondered at, that after Cromwell plainly foresaw he would have a war with the Scots, and had constant intelligence from Scotland of the advances they had made, he did not care to put garrisons into those two important places (*i. e.* Berwick and Carlisle), the very strength of which would have for some time withstood all the power which Scotland could have brought against them.

"But the same reasons which had been current at Edenborough to this very time, had prevailed at Westminster. It was specially provided by the Act of Pacification, between the two kingdoms, when the Parliaments of both kingdoms combined against the King, 'That there should be no more garrisons kept on either side in Berwick or Carlisle,' where they were then disbanded, and some of their fortifications slighted, which could easily have been repaired, and *without repairing*:

\* Clarendon, p. 196.



could have kept out an enemy for some time. But the Parliament would not permit any men to be sent thither, that the Scots might not pretend that the war was begun by them (the English), but left Berwick to the government of the Mayor and the citizens, who could have defended themselves against the Scots, if they had expected them." (The following sentence lets us into the mystery of Cromwell's carelessness in not fortifying Berwick, and is characteristic of "Bluff Noll") :—"But the truth is, Cromwell had so perfect a contempt of the whole strength of that nation, that he never cared what advantage ground they had upon the field, or what place they ever possessed."\*

Sir Marmaduke Langdale was no sooner master of Berwick, than several gentlemen and noblemen of the adjacent parts came flocking to see him, as did "officers and soldiers thereabouts, who had formerly served the king," who came "well armed and appointed for the war; so that they had not only a sufficient garrison to keep that place, but troops enough of horse to free the adjacent counties from those forces and committees, and other persons, who were either publicly engaged in, or well known privately to wish well to the Parliament."†

Langdale had promised the Duke of Hamilton that he would deliver up the town to him when he should require it, the latter assuring Langdale "that the king had promised under his hand, that those two (Berwick and Carlisle) towns should be delivered into the possession of the Scots, which it must needs be supposed that they should first take from the Parliament, in whose possession they both were, when the king signed the engagement at Carisbrook Castle."

\* Clarendon's Hist., 149.

† Ibid.

On the first proposal of Langdale to surprise Berwick, Hamilton not only refused to give him men or assistance, but would not grant him his commission to perform it, pretending that "he durst not do it, because they were bound not to begin the war." But after a few days Hamilton promised, with other lords of his acquaintance, "to send five hundred musquets and a few barrells of powder to Berwick," and that "their whole army should march into England within 20 days, and that if they (Sir Marmaduke and his party) were sooner in distress (before the 20 days expired) they should be sure to be relieved."

But Hamilton was one of those who liked not to begin the war, but would fight heartily being once in arms.

The "cat liked fish," but feared to "wet its feet," so says the proverb, and it was applicable in the present instance; for no sooner did Hamilton hear that Langdale was in actual possession of Berwick, than he sent a governor and garrison to receive the town from Sir Marmaduke, who delivered it to them, according to his promise, and marching to Carlisle, joined his brother cavaliers, but was soon after defeated and taken prisoner by the invincible Cromwell at Preston, his leader Hamilton suffering the same fate.

## CHAPTER XI.

MURDER OF CHARLES I.—THE CHURCH FINISHED BY COLONEL GEORGE FENWICK—HIS EPITAPH—ORDER OF GUILD FOR DESTROYING OF WITCHES—DECAT OF THE CASTLE—IT IS SEIZED BY THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMISSIONERS AND DISMANTLED—PROTECTORSHIP OF CROMWELL, WHO DEFEATS LANGDALE AND HAMILTON AT PRESTON—MARCHES TO THE BORDERS—HIS ORDERS WHEN ON MARCH—ENTERS BERWICK AND QUARTERS HIS ARMY THERE—PUBLISHES A MANIFESTO—MARCHES TO EDINBURGH—TWO YEARS AFTER AGAIN VISITS BERWICK—WAR WITH SCOTLAND—QUARTERS AT MORDINGTON HOUSE—MARCHES INTO SCOTLAND—BATTLE OF DUNBAR—HIS "CROWNING MERCY"—PURSUES CHARLES STUART INTO ENGLAND—BATTLE OF WORCESTER—DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL—AWFUL STORM, AND RESTORATION OF CHARLES II.

THE year 1648 ushered in the murder of Charles the First. It will be remembered that unfortunate prince had granted letters patent for the erection of a Church in Berwick-upon-Tweed, but in consequence of the agitations which convulsed the country at that time, the work was never proceeded with. But in this year the building of the Church was begun. Whether Cromwell, during his stay in Berwick, had given orders to that effect is not known, or that he found the castle ruinous, where before he made many himself, but certain it is that in order to build the Church, they took the materials from the Castle. It must have been in complete ruins at the time we write of. James was the last prince that lodged there. Strype mentions "that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was in complete repair," and

that it had "mounts, rampiers, flankers, well replenished with great ordnance, and fair houses therein, the walls and gates made beautiful with pictures of stone, the work curious and delicate." Such it may have been in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the union of the two crowns proved fatal to the old Castle of Berwick. On the withdrawal of the garrison by James I., the place became deserted, and so quick must have been the work of destruction, that in Charles I.'s reign, it is described as being "in manner circular, but much dilapidated."\*

One cause of the dilapidation of the Castle is to be found in the fact that the building belonged to the Earl of Suffolk, for in the Book of Enrolment (among the archives of Berwick) we find, p. 4—"The Castle was *purchased* from the Earl of Suffolk by the Corporation for £320, on the 9th of August, in the 17th year of Charles I." In the 2d Book of Enrolment we find that "the Corporation *sold* the Castle to Stephen Jackson for £100, on the 30th September, 13th year of Charles II." How it came into the possession of Suffolk there are no means of showing, unless Cromwell or the Parliament sold it to him, which is likely, as on the deposition of Charles I. the Crown lands and fortresses were sold by public auction.†

On the death of that monarch, its decay was quickened by the Parliamentary Commissioners, who plundered it of its "fair pictures of stone" (statues), pillaged it of its delicate and curious works, unroofed the lead from it, and to consummate its ruin, appropriated its stones to the building of a holy edifice,—the true spirit of "Why cumbereth it the ground?" being here visible. Cromwell cared little for the preservation of Berwick Castle: many a fair one had fallen before his orders, and gentle

\* Strype.

† Clarendon, p. 210, vol. ii.

time had only anticipated perhaps the cannon of the Protector. That his followers executed their work of deracination completely, the almost forgotten state of the Castle attests. The stones composing the outside walls were all taken away to the Church, and nothing but the lime and rubble left composing the interior of it.\*

The Church (whose stones bear witness of their former use) was begun in 1640 and finished in 1652, under the direction of Colonel George Fenwické, of Brinkburne, during the time of Cromwell's Parliament. The churchyard is formed by the angle of the town wall; and here, in quiet repose, rest the bodies of the burghers; on the same spot where may slumber the ashes of many an English and Scottish invader.

Cromwell, with his aversion to any ornament, or as he termed it "vanities," has strictly adhered to it in the building of this edifice. It is of no particular order of architecture, the second storey being supported on pillars, joined together by arches, and not springing from the walls of the first storey. It has the appearance of one church standing on the roof of another. Neither is it furnished with a spire, Cromwell holding that a peal of bells "were a useless tinkling of brass and iron."

\* During the excavations of the Castle yard, for the site of the present Railway Station, several important discoveries were made. The vaults of the Castle were exposed, several towers brought to light, and a more general idea of the extent of the Castle formed. From the vast quantity of earth which was necessary to be removed from the buildings, it seems as if the Parliamentary officers had literally buried the Castle beneath cart-loads of earth, not rubbish, but rich black soil. It is probable to suppose, that as the workmen excavated the foundation of the Church in the Parade, they brought hither the superabundant earth, and piled it over the old Castle. Of this once lordly and baronial edifice, nothing but the remains of a couple of towers and a curtain of a wall to the west is left. A flight of battlemented steps, leading to the water tower by the river side, is threatened with instant destruction by the foundation of the new Railway Bridge building near it. This stupendous undertaking will probably be finished in a year or two. The building of the old Bridge occupied 24 years.

Divine service was first performed in it by a Presbyterian minister.\*

Colonel George Fenwicke (the officer under whose directions the Church was built), lies buried in the Church, nearly opposite the pulpit, with the following epitaph to his memory : "Colonel George Fenwicke, of Brinkburne House, Governor of Berwicke, in the year 1652, was a principal instrument of causing this Church to be built, and died March 16, 1656. A good man is a public good." He was in the service of Cromwell, and a great friend of the Protector's. He was appointed Governor of Berwicke, and had £100 given him for his important services in Ireland. With his own horse, and a few dragoons, he relieved Holy Island, and surprised Fenham Castle, garrisoned by the Scots. Cromwell intrusted him with the command of Edinburgh after he had subdued it.

There were also witches in those days (1651), for by an order in the Guild Books, dated 1648 to 1651, there occurs the following :—

"Berwick-upon-Tweed.

"At a private Guild holden on the 30th day of July, anno Domini 1649, before the Right Worshipful Andrew Crispe, Esq., Mayor, Mr. Stephen Jackson, Alderman, and the rest of the Guild brethren, ordered, that according to the Guild's desire, the man which trieth the witches in Scotland" (this must have been Hopkins, the celebrated witch-finder) "shall be sent for, and satisfaction to be given him by the towne in defraying his expenses." The "finding" of the witches consisted in making them undergo the customary ordeal. They were thrown with their hands tied behind them into a pond of water. If

\* See Fuller. While on this subject, we cannot but revert to the present scandalous condition of the roof inside—*bare planks*—throwing the edifice back to the primitive times of the "shingle roofs" of the Saxons.

they swam they were forthwith accounted guilty and burnt ; if they sank, they were declared innocent, and too often drowned. Fuller, in a burst of indignation, exclaims, "What a humiliating picture of our race does not this exhibit, when contrasted with the present enlightened state of the human mind."

A modern writer (Chambers) says of the war at that time :—"It was verily a strange war which our poor northern country chose to raise against the English Commonwealth in 1650. Sincere all along in seeking its one prime object,—the establishment of the Presbyterian system in Scotland at least, but if possible in England also,—the Scotch were at the same time Royalists after a manner, that is, they desired a king who would covenant with them for a Presbyterian Church, and in the hope of obtaining this, maintained loyalty as an abstract principle in the meantime. They now, therefore, disagreed with the ruling power in England, both as being Monarchists instead of Republicans, and Presbyterians instead of Independents and Sectaries. At the same time they had a struggle to maintain with a party in their own country, who were Loyalists or Cavaliers, without regard to religious matters, or with a leaning to Episcopacy or to Romanism, and what was worst of all, the sample of Royalty round which they had to rally was a person utterly disaffected to their views, or who only would pretend to conform to these for the purpose of an ulterior end. It was, in short, Charles II., a youth under twenty, entirely in the hands of debauchee malignants—that is of Royalists. It is this strange mesh of opposite and incoherent principles, which gives Cromwell's war in Scotland such a curious interest.

"A gallant thing it certainly was, for a weak little

country to stand up against such a great one in such a contest, braving even the horrors which they had seen Cromwell enact in Ireland the preceding year, daring everything for the sake of their two principles—for the present incompatible—Royalty and Presbytery.

“ With vast difficulty, and after much negotiation, the Scotch induced the young reckless Stuart to sign their Covenant, and then he was brought to Scotland, and set up as a puppet king, the real power remaining with the insurrectionary juntas, called the Committee of Estates, and the Commissioners of the Kirk. What a mutual deception and self-deception ! They satisfied merely to have a signature from the pretended king, though all his acts spoke of unmitigated cavalierism—he glad to get foot set in his dominions, on conditions which made him the meanest slave in their boundaries. It was necessary that Cromwell should come in to settle this irreducible case, as Mr. Carlyle calls it.”

On the news shortly after that Cromwell was marching down to Berwick, orders were sent from Scotland for the delivery of Berwick to the Parliamentarians, which was accordingly performed. In this order there is not the least mention of conditions for the English garrison, whom, we may suppose, surrendered prisoners of war. Cromwell, after the defeat of Langdale and Hamilton at Preston, resolved to lose no time but to march into Scotland ; accordingly, in the beginning of September, Cromwell came to the borders. Although he had defeated Hamilton at Preston, yet he was by no means sure of his reception in Scotland. To gain the good opinion of the natives, Cromwell enforced the greatest regularity and discipline. Here follows the order of Cromwell for the good behaviour of his Ironsides dur-



ing their march into Scotland :—" That if any officer or soldier under my command, shall take or demand any money, or shall violently take any horses, goods, or chattels without order, or shall abuse the people in any sort, he shall be tried by a council of war, and the parties so offending shall be punished according to the articles of war (made for the governing of the army in the kingdom of England) which is—death! Each colonel and chief officer in every regiment is to transcribe a copy of this, and to cause the same to be delivered to each captain of his regiment. Given under my hand the 20th day of September, 1648—CROMWELL."

When such were the orders observed, together with strict discipline, we have almost the secret of Cromwell's success in his battles.

And so by easy marches, Bluff Noll entered Berwick, where he quartered his army; and the burghers looked on with dismay at the bluff, square-set, and powerful-built Cromwell, with his leonine face, and his eye so sternly resolute; who, at the head of a few fierce fanatical spirits, had changed the aspect of political affairs. There might have been seen fierce-looking mustachioed soldiers, with a gleam of martial ardour shooting from their stern eyes. Men composing the regiment of Ironsides, who fought sword and Bible in hand, persuaded it was the Lord's work, and smiting on hip and thigh the licentious cavaliers, with the fanatical spirit of Biblical heroes, animated with Scriptural exhortations, and the untiring and personal review of such a man as Cromwell. And could it be possible! had those rough, unlettered, and nameless men, attired in buff coats and bandeliers, with rusty helmets and steel breastplates, led by that indomitable spirit, beaten in repeated fights the

pride of Charles' army ? Did the might of Rupert, the glory of Hopeton, the fierce daring of Goring, and the unbridled license of many a noble cavalier, all go down to the dust like ashes, before the resistless charge of those fierce Ironsides ? It was so ; and whether we consider Cromwell beginning his career as a fanatic or hypocrite, no question can be entertained of his daring prowess.

While at Berwick, he published a manifesto, declaring — "That he came with his army to preserve the Godly party, and to free the kingdom from a force, which it was under, of malignant men who had forced the nation to break the friendship with their brethren of England, who had been so faithful to them, that it having pleased God to defeat their army under Duke Hamilton, who endeavoured to engage the two nations in blood, he was come hither to prevent any further mischief, and to remove those from authority who had used their power there so ill."\*

Cromwell marched into Scotland. "We have now drawn the most considerable part of our army into Scotland ; the van quarters this night within ten miles of Edinburgh. There is part of the army left behind to block up Berwicke ; two regiments of foot and the Lieutenant-General's regiment of horse block it up on the English side. We have others that keep strong guard on the Scotch side."†

"A letter this day came from Lieut.-Gen. Cromwell, dated 5th October inst., at Berwicke, acquainting the House that he had Berwicke already delivered up to him, and that he had sent Col. Bright to Carlisle, to take possession of that town ; that he had put a regiment of foot in Berwicke, and that he intended to have a regiment of horse to lie in or near it."‡

\* See Clarendon, p. 173.

† Perf. Diar. Oct. 2 to 9.

‡ Ibid.

The Lord Chancellor writes to the Lieut.-General, acquainting him, "order is given for disbanding all the Scottish forces in the garrisons of Berwicke and Carlisle, and delivering the same for the use of the Parliament of England." It is dated Edenborough, Sept. 28, 1648.

In a letter written to the House of Commons, the order for the delivery of Berwick is thus mentioned : "Upon Friday, September 29, came an order from the Earl of Lanrick, and divers lords of the party, requiring the Governor of Berwicke to march out of town, which accordingly he did on September 30 ; at which time I entered, having placed a garrison there for your use. The Governor would fain have capitulated for the English, but we, having this advantage upon him, would not hear of it, so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Hazlerigge, who I believe, will give you a good account of them" (when-*ever* the account *was* given, Langdale's soldiers found the balance against them), "and who hath already turned out the malignant major, and put an honest man in his room. \* \* \* I am myself going to Edenborough this day, when, as soon as I shall be able to give an accompt thereof, I shall do it. In the mean time, I make it my desire that the garrison of Berwicke (into which I have placed a regiment of foot, and shall be attended by a regiment of horse) may be provided for, and that Sir Arthur Hazlerigge may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle, and be otherwise enabled by you to furnish this garrison with all necessaries, according as that place of importance may require ; desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God, the only author of them, and an improvement of them to His glory and the good

of this poor kingdom."—I rest, your most humble servant,  
CROMWELL.

"Berwicke, 2d October, 1648."\*

In the July of 1650, Cromwell again visited Berwick. Two years had passed away, and young Charles Stuart was then in Edenborough, surrounded by an army of Scots, who, as Clarendon remarks, "as if in compunction for the father, whom they sold, were now resolved to succour the son." Cromwell marched against them. The first intimation of the Protector's moving forward, is hinted in a weekly paper of that period :—

"Saturday, July 13.—The Lord Gen. Cromwell is at Durham, from thence he goes to Newcastle, which is in his direct line to Berwicke. \* \* \* The train will be at Newcastle this night, and we shall have a speedy rendezvous near Berwicke, and then have a pleasant march through Scotland to Edinbro', for we hear that their forces (the Scots) are retreated that way, and in case they have not their whole levies to draw down to the borders before we get thither, they say they will destroy the country before us, leaving no hoof or ear, nook or branch, and having Edenborough on their back, will make a huge shew in the field, within three miles thereof, where they fought with Edward VI. ; yet, if they durst, they have a good mind to fight us in Dunslaw fields, which is upon the borders. If so be that we cannot salute them before we come to Edenborough, then do we know two ways thither from Berwicke, one of which lieth so conveniently to the sea side ; yet if they should be so inhuman as to destroy what they often stand in need of, yet shall we be so charitable to ourselves, as to take care to be supplied from sea" (*i. e.* meaning from

\* Perf. Diar. Oct. 9 to 15.

Cromwell's ships that accompanied the army from Scotland) "untill we can share of what they have by land, and recover the top of the hill, which is within a quarter of a mile from Edenborough, from which we may behold the Market Cross, and make the Castle smoke."\*

"His Excellency, the Lord General of England, is advanced with an army towards the North, and it is very probable will soon cross the river Tweed, for the Scotch horse, that quartered within ten miles of Berwicke, are now retreated back to Edinborough."†

Cromwell, during his stay in Newcastle, received letters from the Scotch army, desiring to know the reason of his march northward. He ordered a declaration to be drawn up and published, addressed "To the Saints of Scotland." The Scots, in the interim, had carried away all the corn, and "driven the country between Berwicke and Edinburgh, which hath caused the General's stay here longer than was intended, to give orders for sending biscuit and other provisions by sea to Berwicke, wherewith to supply the army."‡

The Protector marched into Northumberland on the 13th of July, with an army of horse and foot, numbering 23,000. The Scots were said to be more numerous,—27,000 foot and 5000 horse. In the course of his march, the General bestowed captains' and majors' commissions on "Parson Ennis, Brown, and about thirty others," who held forth with the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other. Cromwell, passing through Morpeth and Alnwick, began to approach Berwick, at which "the Scots on the borders took a hot alarm at the intelligence, representing the army much nearer than it

\* Perf. Week. Acc. July 10 to 17. † Impar. Scout, July 12 to 19.

‡ Perf. Diur.

was, that the gallows and their riders, who stood centinels at the back doors of England, faced about and spurred on to a gallop, being startled at the dreadful thunder clap of 'Cromwell's coming.' And so Cromwell, whose name was as a "thunder clap" to scare the Scottish vanguard, entered into the old town of Berwick once more. Regiment after regiment of train bands and Roundhead cavalry, battalions of pikemen, and troops of stern-looking musqueteers, passed over the Bridge of Berwick, where they made their head-quarters that night. The conquerors of Long-Marston Moor, Naseby, and many a nameless skirmish, were now drawn up in the Market-place, and billeted in the town and the surrounding neighbourhood. In the following extract we read of the terror and alarm the inhabitants were in at the very name of Cromwell and his Ironsides. "Yesterday, the General's regiment of foot, Col. Fairfax, and the train only marched into Berwicke; the rest (of the army) quartered in the towns not far from it, on the English side. We understand here at Berwicke, that the Scots are all gone with their goods to Edinburgh, but their wives stay behind; some of them do, notwithstanding, bake, brew, and provide bread for the army. Those employed by the States of Scotland on the borders, do tell the people that the army intend to put every man to the sword, and to thrust hot irons through the women's breasts, which terrified the people much, until the General's proclamation was published among them. Tomorrow, we march, I believe, to Dunbarn (Dunbar), where we are like to lie in the fields day by day, until the issue of this business is known. And if the ships with biscuit and cheese meet us not about Dunbarn, for this town (Berwick) affords us but little, wet wea-

ther and want of provisions will make Captain Cold and Captain Hunger much injure the army. The Scots came to the markets at Berwicke untill yesterday, when there came none with any considerable provisions, but only some women with poultry; there was one bringing twenty horses laden with oats, but they were stopped. The Scots have not sent any scouts so much as in sight of Berwicke. Two or three nights before his Excellency came hither, a squadron of Captain Greenwood's new raised troop, which is appointed for the garrison, kept watch on the Scotch side of Berwicke. Our dragoons and eight troops of horse last night kept guard upon Twizel (Bridge) and Land Streames (probably Coldstream), being passes into Scotland."\*

Cromwell, it appears, to prevent the Scots making England the seat of war, passed the Tweed into Scotland. He does not appear to have slept in Berwick, but at Mordington (about three miles from the town), where he fixed his head-quarters and rendezvoused his army. The inhabitants of Berwick suffered no wrong from Cromwell's army; they scrupulously paid for what they obtained. Indeed, to such a pitch of severity did he carry his discipline, that on the army's march to Berwick, he cashiered a captain of horse at Dunstanborough, for taking away some horses from the country people, and hanged five troopers for violating a convoy.†

That the name of Cromwell was a spell to drive the Scots before him like chaff, the following extract will substantiate. "From the head-quarters at Mordington, July 23. His Excellency, Lord General Cromwell, came yesterday to the Lord Mordington's House, but none were found there except two or three of his inferior ser-

\* Perf. Diur. July 22 to 29.

† Perf. Diur. July 15 to 19.

vants, nor any utensils of household stuff, either so much as a cup or a glass. Some of our souldiers brought a little raw meat with them, and became excellent cooks. A back (*i. e.* a back-plate of armour), makes a dripping-pan, and a head-piece (a helmet) a porridge-pot. We have been in many towns since our entrance into Scotland, but found not a man, and few women, so fearful are they of our army's approach, which puts me in mind of an old proverb, 'that the putting fear to an enemy is a sign of good success.'"\*

While lying at Mordington House, some of the officers, including the General, hearing a great shout among the soldiers, looked out at the window; "they spied," says Whitelocke, "a soldier with a Scotch kirk on his head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch cream; bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls, and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirk to his mouth, but another canting it up, it falls over his head, and the man is lost in it. All the cream trickles down his apparel, and his head in the tub. This was a merriment to the officers, as Oliver loved an innocent jest."

During his stay at Mordington for three or four days, Cromwell kept strict guard on the Scottish side of the Tweed. On the 22d of July, the whole body of the army was drawn together, and a forlorn hope of dragoons marched first, then Old Noll, with his own regiment of Invincibles, led the van, followed by Col. Pride's battalion of foot, the artillerymen being surrounded with a company of pikemen and musqueteers. And so departed

\* *Perf. Passages*, July 26 to Aug. 4.



Oliver from "Barwicke,"—victory sitting on his helmet ; and in a few days after, the inhabitants of Berwick heard with surprise that this unconquered plebeian, and preacher-general, had by "his crowning victory" at Dunbar, totally subdued the power of Leslie, and crushed the hopes of Charles II. for the time in Scotland. According to the historian Clarendon, "Cromwell lost very few men by that day's service, yet the execution was very terrible upon the enemy. The whole body of the enemy's foot upon the matter being cut to pieces. \* \* \* Many prisoners were taken, and very few without wounds, of which many died shortly after. In especial, such of their ministers that were not killed upon the spot, had very notable marks about the head and face, that any body might know they were not hurt by chance, or in the crowd, but by very good will."\*

And in such half-gibing, half-earnest manner, is Cromwell's victory at Dunbar mentioned. Cromwell, whose name was as a thunderclap to them, had given the Scots a touch of his quality. A year afterwards, Cromwell fought the battle of Worcester, where he entirely routed the cavaliers. In his march to Worcester, there is no mention made of Cromwell's passing through Berwick. It is probable he re-entered England by the western border.

Well might the borderers stand in awe of this mighty man ; not only did he deal law with his tongue, but the sword and gallows were too often his persuaders. Cromwell came fresh from his bloody victories in Ireland to the borders ; and the terrible stormings and captures in that kingdom well might terrify his foes. It forms a strange contrast, Cromwell's terrible victories

\* See Clarendon, p. 376.

and his peaceful words. The account of his storming Drogheda is couched in Evangelical sentences. How much of fierce and bloody meaning are there in the lines, "The Lord hath given the Amalekites into our power ;" "It pleased the Lord to give the enemy unto our spear." Cold, freezing, but yet terrible words.

The Protectorship of Cromwell passed, and the death of that extraordinary man filled England with amazement. On the night of his death (1658), a violent storm shook the earth to its centre. Oaks of an hundred years were bowed like reeds, the sea overflowed its wonted water-marks, rivers forsook their beds, and wallowed on the pastures, houses were unroofed, and ships tossed between the vexed ocean and the troubled sky like corks. The wind howled and tore along over the land, carrying with it small fragments of earth that blinded the traveller. It was as if the spirit of that daring and resolute ruler rejoiced in its quittance from earth, and that the very elements, of which he was compounded, held a wild and reckless jubilee, as they welcomed the disunited and subtle particles to their spheres.

His weak and peace-loving son Richard, who better admired a rural life than the uneasy crown of Protectorship, resigned the chair of state after a brief reign ; and Monk, who had been left in Scotland by Cromwell to subdue that kingdom, finding the wheels of government stand still, took his own counsel, and in the year 1660, seized upon Berwick, then garrisoned with a few of the Parliament troops, whose snuffing and pious exclamations were set at nought by the unflinching Monk. Clarendon assures us, "that Monk used extraordinary means to purge his army, and turned all fanaticks and other persons who were supposed to have any inclina-

tion to the Parliament, out of his army, sending them under a guard to Berwicke, and thence into England."\*

Soon after Monk arrived in Berwick on his homeward march, to re-instate the gay and dissolute Charles in the seat of the bluff Cromwell. Berwick for a time heard the Scriptural phrases, and set terms of the army of the Parliament,—the last remnant of Noll's Ironsides. The doublet and slashed trunk succeeded the primitive cloak and points, and Berwick saw the last of buff coats and bandeliers.

King Charles II. arrived in London on the 29th of May, being his birth-day, where he was received with great acclamations. His restoration was proclaimed in Berwick-upon-Tweed a few days after, by sound of trumpet, and the inhabitants, so long used to the Puritanical ways of Cromwell and his soldiers, gave a loose to their joy, and followed the example of other towns. The burghers hung out green oak boughs before their doors, and made the day one of general joy and festivity. The kingdom was sick of civil war, and after being torn with conflicting parties, gladly hailed the restoration of the true scion of a kingly tree.

During the reign of Charles II., Berwick was comparatively free from the war which continued to rage in Scotland, between the Covenanters and the "bloody" Claverhouse. There is no mention of any conventicle or field meeting being held in the neighbourhood, though such may have been the fact. In gratitude for the large grant of land given by "gentle King Jamie," we may presume the inhabitants were loyal subjects, and all true Church and State men. The Earl of Glencairn, who was sent down to Scotland to preside at a Committee of

\* Page 699.

estates, until the Parliament assembled, passed one night in Berwick, and was entertained by the Earl of Marchmont, at his house in the High Street.

## CHAPTER XII.

DESCRIPTION OF BERWICK BY MONSIEUR JORVIN—THE VICAR'S LAST SERMON—MURDER OF HIS WIFE—HIS EXECUTION ON THE GALLOWES KNOWE—QUARREL OF HUME WITH THE LAIRD OF NEWMILLS—PROTECTION FOR THE SALMON—DEATH OF CHARLES II.—REIGN OF JAMES II.—THE SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT PASSES AN ACT OF SECURITY—BERWICK FITS OUT A "LETTER OF MARQUE"—REBELLION OF 1715—CONFISCATION OF THE EARL OF RATOLIFFE'S ESTATES AT SORREMERSTON—THE BURGHERS OF BERWICK ENROL THEMSELVES—LANCE ERRINGTON SURPRISES HOLY ISLAND CASTLE—THE GARRISON OF BERWICK TAKES HIM PRISONER—CONFINED IN THE TOLBOOTH, HE ESCAPES—THOMAS BOWRING OUTLAWED.

THE condition of the Castle of Berwick at this time may be imagined from the following description, which was written by a Monsieur Jorvin, who published an account of his travels through England and Scotland in 1762. Speaking of the town, he says, "Berwick is the first town by which I re-entered England, and being a frontier to England, has been fortified in different manners. There is in it at present a large garrison, as in a place of importance to this kingdom. It is bounded by the river Tweed, which empties itself into the sea, and has a great reflux, capable of bringing up large vessels, was it not prevented by sands at the entrance of the port. I arrived here about ten of the clock on a Sunday; the gates were then shut during church-time, but were opened at eleven, as is the case in all fortified places.

Here is an upper and a lower town, which are both on the side of a hill, that slopes toward the river. On its top, there is a ruined and abandoned Castle, although its situation makes it appear impregnable." (What situation was deemed impregnable by Noll?) "It is environed on one side by the ditch of the town; on the other side by one of the same breadth, flanked by many round towers and thick walls, which inclose a large palace, in the middle of which rises a lofty keep or donjon, capable of a long resistance, and commanding all the environs of the town." (This is the only description of the Castle to be met with in print.)

"The high town encloses within its walls and ditches those of the lower, from which it is only separated by a ditch filled with water." (This ditch must have been the moat at the Scotchgate.) "In the upper town the streets are straight and handsome, but there are not many rich inhabitants, they rather preferring the lower town, in which there are *many great palaces*! similar to that which has been built near the great Church" (this may mean the Rector's House). "And in all the open areas, are *great fountains*! And in one of them (*i. e.* the areas), the guard house and public market before the Townhall or Sessions House,\* over which is the clock tower of the town. So that by walking over Berwick, I discovered it to be one of the greatest and most beautiful towns in England.

"The greater part of the streets in the lower town are either up or down hill, but they are filled with many rich merchants, on account of the convenience and vicinity of its port, bordered by a large quay, along which

\* This was a small tolbooth on the site of the present Townhall, and was taken down 1750.—See Fuller.

the ships are ranged. There is not a stone bridge in all England longer and better built than that of Berwick, which has fourteen long and wonderful wrought arches. It is considered as one of the most remarkable curiosities in the kingdom. I passed over it on leaving the place.

“Adjoining it is a large suburb (Tweedmouth), from whence the country is covered with heath and briars to Ashton, where there is a castle. Bowklin, where the sea appears on our left, and a small island not far off, which forms a very good harbour, near a village, having a castle.” (This appears to have been Holy Island, 12 miles south-east of Berwick.) “All the sea-coast is covered with sand-banks, and the country to Belford an entire desert, as it is for twenty miles round.”

This was in the 12th year of Charles II.'s reign, and the Castle was then hastening fast to decay. We learn that a garrison was still kept here, and that the gates were still closed and their drawbridges raised at morning and evening. In this year a melancholy episode occurred in Berwick, which is not mentioned by any historian of the time.

It is as follows :—One fine Sunday in April, the old town of Berwick looked as fresh as a bridegroom ; the sun glanced down smilingly, and the old quaint buildings, grey with the many ages that enveloped them, seemed to frown with a grim satisfaction. As the bell of the church rang out its clear unvarying note to the morning air, the burghers and citizens, attired in their best, in decent and composed order, wended to church. It was the holy Sabbath, and the pulse of Berwick lay resting from its weekly toil ; the fisher left his boat and net on the shore, the fowler his gun, and each trade sent forth

its freeman, attired in his best, to gulp down his quantum of Sunday air. They wend their way in continuous streams up the street, and the church receives them in its embrace. And now all is silence. The psalm is sung in praise of Jehovah, and as the bold tones rise and fall along the roof, you can distinguish the manly notes of the burghers, mixed with the shrill notes of the women, while, hanging on the burden of the holy song, comes the querulous voice of age, mingled with the childish treble of children. The spirit of Cromwell, in its severe simpleness, seems to hang about the church, and imbue all things with the attributes of piety and holiness. And now the last of the choral strain fades away in faint echoes under the galleries, and ere it is hushed, the preacher rises in his pulpit, and after a brief and silent prayer, he throws his eyes hurriedly over the upturned sea of faces, and then glides into the subject of his sermon. 'Tis a terrible one,—the perpetration of the first crime! Cain's commission—murder! "Thou shalt not kill!" His face is deadly pale; his lips are blanched; a strange damp dew comes out in blotches on his brow as he proceeds, and there is a wild and unquiet expression in his eye, that almost startles the worthy burghers. On proceeds the preacher. Now, his clear, loud, and sonorous voice is heard, telling God's revenge against murder; now it is broken and agitated with deep and heavy sobs, that come from his overladen breast. Men wonder at his eloquence, and women weep. Never had they heard him picture forth so harrowing a crime before. He has imagined the murder committed, and the pause that ensues after the fatal blow has been given, and the rigid limbs stir no more; life has quitted its abused receptacle for ever; the setting of the gem of



immortality is still and stirs not. Oh ! the wild chaos of thoughts that crowd the murderer's brain. He has not done the deed ? he is not a murderer ? terror and despair are on him ! and now comes the horrible question of how to dispose of the body ? Oh terrible and agonising thought ! Let no voice assert a murderer suffers not between the commission of the fatal deed and its discovery. Ages of tortures are passed. Engines and steel whips, fire and racks, are, compared to what he endures, thistle tops and nettles ! Heaven has cast him out ; earth abandons him ; and he stands gazing hopelessly at the body, with the blood oozing from the ghastly wound, slowly, slowly, creeping over the floor, until it approaches his foot ; he lifts them with a sudden spasm, as though the gory stream was a current of liquid fiery lava. The eyes of the corpse have glazed themselves into a jelly. The murderer looks up bewildered to the ceiling. The sun-beams reflected from the gory pool below are playing on the ceiling. Blood is around, below, and above him. In maddened speed he rushes from the door, locks it ; and away he hurries with the curse of Cain on his brow, and hell-fire in his bosom. All this has the preacher told forth in wild and troubled accents, and now he is descanting on the probability of the Saviour's love and grace to the poor repentant and humble sinner ; he rejoices in God's mercy ; and now, overcome suddenly with emotion, he falls backward ; they rise hurriedly to his aid, for he appears not ; there on the pulpit floor, in a terrible fit, they behold their preacher ; his eyes are staring wildly open ; foam is on his lips, through which his clenched teeth are seen ; and fighting like a wild beast for every breath of life he draws snortingly ; they raise him in their arms and carry

him home ; the door is locked, they force it open, and there, on the ground, stretched in her blood, stiffening, lies extended the body of the preacher's wife,—he had depicted his own sufferings too truly.

Horror and consternation are in every face, and knots of people stand at every corner canvassing the terrible discovery. The short imprisonment,—the arraignment,—his defence and sentence,—and the wretched vicar, John Smithson, is drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution ; the hangman executes his revolting office ;—and oh ! what dangles in the air from the beam ?—'tis the body of a murderer.\*

That the salmon fishing had become a valuable property, and various feuds the consequence of it, we may imagine from the following note transcribed from an unpublished manuscript, written about the year 1683, which gives an account of the preparations made by the inhabitants of Berwick-upon-Tweed to repel an expected attack from a party of the Scots, which, though not attended with any melancholy consequences, yet serves to give a lively representation of the manners of the age : "On the 10th of May, the tenant of Newmilne, belonging to the town of Berwick, gave information that the Lord Hume and others of the Scotch gentlemen did this present day intend to be at Newmilnes aforesaid, by tenne of the clocke in the morninge, and that they had summoned their servants to be then and there present,

\* Connected with this Church is a circumstance that no historian of Berwick has noted, viz., that the vicar, John Smithson, was in 1672 tried and executed for the murder of his wife.—*Vide* Border Jour., p. 39. Many have doubted the correctness of this statement. In Hutchinson's History of Northumberland, there is an account of the vicarage of Berwick from the year 1299. Among the list of vicars occurs the name of "John Smithson, A.B., 22d July, 1664, p. res. Coxe." A lectureship was founded in Berwick by the Mercers' Company in London. John Smithson was lecturer in 1664.

also to assist in the breaking down and demolishing the dam of the said Newmilnes ; and that the Lord Rosse, his Bailiffe of Foulden, had given out in speeches that he was desirous to summon the said Lord Rosse, his tenants, and inhabitants of Foulden Barrony, to be then and there, aiding and assisting them, also for the better effecting the same ; and that the saide Bailiffe replied that he would not summon any person till he had the Lord of Rosse his order, whereupon it was agreed by the townsmen (of Berwicke) that att the ringing of a bell, they would be all ready to ride and goe out to the said Milne, to prevent the Scottes in their said design, and to know their reason why they will in such hostile and tumultuous manner invade our bounds and liberties to do any such unlawful act. Accordingly there was a bell rung, and in an hour's time, nigh three hundred men on horse and foot were gathered together, considerably armed with swords, pistols, firelocks, fouling-pieces, and other arms, fitt to resyst the riott of the Scotts, and marched out to the Newmilne with Mr. Mayor and the Governor of the Garrison, Captain Wallace, and the serjeants with their halberds, and constables with their staves, going before them : And when they came to the Milne, they pitched their camp there, and nae doubt but they were *well-disciplined* ; and some of them had weapons suitable, viz., rusty old swords and pistols *unfired*" (or "uncharged,"—this array of weapons is not very complimentary to the men of Berwicke), " and continued about three or four hours on the bankes and about the Milne, till there was nae appearance of the Scotch coming, and sae they returned home again without any engagement. And Charles Jackson and William Couttie, what time the towns people were out, went to the

Bell Tower, and by way of derision rang the alarm bell there, as if it had been a great invasion to be made. But, however, I am persuaded many of the Berwicke men, especially such as had formerly been soldiers, went with a resolution to fight the Scots if they had offered violence ; but nae Scotch comeing, they were frustrated of their design. I," adds the author, " was one of the *fond* (rash or foolish) party, and made up the number with my sworde and pistols. The reason why the Scotch do so molest the town's Milne, is because they imagine it stops the salmon fish to come to them ; but one of the Scots lairds, that was more moderate, said he could not say that it did hinder him of one fish ; and that he did take stille as many as before the milne was sett uppe."

We learn two things by this note, firstly, that the Bell Tower was still used to give alarm, and secondly, that there was a garrison at that period in Berwick, but whether consisting of regular soldiers, or the townsmen, we are left in the dark. The quarrel of Hume with the proprietor of the mill for letting down his dam and stopping the fish from proceeding up the brook proves that the Corporation (whose property the mill is to this day) must have let it with its fishing water at a high rent. The salmon fisheries in the Tweed have for many centuries been highly productive. Both in England and Scotland, fishings in the sea and all navigable rivers were the property of the Crown. Accordingly we find in former times that those on the south side of the river were possessed by the Bishop of Durham, who had all the "jura regalia" within his palatinate, while those of the north were the property of the kings of Scotland. The earliest documents we find relative to the Bishop's

fishings, is a grant in Anglo-Saxon, from Ralph Flambard (the fighting Bishop, who held the see from A.D. 1099 to 1128) to St. Cuthbert and his Monks, of the fishery of Haliwarestell, at the mouth of the river near Spittal; it is still called Hallowstell. In the Scottish chartularies, numerous grants occur from the Crown, to monasteries and friaries, of the royal fishings on the Berwick side of the river, many of which are still called by their ancient names; and the high rents which were obtained by the religious houses from the occupiers, evince the importance and value of the traffic.

The Bell Tower, to which "William Couttie" went and rang the alarm, is yet standing in a mutilated condition. That it was an exploratory one to apprise the garrison and town of the approach of an enemy, can scarcely be doubted; nor that the signal having been given by a *bell* did not give it the name it still retains. That its existence is coeval with the castle, may admit of doubt; its construction and the style of its architecture certainly confirm it of a later date. It may be proper to notice, that there was a *tower* of the same kind standing on Hyde Hill, so late as the middle of the sixteenth century; and in the year 1460 there were in Northumberland eighty-seven such towers, no town in that county (of any consequence) being without one. The Bell Tower is now roofless and ruinous; though originally of four stories, three only remain; over the entrance door to the west may still be traced the Regal Arms of England,—three lions rampant.

In the midst of all the misery and distraction in Scotland, brought about by the inattention of its wild and dissolute monarch, Charles expired (1685);—the gay monarch who, according to Rochester's epigram, "never

said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." With the accession of James II., the stormy period of his reign, his expulsion, flight, and the battle of the Boyne, Berwick has no connection. William of Orange ascended the throne, and passed away ; Anne succeeded : but nothing occurred to disturb the peaceful serenity of the good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Her burgesses pursued their trades ; the garrison was scantily provided with a few soldiers, who merely kept watch and ward on the old ramparts, raising the drawbridge at the English and Scotch gates at sunrise, and then most scrupulously letting them fall at the hour of ten at night : and thus wore on the times, when Anne ascended the throne.

Berwick became the ducal title of James Fitz-James, natural son of James II., whom he created the celebrated "Duke of Berwick" (so often mentioned by the historians and writers of the time), A.D. 1683.

In 1703, the troubles of Scotland had by no means ceased. The Scottish Parliament passed an Act of Security, the prominent features of which were, that unless a satisfactory settlement of the rights and liberties of Scotland should be obtained in the course of the present reign, the Parliament should, on the Queen's death, meet and name a successor to the English throne ; and that the nobles and chiefs, in the meantime, should be at liberty to arm and discipline their vassals for national defence in case of danger.\*

This was reducing things to the old level before the accession of James I. The English Parliament expressed their indignation at this Act of Security, by declaring the Scots aliens to England, prohibiting the importation of Scotch cattle, &c. ; and the Queen was requested

\* Hist. Scotland.

to put the northern provinces of England in a state of sufficient defence against any attack from Scotland.

Accordingly, several companies of soldiers were ordered to Berwick ; and once more was there loud talking of the Scots intending to take that town, as they had done in times of yore. There was furbishing up of old accoutrements ; cleaning the old honey-combed cannon ; burnishing up the town armoury, and a stricter watch kept at the gates ; and a severe cross-questioning given to any suspicious-looking stranger. The division between the two nations rapidly increased : and as English ships were fitted out and sent against the Scots, Berwick fitted out one vessel with a letter of marque, and sent her to try her fortune with the rest. With what success is not known ; for a Captain Green of an East Indiaman, who had been driven into the Firth of Forth, was accused of murdering Captain Drummond and the crew of a Scotch ship, and was condemned and executed. This act of justice, together with the passing of a treaty that a national union should take place, put a stop to the privateering along the coast.

And now broke out the memorable rebellion of 1715 ; and Derwentwater and Forster, unfurling the banner of the Stuart, proclaimed the Pretender, as King of England and Scotland, at Morpeth and Alnwick. Berwick, being walled and garrisoned, offered too much resistance for the heroes of 1715 ; and though the panic and report of several of the country people who had fled into Berwick for protection could not fail of alarming the inhabitants of that borough, yet with every expression of loyalty, they determined to defend the town as their " forbears had dune," should the Whigs make the attack.

Their loyalty, however, was not put to the proof ; for the insurgents, after having marched to Rothbury and Kelso, and proclaimed the Pretender King, turned their course westward, and were soon after defeated at Warrington Bridge. The unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater paid the forfeit of his rashness ; and was executed for high treason on Tower Hill, 1716, Kenmure suffering with him.\*

The garrison of Berwick having observed with surprise that the King's colours were struck from the flag-staff at the castle of Holy Island, and the snowy colours of the Pretender floated in their stead, resolved to know the reason of this change. And a few mornings after a party of King's troops marched over to Holy Island, and actually found the castle in possession of one Lancelot Errington, and his nephew Mark. They had seized it in the name of the Pretender ; and the way in which they had effected it was as follows :—The garrison of the castle at Holy Island consisted, at that time, of a sergeant and twelve or fourteen men. Intimately acquainted with the Island, Lance went to the sergeant, whom, with as many men as could be spared, he invited to an entertainment on board the ship of which he was master, then lying in the harbour. The invitation being readily accepted, and brandy being liberally distributed, the soldiers were soon rendered incapable of opposition, easily overpowered, and properly secured. Returning again with his nephew to the Castle, they surprised the

\* His immense estates were declared forfeit to the crown, and their revenue appropriated to Greenwich Hospital. Scremerston, which formerly was part of the Bateliffe estates, is only three miles from Berwick ; and from the coal pits in that land the burghers of the town derive the greater quantity of their coal. The Railway brings Netherton and Newcastle coals along the line, and in a great measure affects the sale of the Scremerston coal.



sentinel, and turned the corporal and two soldiers (the remainder of the garrison) out of the castle, shut the gates, and hoisted the Pretender's colours, as a signal of his success.

Having been promised assistance by Mr. Forster and the captains of several privateers, he waited for them sending him aid and men. Being summoned by the King's soldiers from Berwick to surrender, they scornfully refused, and several shots were fired on both sides. Errington perceiving the soldiers were too many for them, with his nephew he got over the walls on to the rocks, where they hoped to conceal themselves until it was dark, and by making for the mainland effect their escape; but the tide rising forced them to swim; the soldiers seeing this, began firing, and Lancelot was wounded in the thigh. Thus disabled, he and his nephew were escorted to Berwick, and confined in the gaol. All the inhabitants were out to behold the two daring individuals who had taken the castle of Holy Island from the garrison, and held possession of it a whole day. Amid all the scoffing and jeering with which they were plentifully abused, Lance and his nephew were confined in the Old Tolbooth, along with several prisoners. But, though imprisoned and guarded, the hope of escape never for a moment left Errington's mind; and no sooner had the gaoler left them, than he forthwith commenced making exertions for his liberty. His wound having healed, with the assistance of his fellow-prisoners he dug a burrow completely under the foundation of the old gaol, depositing the earth they took out in an old oven, which happened to be in their cell. Through this burrow Errington and his nephew, with other prisoners, made their escape at dead of

night. Avoiding the sentinels on the wall, Errington and his nephew dropped over the town wall on to the quay, and finding a boat moored (the custom-house boat), they rowed themselves over the Tweed, and afterwards turned it adrift. From thence they pursued their journey to Bamborough Castle, near which they were confined nine days in a pea stack, a relation, who resided in the castle, supplying them with provisions. At length, travelling in the night by secret paths, they reached Gateshead House, near Newcastle, where they were secreted, until they obtained a passage in a vessel from Sunderland to France. A reward of £500 was offered for their apprehension, notwithstanding which Lancelot came over to England, and visited several of his friends. After the suppression of the rebellion they took advantage of the general pardon, and came over to Newcastle, where Errington died, in the year 1746, of grief at the victory of Culloden.\*

That Errington had accomplices in the town, who may have helped him on the outside of the gaol, there is sufficient proof in two orders of the Guild-books. The first is dated, "At a Guild the 1st of June, 1716. Whereas it has been represented to this Guild that Thomas Bowring the younger, of this borough, burgess, was assisting in the escape of Lancelot and Mark Errington, that were confined in the gaol of this borough, for high treason against his Majesty ; and whereas the said Thomas Bowring has since fled from justice ; that the Corporation might declare to the Guild their resentment of so wicked and villanous an enterprise, it is hereby ordered that a summons be left at the house where the said Thomas Bowring last resided in town, requiring

\* Mackenzie's Hist. Northumberland.

his appearance at next Head Guild, then to answer what shall be laid to his charge ; and that in case he shall fail in his appearance as aforesaid, that the Guild proceed thereupon to a censure."

As the said Thomas Bowring refused to present himself at the next Head Guild, the Council proceeded "thereupon to a censure." Here it is :—

"At a Guild, the 20th of July, 1716. Whereas, in pursuance of an order of last Guild, Thomas Bowring the younger, of this borough, burgess, had a summons left at the house of his last residence in town, requiring his personal appearance at this Guild, to answer to such matters as should be alleged against him ; and whereas the said Thomas Bowring has not thought fit to appear ; and it plainly appearing to this Guild, by the examination of Thomas Winter, taken in writing upon oath, that the said Thomas Bowring, with the said Winter and others, was concerned in assisting the two Erringtons to escape out of the gaol of this borough, where they were committed for high treason against his Majesty ;—that the Corporation may show their detestation of such an atrocious deed, they do adjudge him, the said Thomas Bowring, unworthy of being continued a member of this body ; and do hereby order, that henceforth he stand disfranchised, and be stripped of all the privileges of this body, and have his name accordingly razed out of the roll of Burgesses of the said borough."\*

Who or what this said Thomas Bowring was, "deponent sayeth not." He may have been the gaoler or gaoler's son ; but it is more probable that he and Winter, with others, were confined in the gaol at the same time as the Erringtons, for some petty offence. Whe-

\* Orders of Guild.

ther the said Thomas Bowring was ever taken, there is no evidence to show, or that the erasion of his name from the burgess books was visited by any awful consequences.\*

\* Hugh Lord Polwarth, who, in 1784, represented the town of Berwick in Parliament, by the death of his father, 1840, succeeded to the title of Earl of Marchmont. The family had, for many years, a house in Berwick, in which they resided during their stay in that ancient burgh. It stood next to the Red Lion, and is now converted into several shops and tenements. It has been asserted some King lodged there, during his sojourn in Berwick. It may have been so; but James VI. was the only monarch, of late years, who could have availed himself of the mansion, and he slept in the Castle.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE "TURN-OUT" IN '45—CHARLES EDWARD LANDS IN INVERNESS-SHIRE—UNFURLS HIS STANDARD—TERROR OF THE BURGHERS AT BERWICK—PRINCE CHARLES ENTERS EDINBURGH—BERWICK GARRISONED—BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS—FLIGHT OF JOHNNY COPE TO BERWICK, FOLLOWED BY HIS SOLDIERS—ALARM OF THE INHABITANTS—PRINCE CHARLES INVADES ENGLAND—GENERAL HAWLEY ARRIVES IN BERWICK, MARCHES TO THE NORTH—LIBERALITY OF THE INHABITANTS OF BERWICK TO THE ENGLISH ARMY—BATTLE OF FALKIRK—THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND HURRIES TO THE NORTH, AND TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY—TERRIBLE BATTLE OF CULLODEN—TOTAL EXTINCTION OF THE REBELLION—REMOVAL OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH—ERECTION OF THE TOWNHALL, DESCRIPTION OF IT—ANTIQUITIES OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH—JAMIE ALLAN THE PIPER VISITS BERWICK—HE ENLISTS, HIS STRATAGEM, ESCAPES AND SWIMS OVER THE TWEED.

NOTHING of any consequence affected the interests or welfare of the burghers of Berwick until the eventful year, 1745, brought with it the rebellion of Charles Stuart (son of the Pretender of 1715). That Prince, whose courage was not deterred by his father's failure, determined to make one bold attempt for the crown ; and in the month of June, he landed in Inverness-shire with a few followers ; and the mounted messenger that passed through Berwick on his way to London, informed the gaping multitude around him as he changed his horse and swallowed a glass of liquor, that the young Chevalier was at the head of 1200 men, and in full march to England, and then hurried on to bear the startling news to the Court of George II. The burghers of Berwick scratched their ears at this intimation, for they had read

of the terrible scenes which this enemy was guilty of acting, and they might seize upon Berwick. From the number of Jacobinical families in and about the town, many were not sorry to hear the young Chevalier had arrived in Scotland to claim his own Government ; the partizans of George II. were by no means idle on this occasion, and if the English troops were not as good as they are at the present day, they testified their loyalty and willingness to put down Charlie and his Highlanders.

Thirty thousand pounds were offered for the head of Prince Charles, who, not to be outdone in liberality, offered the same sum for the head of George the Second. And now every military man found himself of great consequence, and the old militia-man, whose valour had gone to sleep since the alarm of 1715, now suddenly plucked up the remnant of his warlike spirit, and blazed forth as comets of war in the eyes of the simple peasants. Several Dutch troops and Hessians came through Berwick on their way to join Cope at Dunbar. Their heavy jack-boots, long-skirted and waisted coats, with immense cuffs, the long pig-tails and queues worn by the men, and the small three-cornered hat on the top of their head, gave them anything but a martial look. How different from the iron-cased warriors of Cromwell's day (who were the last troops that came through Berwick). The Hessians,\* with "great slowness of action" and a phlegmatic constitution, mustering their squadrons in the Market Place, marched in orderly manner over the North Drawbridge, and took the road to Edinburgh. By that same road how many English armies and their allies

\* The Dutch troops that were landed at this time brought with them an infectious fever, that swept off a great number of sailors and townspeople.—*Dr. Fuller's Hist.*

had entered Scotland ; the Barons of Rufus, John's cruel mercenaries, the armies of the Edwards, Cromwell's war horses, and now the Hessians succeeded them. The garrison of Berwick (consisting of a few withered supernumerary soldiers) duly kept watch and ward ; and as reports were constantly flying southward, they were kept in a state of perpetual alarm. The Scots were advancing south ! they were in Edinburgh ! they had taken the Castle ! they were coming to Berwick ! such were the rumours circulated, and who were to stay the advancing Highlanders ? The above withered supernumeraries, generally called the Town Guard ! but oh, how degenerated had they become since the days of James I. of England ! Formerly they wore back and breast armour, with a helmet or steel cap, and a long bill or kind of spear, but now they shouldered firelocks, so old and rusty as to be unfit for service.\*

The opinions of the burghers of Berwick respecting these Highland insurgents may be faithfully given in the following lines :—"The people (of the Lowlands) were indeed aware that there existed, among wilder mountains and broader lakes than their own, tribes of men, each living under the rule of their own chief, wearing a peculiar dress, speaking a language quite unknown, and going armed even in the most peaceful and ordinary avocations. They occasionally saw specimens of these, following the droves of black cattle, which were

\* Chambers, in his *History of the Rebellion*, has given a true picture of the Town Guard of Edinburgh at that period, which may with equal justice be applicable to the Town Guard of Berwick. Among other instances of this spirit, he humorously observes, "It was common for any one who was bolder than the rest, or wished to give himself airs before his wife or mistress, to fire off his piece in the street, without authority of his officers." "And I always observed," says the Pamphleteer, "they took care to shut their eyes before indulging in that military exploit." The courage of the Town Guard of Berwick may have been of the same nature.

the sole exportable commodity of their country ; plaided, bonnetted, belted, and brogued, and driving their bullocks, as Virgil is said to have spread manure, with an air of great dignity and consequence. To their immediate neighbours they were known by more fierce and frequent causes of acquaintance, by the forays which they made upon the inhabitants of the plains, and the tribute or protection-money they exacted from those whose possessions they spared. Yet it might be said that little was known of them, either in the Lowlands of England or Scotland, and that the little which was known was only calculated to inspire fear and dislike. When it was therefore said that a band of wild Highlanders, as they were called, were descending to work their will upon the peaceful inhabitants of the plains, it occasioned a consternation in the present instance such as it is difficult now to conceive, but which must have proved very fatal to the wish which the friends of Government entertained of defending the country.\*

It was decidedly this kind of uneasy sensation which made the honest burghers of Berwick wish Prince Charles and his "blue bonnets" any where than at Edinburgh, as they well knew by the experience of their forefathers that Berwick was the next town to that of Edinburgh, which had always been put under contribution by the invading armies ; and not a messenger arrived or a stranger appeared, but in some measure added to their fears. And when it was told them that the Scotch army and Cope's dragoons were manœuvring in the vicinity of Preston, only 40 miles from them, on the high road to the South, their alarm knew no bounds. To have their goods and chattels ravished from

\* *Vide Chambers' Hist. Rebellion.*



them by the rude hand of the Celt, was absolutely astounding. Nor were their fears in the least allayed, when on the morning of the 22d of September, before the hour of raising the drawbridge at the Scotch Gate, the ancient patrol heard with surprise a military officer, covered with dust and fatigue, demand admission into the town of Berwick, in the King's name. To the usual question of who he was, he uttered one word. It was a magic syllable, for the drawbridge was lowered, and the gates opened in dismay. That name was "Cope." He was instantly admitted; and weary and covered with dust, and burning with shame, at the defeat he had suffered, he rode listlessly down the High Street, dismounted at the Main Guard (a kind of Guard Room) and strode in silence into the house.\*

It was indeed Sir John Cope, who the morning before had been utterly defeated on Tranent Muir by the Highlanders. He had ridden off to Coldstream, where he passed the night, but not considering himself secure, rode to Berwick, where its fortified state seemed to give him assurance of protection. The burghers gazed in alarm on each other. Beaten at Tranent; the King's troops beaten! Then the Highlanders would march straight to Berwick. Every man argued the topic; the blacksmith stood with gaping mouth "the whilst his iron did on the anvil cool." The taylor, too, was there, the burly butcher, listening with alarm to the news, that blanched his ruddy cheek as white as his sleeve. What was to be done? and how best defend the town? A

\* I am indebted to a gentleman of the town for this piece of information. His grandfather held the stirrup whilst the luckless "Johnny Cope" descended from his saddle, and to the question of what had become of his men, he gave the brief answer, "that he had left them all in the morning." Probably this may have given rise to the famous song of "Johnny Cope."

Council was called forthwith, and as such Councils generally terminate, nothing definite was agreed upon. Confusion reigned, and no man's voice was heard ; and so the meeting broke up, and the Guild men wandered into the street, almost panic-struck. During the day, bodies of troopers, flying in routed disorder, belonging to Hamilton's, Gardiner's, and Whitney's troops, came dashing into the town. And so terrified were they at the thoughts of the wild Highlanders that they were actually going to ride through the streets without drawing bridle, had they not learnt their luckless General was in the town. As the day advanced, and the noon wore on, the maimed and wounded arrived in Berwick, who bore upon their breasts and shoulders terrible evidences of the broadsword of the Scots, in the terrific but short battle at Preston. The Highlanders swept before them the troopers like mist from the sun. With a face of "ludicrous perplexity and dismay," Cope went among them ; the wounded with their terrible gashes he obtained quarters for. And still as the evening came, fresh bands of routed and flying troopers pressed bare-headed and weaponless into the streets of Berwick, followed by stragglers on foot, some of them terribly wounded. Cope, after a day's stay or so, left a party of soldiers to aid the townsmen and garrison in holding out Berwick if attacked, and at the head of his troopers he rode over the bridge for London.

The public voice was so much against Cope, that wherever he appeared in London he was pelted and hooted after, and was obliged to be carried about in a chair. It was not until Hawley was defeated at Falkirk, having a brother general in misfortune, that the public mind seems to have relented towards him.

So great was the fright inspired by the Highlanders, that the troopers fled to Coldstream and Peebles without drawing bridle.\* And now the old Fencibles were mustered, the militia-men drawn out, and every exertion made to defend the town and liberties of Berwick-on-Tweed; once more the old town heard the clash of arms as the sentinels relieved each other, and the stern challenge and the watchword given at dead of night, as the relieving party marched round the rampart walls.

The army under Prince Charles invaded England by the western frontier, to the great joy of the burghers of "canny" Berwick, who now drew their breaths at ease when all apprehension of an attack from the ruthless Scots had vanished. The retreat of the Highlanders, a few weeks after into Scotland, was followed by numerous bodies of military passing through the town on their way to the north. Lieutenant-General Hawley marched proudly through the streets, rating severely as cowards the remnant of the soldiery that Cope had left in Berwick in his flight from Dunbar; and, according to Chambers, "he sharply commanded the men to sheathe their swords, and to see to use them better in the campaign about to ensue than they had hitherto done." He did not anticipate that the next week was to see himself a beaten and disgraced fugitive even more contemptible than the objects of his insolence.†

Price's and Sigonier's foot came dashing on, marching to take possession of Edinburgh. Now the Highlanders had vacated that city; on came the Scots Royals and Battereau's foot; a day or so afterwards Fleming's and Blakeney's regiments, Major-General Huske and his di-

\* *Vide Chambers' Hist.* † *Chambers' Hist.* p. 254.

vision, then Cholmondley's and Wolfe's, the immortal hero of Quebec, Howard and Munro's foot, Pulteney and Barret's regiment the day after ; for a week a continuous stream of soldiery, infantry, troopers, and artillery, were passing through Berwick. The first with their monstrous queues, soaped and powdered hair, their long-waisted coats and waistcoats, the yellow breeches and white spatterdashes, with the bright barrels of the muskets, all of which had to be cleaned ready for the muster in the morning—what a labour for the poor soldier of the last century, compared to the warrior of the present !

The burghers of Berwick, in imitation of the gentry and inhabitants of the Merse and Lothians, furnished horses to transport the baggage, and provisions for the men ; each soldier got bread and beef, and a glass of whiskey ; the bells were rung in honour of their arrival, and the loyal inhabitants of Berwick testified their joy by an illumination on a small scale, the windows of the Jacobites being smashed to pieces by the loyal mob.

Away posted Hawley and his soldiers to hunt the Chevalier into the sea ; but in a week's time the inhabitants of Berwick heard that the undisciplined and retreating army of the Stuart had again broken the ranks of his Majesty's horse, and compelled even the indignant Hawley to fly. When the news of Hawley's defeat at Falkirk was made known at London, every face was clouded with apprehension, and it was resolved at once to send no less a general to extirpate the insurgents than the Duke of Cumberland, who lost no time in proceeding to take command of the army, and to retrieve their lost laurels.

So expeditiously did he travel, that though he left

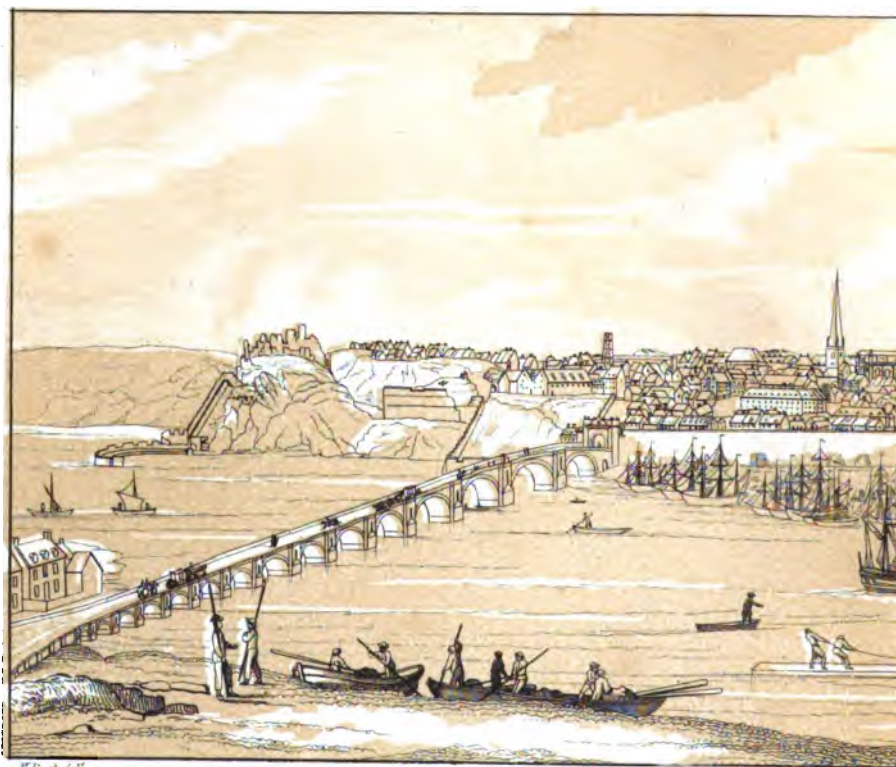
London on the 26th of January, he passed through Berwick on his way to Edinburgh on the 30th. It was evening when the Duke dashed up in a post chaise and four to the inn, with a party of outriders ; and so eager was he to prosecute his journey, that he merely stayed while the horses were changing, and then, midst the darkness and cold of a tempestuous January night, the Duke of Cumberland rattled off down the stony roads to Edinburgh.

From that time the star of Prince Edward paled before the superior fortune of the Duke of Cumberland, and the total defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden Moor completely extinguished the rebellion. So overjoyed were the inhabitants of the Merse to hear of the victory, that they rang the church bells in every burgh as a token of delight. The Berwick burghers imitated this example, and the healths of the brave Duke of Cumberland and the British army were drunk in full bumpers on this occasion.

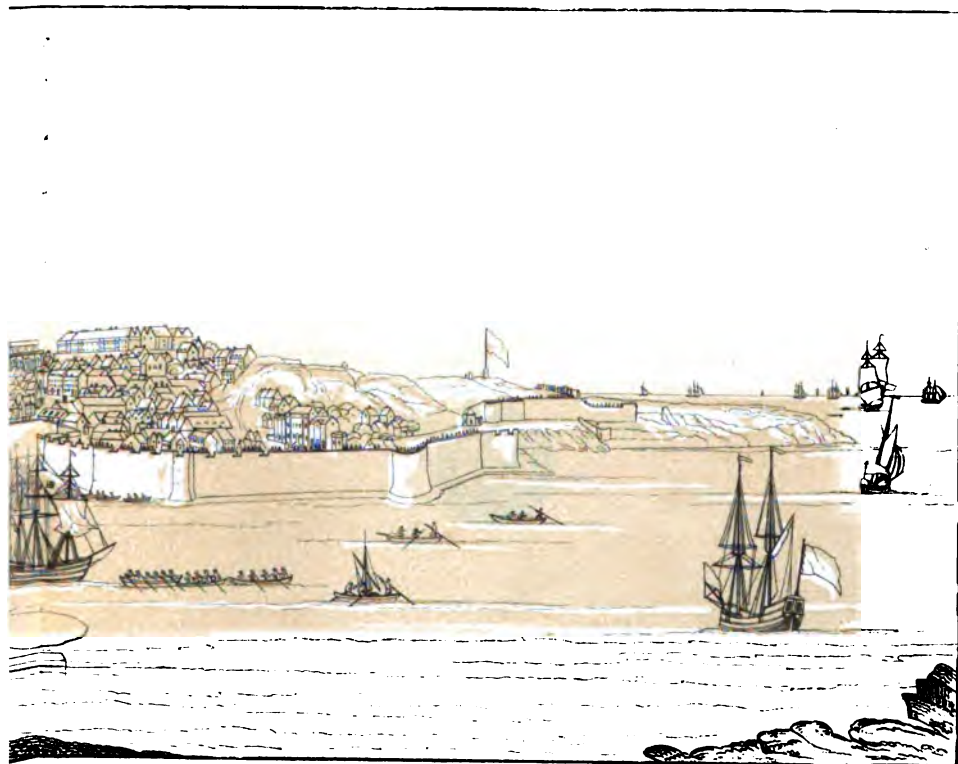
This young general (at that time), whose name is so much execrated throughout Scotland, of whom it must be confessed that he was never victorious any where else than at Culloden, was a man of great personal intrepidity, firmness, and enthusiasm in his profession. He had a good-humoured jolly face, which procured him the epithet of "Bluff Bill" among the soldiery, by whom he was universally liked. The burgesses now displayed "an uncommon degree of zeal, and manifested a spirit of loyalty so distinguished in supporting the cause of their King and country, against the rebels, as reflects the greatest honour on the history of that town.

"As soon as the kingdom became alarmed, upon the breaking out of the rebellion, most of the principal in-



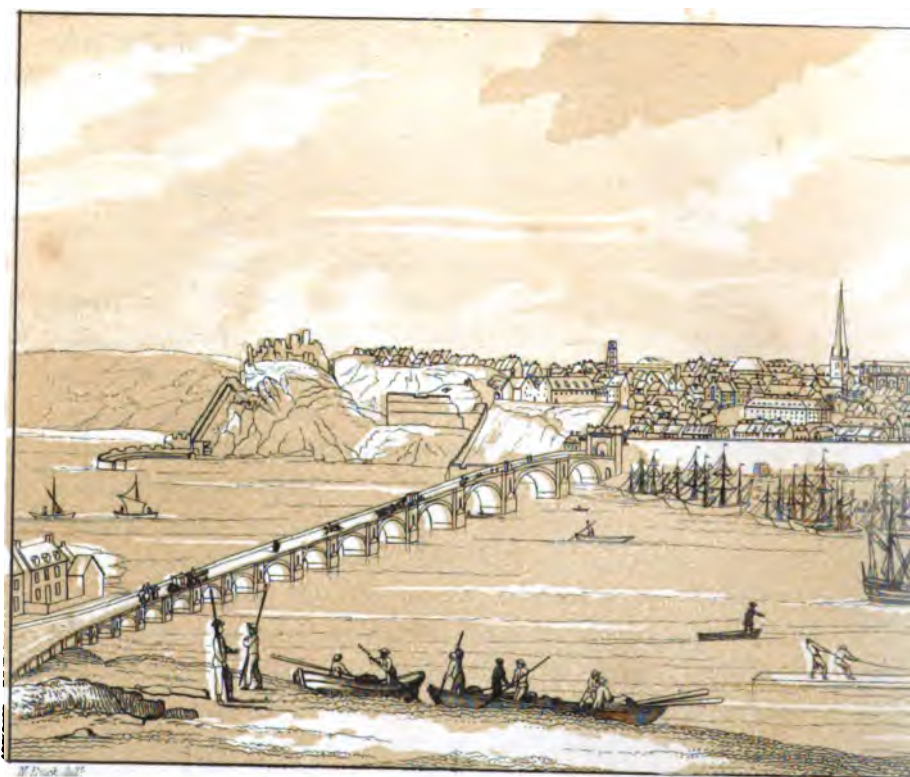


THE BRIDGE AT LONDON

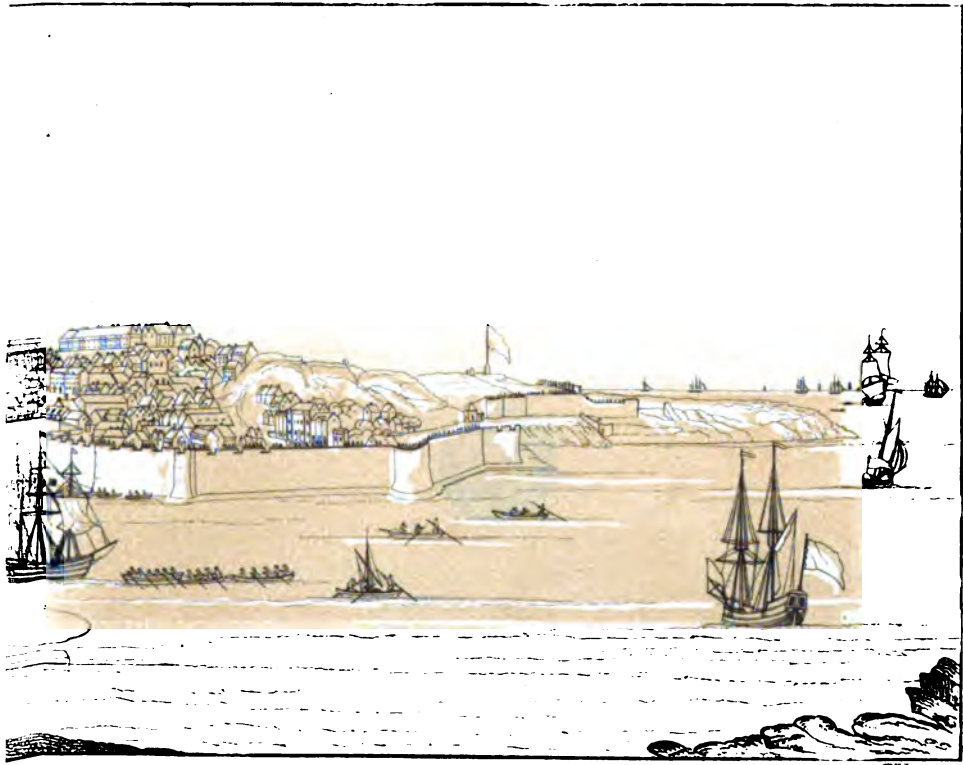


FROM THE SCOTTISH: 1740.





WATERWORKS, LONDON, 1770-1780



FROM THE SOUTH: 1746.



habitants were unanimous in uniting to defend their town, and protect the crown of their reigning sovereign against the ambition and hostile designs of the Pretender. Accordingly they tendered their services to Government, which being accepted they formed themselves into companies, chose their own officers, and like men linked in a common cause without pay instantly did the duty of the garrison, and threw aside all personal and political animosities. Their number amounted to fifteen companies, which were raised in one day ; they did not put themselves to the expense of regimentals ; in consideration of their prompt loyalty Government supplied them with arms and ammunition."\*

The annexed view of the borough will be interesting to the dwellers of Berwick-upon-Tweed, &c., showing them the improvement made in the course of 200 years. From the time of Speed's map, the aspect of the place is much changed ; the walls and fortifications are represented in the view as they were then, strengthened and rebuilt by order of Queen Elizabeth. It also gives us some additional particulars as to the appearance of the Castle ; the ruins must have been very extensive. The Palace Green and the lower part of Ravensdowne seem to have been but thinly inhabited, and along Bridge Street and Hyde Hill, the houses seem few and far between. The Quay is of a very primitive nature ; no offices, &c., are to be seen upon it. The Bell Tower is here represented as *four* stories high, which was probably its original construction, for it does not seem to be much decayed. Looking to the King's Mount, &c., the gate at the foot of the Ness was not then formed, neither was the walk to the pier, and we perceive no appearance of

\* *Vide Fuller's Hist.* p. 158.

Queen Elizabeth's Pier (or indeed any breakwater whatever) mentioned as existing at that period. The coasting trade of Berwick must have been in a very flourishing condition in those days, if we may judge of the number of ships, &c., pictured in this view, or else the artist has drawn very liberally on his imagination for these aquatic ornaments. The old English gate standing on the Bridge is also represented with great fidelity.\*

\* We are indebted to the kindness of the Misses Askew of Spring Gardens, for this view, having copied it from a picture in their possession with the following inscription :—

"We have no account of this town until the reign of Henry II. It hath been a place of no small consideration, for William King of Scots having been taken prisoner by the said King, put this town amongst others into his hands, A.D. 1177, to secure one half of his ransom; upon the payment of which, being £50,000, King Richard I. restored it to the Scots, A.D. 1190. As the importance of its situation rendered it one of the first objects of the attention of the two contending nations, so it changed masters thirteen times before the year 1481, and was the scene of several remarkable actions, but from that time the English have possessed it without interruption. It was the capital of the Merse, still called in Scotland Berwickshire. It enjoys many privileges, confirmed by Act of Parliament, and by seven several Charters, the latest having been granted by James ye First. It hath a Mayor, four Bailiffs, a Recorder, a Coroner, Treasurer, Town Clerk, Water Bailiff, and four Sergeants at Mace. The Corporation owns the greatest part of the grounds within the precincts of the borough, taking in about seven miles from the north side of the Tweed to the sea, extending about two miles from the walls. The Tweed produces abundance of the finest salmon, with which London and other places are supplied. This town is ye chief corn market of these parts, and much grain is exported from hence to foreign parts. It carries on a valuable trade in eggs, which are chiefly brought from Scotland to ye distance of about 60 miles, and are here shipped for London. All foreign products are imported here, as iron, timber, tar, oil, sugars, &c. A little above on the banks of the Tweed stood a very strong castle, now in ruins, to which the walls of the town were contiguous, until Queen Elizabeth separated the town from it by regular fortifications; and a wall faced with very fine limestone a mile in circumference. The air is temperate and healthful, the situation pleasant, and the prospect of the sea and river entertaining; here are neat barracks for the garrison, a town house, and a beautiful church. The bridge over the Tweed is 947 feet long, and consists of 15 arches judiciously adjusted to the force of the stream. The present members of Parliament are Lord Barrington and Thomas Watson, Esq. (Saml. and Nath. Buck. del et Sculp. Published according to Act of Parliament April 15th, 1745, Garden Court, No. 1, Middle Temple, London.)"

The old gaol or tolbooth, that had stood so long the brunt of the weather, now gave unmistakeable signs of decay. In vain did the worthy burgesses patch it up ; its day was come, the period of its destruction had arrived, and the fiat went forth from the " powers that be," for the erection of a new gaol. The Guild Book informs us that Mr. Joseph Dodds, a burghess of the town, was the architect. To make sure work, and to know every burghess's opinion, Joseph Dodds modelled the whole building in wood (the model may still be seen in a garden on the north side of the walls). The model being approved of, the old tolbooth was speedily pulled down, and in its stead the present building erected. The site of it is a constant source of complaint, as it stands longitudinally, and nearly in the centre of the High Street at its lower end, which imparts to the whole structure a contracted and boxed-up appearance (were it placed in the centre of a square, it would appear to a far greater advantage). " It is a stately pile of modern architecture, consisting of fine hewn stone, three stories high, a handsome spire, and a beautiful pediment supported by four graceful columns of the Tuscan order, being thirty-two feet in height, and nine feet and a half in circumference. The steeple is composed first of the Tuscan, second Doric, and third Ionic order, and is furnished with an excellent pair of bells, with a fine clock."\* It is roofed with timber and covered with slate and lead, enclosed with balustrades, and ornamented with vases. Part of the ground floor consists of cells, for confining prisoners ; others are let out by the Corporation to butchers, turners, &c. At the east end is the market for

\* Fuller's History.

It has been remarked that the building bears some resemblance to an inverted mustard pot, with a vinegar cruet on the top.

butter, eggs, poultry, &c., which the historians of Berwick have dignified with the name of an Exchange. The middle storey consists of two halls, a committee room, and other apartments.

The first or outer hall is sixty feet long, and thirty broad. It is in this hall that the Mayor and Members of Parliament are elected, and the courts, both civil and criminal, as well as the freemen's guild, are held here. It is lighted by four large windows on the south side, the benches where the court sit being on the east. Above the Mayor's chair is a drawing of "Justice," resting her feet on a globe (illustrative of the slippery foundation of law).

The King's coat-of-arms decorate the wall above the Justices' bench. Over the great door of the hall, the ancient arms of the borough are "embossed," as Fuller states. In the north corner of the hall, the archives of the Corporation, &c., are deposited in an iron safe. The inner hall is forty-seven feet long, and twenty-three in breadth. Here, every Thursday, the petty offences of the week are judged; and many and laughable are the scenes that take place, almost overturning the gravity of both mayor and clerk. Here, the idle "unwashed artizan," the valetudinarian, the half-pay military lounge, and the pensioned sailor, the tradesman, and burgess congregate, to listen to the petty cases that employ the leisure of the court. Here, the magistrates wear out a tedious sultry morning, by "settling a controversy between two apple women," or discussing the relative properties "of a spigot and posse."\*

As in the outer hall, a figure of Justice looks down

\* The Assemblies were formerly held here, and the Theatre. Here, in the plenitude of his fame, has George Frederick Cooke delighted the ears of his townsmen, who denied him merit when unknown.

from the wall, with a sword and balance in her hands, blindly awarding her decrees. The arms of the Corporation are hewn on the pediment outside ; and we know the date of its erection from the letters carved on its base,—

MDCCLVII. Samuel Burn, Esq., Mayor.

On the entablature is the following inscription, in raised capitals, ornamented with gold—

Finished,—A.D. MDCCLXIV. William Temple,  
Mayor.

Over the outer door is the name of the humble builder, "Joseph Dodds, Architect, 1754." It appears the whole of this building was not finished at the same period. That part constituting the outer hall or Town House, bears the inscription 1754. The inner hall was finished seven years after, as appears by the following inscription, on a band of stone, near the top of the eastern gable,—

William Hall, Esq., Mayor, 1761.

Fuller states that "The whole length of the edifice is 137 feet. The ascent to the portico is by thirteen steps."

The upper part of this building is dedicated to a purpose unknown in the annals of Townhalls. It is occupied as a common gaol ! and is decidedly the most healthy and pleasantest part of the building. Fuller states, "There are several very excellent views of the town, the German ocean, Bamborough Castle, and Holy Island." These "excellent" views must be very gratifying to poor prisoners longing for their liberty, and put one in mind of offering a hungry man a good dinner, and then locking it up.

The prisoners confined here (mostly for debt or petty



offences) are allowed to walk on the roof of the building, to enjoy the free air. "This circumstance," says Fuller, "together with the extensive and beautiful prospect already noticed, must both be a pleasant and salutary indulgence to the prisoners!!!"\*

In pulling down the old tolbooth, that had held the civic meetings of the burgesses many a long day,—in whose awful councils, the offenders against the laws of the borough had trembled in their shoes at the judgment which the severe clerk awarded against them,—assembled in whose benches, the royal gift of James I. gladdened the hearts of the burgesses—even in the destruction of that old pile, whose gaunt timbers had looked upon three centuries, with all the glories, treaties, processions, and bridals of the princes of England and Scotland, some old wooden relics were found; three pieces of timber which, when joined together, represented a hero, holding a sceptre in his right hand, his left arm

\* The occupation of the upper part of the Townhall has long been a crying evil, and has at length been remedied. Permission was obtained from the Government to build a House of Correction. A plot of ground was bought, situated on the east side of "Wallace's Green," and the building is almost finished. As regards the stone work,—it is built in the Elizabethan style; and if any fault may be found with it, it is in its not being of so massive an appearance as a House of Correction and Gaol would warrant. Too much if anything of "crockets, pinnacles, and turretted chimneys." But an historian is nothing if not critical, and the building, like "Pistol's leak," is a very good building. Regarding the present gaol, there have been many attempts at escape. One prisoner, during his occupation of picking oakum, abstracted as much as made him a rude rope, which he twisted himself; and stealing to the balustrades on the roof, he affixed his frail line and fearlessly lowered himself down. The rope parted when he was half way, and he fell on a butcher's stall, that broke his fall, and got safely off. Another prisoner set fire to the oakum in his cell, hoping by the confusion arising from the fire to escape; but the affair happily only ended in smoke. Goode, in his Berwick Directory, 1806, says bluntly, "It would be well if the town would erect a House of Correction in this place, and cause some of those people to work (who care not for the jail) and live on their own earnings, the time of their confinement. It would cause them to behave much better for the future, and be a saving to the Corporation."

hanging over the neck of a horse, whose head appeared below the arm. They were supposed to have been fixed to the stern "of some tall Admiral,"—a portion of the armament, it may be, composing the Spanish Armada, one of which had been driven ashore on Berwick beach during that epoch.

In 1764, the renowned Jamie Allan, the celebrated player on the Northumbrian pipes, visited Berwick in the course of his nefarious practices. This man's life presents a strange tissue of vice. His father was a gipsy, and Jamie was born at a place called Woodhouses, near Rothbury. After following the vagrant life of his father for a short time, he was admitted into Alnwick Castle, and in consequence of his skill on the pipes, the then Duchess of Northumberland made him her piper. But the gipsy blood ran too strong in Allan's veins to allow him to stay long in the sober rank of a citizen. The wild hawk had only been for a moment subdued, not utterly reclaimed. Allan's vices procured his dismissal from the Castle, and then commenced his wanderings and adventures, each one of which made his name ring all over Great Britain, enjoying for a little space of time an infamous notoriety, and then he returned like the hare to his old form, and after a few years of poverty and declining vigour, he died a pauper's death near Hexham,—another instance of the utter inability of genius to accomplish riches, unless strict integrity and constant industry direct its movements.

Allan was a proficient on the pipes ; his father, who taught him, being no bad performer himself. It is related that when old Will Allan found himself on the point of death, scorning the admonitions and prayers of the priest, Will, in the true spirit of a border chief, cried

out, "Hout fie ; gie me my pipes, and I'll still play you 'Salmon Tails up the Water.'" And whilst buckling to at the pipes, his last breath expended itself in giving utterance to his favourite tune. The following extract from Allan's life relates to his pranks near Berwick. "Allan strolled about the country for several days, when he received information at Foulden, that a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood was to be married to a lady of fortune on the following day, and a large company were expected to attend the nuptials. He therefore hastened to offer his services on the occasion, which were graciously accepted, and he was invited to remain all night.

"Allan readily accepted the invitation, and after regaling himself, was meditating on the profits likely to accrue from this fortunate occurrence, when *two ominous* birds, as he termed them (fiddlers from Berwick), who were engaged for the purpose, entered the apartment where he was seated.

"They were an unwelcome sight to Allan, and put all his golden dreams to flight, for he was afraid the music of their violins would be preferred to his pipes. He, however, disguised his chagrin, and gave his brother musicians a seeming hearty welcome, but entertained a resolution at the same time to spoil their fiddling by some means or other.

"The two fiddlers, like most of their brethren of the same profession, had no objection to liquor when free from cost, and having plenty at command, helped themselves so freely that they were obliged to be supported to their beds at an early hour. Allan, on the contrary, kept himself perfectly sober, a maxim he ever strictly adhered to when he had any favourite object in view.

The musicians had, on entering the house, laid their fiddles beside Allan's pipes on the kitchen dresser, and were not capable of removing them when they went to bed. On seeing this, Allan determined on playing them a trick ; he listened until all was quiet in the house, when he got out of bed, seized the musical instruments, and went into the yard, where he put both the fiddles and his own pipes into the reservoir of water.

"Allan allowed the fiddlers to rise next morning before him, when they immediately missed their musical instruments, and diligent search was making for them in every quarter, when he entered the kitchen, and loudly exclaimed, 'Oh the rogues, they have taken my pipes !' Not a doubt was entertained but that they were stolen, till one of the servants having occasion to go to the reservoir of water, perceived the violins swimming in it. The fiddlers, with great concern, found that the water had loosened and spoilt their instruments. Allan likewise hastened to the spot, and cried, 'Oh, the rogues, they have thrown in my pipes also ; whoever has done this, deserves to be hanged.' The poor fiddlers were quite disconcerted, but Allan had taken the reeds from his pipes, which were easily replaced after they were dried, so that he was soon fit for action, while the two catgut-scrappers slunk away, and Allan monopolized the whole of the profits." (One of these "fiddlers" was the last of the Town-Waits, old James Wallace, who died but a couple of years ago, almost eighty years of age. We have often heard him relate this circumstance of Allan's roguery.)

Five days after this wedding at Foulden, Allan having, as was his custom, squandered his money away, killed three sheep at Berwick Old Folly, in company

with a tinker, with whom he had been drinking ; but the shepherd watched the thieves convey the meat to their house, and raising help, the rustics surrounded the house. Allan rushed through them, leaving in his flight a neat pair of pipes, which General Grey of Falloden had presented him with, in token of his musical skill, &c. His next adventure is best told in the words of his own life. "Allan next proceeded to Berwick, and as he had lost his pipes, and was pennyless, he enlisted with a recruiting serjeant, who gave him five guineas in advance. His frequent desertions had now become a subject of common conversation in the north of England, but the serjeant, being a conceited young fellow, on receiving information from an acquaintance that *he had got but a slippery eel to hold*, with a look of contempt replied, 'If he be the devil, instead of a wandering piper, he shall not escape me.' He, however, ordered Allan to be strictly watched, till he could send him to the regiment, but Allan, who was an adept in dissimulation, appeared so cheerful and happy, that the serjeant began to suspect the reports he had heard concerning him had been greatly exaggerated ; he and the corporal, therefore, very readily accepted his invitation to regale themselves over a pot out of his bounty money. Allan seemed to be in high spirits, and entertained them with many humorous anecdotes. At length he proposed to send for a fiddler, to have a dance, an amusement he was very fond of, which was agreed to without the slightest hesitation. 'Now,' says Allan, 'let us have a *threesome* reel ; I will dance in the middle, and show you some of my new fashioned steps.' The dance was proceeding with great glee, when Allan thrust his hands into his waistcoat pockets, which he had filled with

Scotch snuff, and took as much as he could grasp in each hand, and whilst setting to the serjeant, discharged one handful in his face, and turning quickly round, served the corporal in the same manner. The two sons of Mars, who had laughed immoderately at Allan's strange gesticulations, were blinded, and nearly suffocated with this unexpected assault, and it is almost unnecessary to add that Allan embraced the opportunity to escape." (Here follows a graphic picture of the guarded state of Berwick at that time.) "It was then between nine and ten o'clock at night, and Allan, dreading to pass the sentinel at the end of the Bridge (English Gate), climbed over the wall at the south-west corner, close by the river, where he found a fishing boat, which he vainly tried to force from its moorings. He, therefore, was obliged to jump into the river, and swim across, when he directed his course to Rothbury."

This was the last freak this erratic and wandering minstrel played off in the good town of Berwick-on-Tweed. And we gain from this perusal the knowledge that the town was strictly guarded, and that after a few time the gates were shut.

## CHAPTER XIV.

VISIT OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND TO BERWICK—PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE TOWN—BALL AT THE TOWN HALL—DETERMINATION OF GOVERNMENT TO GARRISON BERWICK—THE BARRACKS BUILT—THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE—DESCRIPTION OF THE RAMPARTS AND WALLS—THE FALSE ALARM—ASSEMBLING OF MILITIA, FENCIBLES, AND YEOMANRY AT BERWICK—MILITARY CHARACTER OF BERWICK—REMOVAL OF THE MAIN GUARD—GATES SHUT AT CURFEW TIME—DR. FULLER'S COMPLAINTS—GENERAL PEACE—REMOVAL OF THE CANNON FROM THE WALLS—DISCHARGE OF THE GARRISON.

IN the year 1771, the town of Berwick was all in commotion. Bells were ringing, magistrates meeting, serjeants-at-mace hurrying about with a celerity which their age did not warrant; the soldiers and militia furnished up their accoutrements; and the superannuated gunners, hurrying to the eastern ramparts, endeavoured to erase the dust from the old cannons, which stood corrodng in the damp sea-breeze, and hazard an attempt at a discharge, in order to welcome the illustrious visitor; the ships in the river hoisted a long train of gay and gaudy signals, reaching from truck to main-boom; and the burgesses, to do honour to the great visitor, magnanimously closed their shops, and giving their apprentices liberty for the afternoon, resolved to make a holiday on the occasion. On a fine sultry day in August, the 12th, his Royal Highness, William, Duke of Cumberland, arrived in Berwick. Twice had he passed through the

town,—once on his taking command of the army at Edinburgh, and the second time, a few weeks after, when he bore in his carriage a ghastly trophy, the head, as he thought, of his rival Prince Charles Edward.\*

Then George II., his father, reigned on the throne ; now, his own brother's son ruled England ; and the Duke had somewhat outlived his popularity. He had been feasted, honoured, belauded, and befooled, to the top of his bent, for his fortunate victory at Culloden ; the only substantial mark he received was from the House of Commons, which voted him a pension of £25,000 a year, instead of his patrimonial £10,000.

The praise of the Duke of Wellington, for ridding Europe of the mighty Napoleon, was no more than what Duke William received on all sides, for his victory over the wild Highlanders at Culloden. Chambers asserts, "Without detracting from the merits of the Duke of Cumberland, as a general, it is impossible to contemplate, without some degree of disgust, the fulsome adulation which was now poured upon him by all persons in authority. He himself, notwithstanding his emotions of vanity, must have worn his extravagant honours with something like loathing."

From all that can be gathered from the fugitive publications of the times, it appears the homage paid to his partial prowess was universal. "He was thanked by all the public bodies in the kingdom, from the Houses of Parliament down to the General Assembly. He had £25,000 a year added to his income, and lest that should

\* It appears a young man, about the size and figure of Prince Charles, named Mackenzie, who had been out in 1745, was taken by the soldiers, skulking in the braes of Mar. Partly from his own admission, and from the likeness he bore to the unfortunate chevalier, his head was cut off, and the Duke of Cumberland posted to London with it. The cheat was immediately discovered by those who had known Prince Charles.—Chambers's Hist.



fail him, he received the privilege of citizenship from every burgh in the kingdom of Scotland, pieces of dress were called after him, and his bluff visage blazoned over innumerable public-houses. Sermons were preached, orations made, and poems written in his praise. And he was universally hailed as the heroic deliverer of Great Britain.\*

But now William had outlived his fame ; 26 years had almost exhausted the general praise with which he had wont to be received. There was also another cause for the public neglect. He had incurred the blame of the age, for shamefully rendering up the British army to the enemy, by the treaty at Closterseven. Age had somewhat impaired his martial figure ; and the "bluff red face" was not so round as it used to be. It is said, that when he perceived himself the object of public hate, he bitterly remarked, "That he had formerly got praise where he did not deserve it, and now blame where he was not guilty." Be that as it may, the burgesses of Berwick remembering only his generalship at Culloden, and not his cowardice at Closterseven, resolved to entertain and honour him with the best in their power. He was met at the Bridge by the Mayor, John Balderstone, Esq., and escorted to the Governor's House, where he was royally feasted by the Corporation, and presented with the freedom of the town "in ane golde box." There were present also, Earl Percy, and Lord Algernon Percy, the good Duke of Northumberland, and Sir John Hussey Delaval (who had formerly been presented with the freedom of the burgh), the Earl and Countess of Home, and the *élite* of the neighbouring gentry. The Governor's House could not contain the company.

\* P. 124, vol. ii.

Gifts of ale and beef were liberally presented to the soldiers and inhabitants. Roars of cannonry on the east bastions shook the old ramparts to the centre, the bells rang out their merriest peal, old soldiers talked of the days they had seen, and the bluff general who had conquered Scotland in her last of battles. Then there was a loud hurraing from Stentorian throats, and a belching out of fire and smoke from the guns, the smart rattling of musquetry, the rolling of side drums, and the waving of flags, as the Duke of Cumberland was escorted to the Assembly Room in the Townhall, where a ball was given in honour of the royal visitor. It is on record that his Royal Highness chose for his partner the then celebrated beauty, Miss Johnston, of Hilton, and that the conqueror of "bonnie Prince Charlie" footed it down the floor to the old-fashioned country dance of "Sir Roger de Coverley," or "Rare Arthur O'Bradley."

That the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Hussey Delaval, and other brilliant characters at the ball, footed it away to the mirthful strains of the musicians, the records do not testify, but if we may believe the historian of Berwick, Dr. Fuller, who wrote its history in 1799, the gentry of the town and neighbourhood were then not renowned for their sociality. In speaking of the amusements of Berwick, the doctor thus writes :—

"The assemblies in honour of the King and Queen's birth-day, and those during Lamberton race-week, are generally well attended by the more fashionable part of our inhabitants, and are often crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the country.

"The rest of our assemblies are upon the whole but thinly attended, which we presume may be ascribed to that bane of concord, political contention.

'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.'

But alas ! how unavailing would be the master-strokes of a Handel, nay, even the inimitable melody of a nightingale, in cheering up the countenances of rival politicians, whether they meet in the convivial circle, or the enlivening dance,—uninterruption of whose happiness has ever been held sacred by all men who have justly laid claim to the envied accomplishments of genuine politeness.”\*

As the rumours of war began to buzz about the frontiers of Scotland, it became a duty on the part of the Government to see that the frontier towns of England were placed in a proper posture of defence ; and, in consequence of the Pretender's rebellion in 1715, measures were taken to garrison the different towns on the border. Berwick, that had always held the foremost place in warfare, became now the subject of the Government's consideration, and in accordance with this view, it was determined that a proper garrison should always be kept in the town, and for that purpose, soldiers were ordered to the burgh. But when they arrived, a new consideration became necessary—where were they to lodge ? The old Castle, once the abode of many a brave soldier, was now in ruins, a little care and repairing would have preserved this fine old fortress from its ill-merited decay ; and to provide for the quarters of the future garrisons, it was

\* So writes the Doctor ; but in the present age, we are afraid there is a good deal of that “Monarch of all I survey” feeling in Berwick, with one or two exceptions. It is not on the score of wealth or of birth this selfishness can exist, but must be merely attributed to the secluded intercourse they enjoy, and to that disinclination to unbend in sociality before strangers, which make the inhabitants of the United Kingdom so conspicuous on the Continent, where the free and easy manners of the French and Italians render our gloom and constitutional haughtiness more remarkable.

determined to erect a suitable barracks for them. A proper space of ground was marked out, on the east side of the town, near to the walls, and almost facing the church; to furnish materials for this barracks, the old Castle was again put under contribution, and pillaged of its stone. Once more did its ancient walls groan as the ruthless pickaxe of the labourer laid bare its sacred towers, and the hands of these modern Goths bore off the blocks of stone, to be again built up as the abode of warriors, where the scarlet coat and bright musquet usurped the steel armour and long spear of the knights and men-at-arms. Again, as they bore away the most valuable of the stones, did they heap up loads of earth over the ruins, as if to cover the robbery future ages might be ashamed of; the walls that had so often held out against the might of England and Scotland fell now before the power of a few labourers.

The barracks were built in 1719. And thus from a decayed castle they furnished forth a new barracks. The buildings are very strong, and two storeys high. They compose a square of 217 by 121 feet inside, exclusive of which they have two backyards, for ashes, &c., with a reservoir in each. There are 24 rooms for officers; and the building is calculated to contain 576 men. There is an ordnance store which forms the south side of the square. The north side consists of a guard-house, blackhole, and heavy gateway, on the outside of which is carved in deep and massive style the lion arms of England. In the middle of the square there is a fountain; every convenience for cooking, drilling, &c., are to be found in the barracks. And thus, in a modern dress, the old stones are built up.

Where the Governor's House stood in ancient days

- there is no possibility of ascertaining. The building where so many governors of the town dwelt, where so many treaties for surrenders and defiances have been drawn up, should have been preserved, and escaped the doom of less worthy mansions. But it appears there was no record left of it ; for as they built a barracks for the soldiers, it was determined the governor should likewise have an establishment : and, therefore, on the north-east side of the square denominated the Palace, they built the house and offices. "It is a high square building, fronting the sea, and commands a beautiful and extensive view of the Bay of Berwick, Holy Island, Bamborough Castle, and a long line of coast that fades into distance. A large garden, enriched with trees and flowers, lies behind it, and a rookery adjoins it."

So wrote Fuller in 1799. But, woe is me ! the hand of the nineteenth century spares not the work of our fathers, but desecrates it for its own familiar and domestic uses ! The Governor's House is now occupied as a boarding-school, and young ladies learn the rudiments of reading, spelling, and sewing, where the strict old Martinet taught the young cornets the arithmetic of war. The rich old garden and trees are vanished ; a timber yard on one side, and a brewery on the other, intrude upon its fair domains. The rooks have fled from their airy solitudes ; and here and there a few wretched and mutilated trees struggle to put forth a few spring leaves, in the face of this desolation, all that are left of the grove, amid whose once pleasant avenue a roper now pursues his hempen trade. The constant whirl of the wheel, and the monotonous pace of the workmen, destroy all pictures of the past. One regiment of foot, and three companies of veterans, were the first inhabitants

of the barracks. By order of Government, the garrison of Berwick consisted of a Governor, a Lieutenant-Governor, a Town-Major, a Town-Adjutant, a Surgeon, and a few invalid gunners, with two companies of veterans. From what has been said so much about the ramparts and walls, it is but in justice to those ancient defences to utter a word in explanation. The reader, if he has followed us patiently through our History, will already know the condition of the walls. They underwent great repairs in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; and in the reign of Queen Mary, were almost completely rebuilt in many places, particularly the Quay walls and gates, together with a saluting battery. In the year 1782, some repairs were made from time to time until 1786. The following account will describe the fortifications :—

“Meg’s Mount demi-Bastion, with a double flank on the right (south-west corner of the wall, looking on the Tweed).

“Cumberland Bastion, with upper and retired works to scour the ditch.

“Brass Mount Bastion, under the cavalier, are two casemented powder-magazines, covered by the retired flanks on right and left (north-east corner).

“Windmill Mount, with double flanks, a powder-magazine between the Windmill Mount and King’s Bastion.

“King’s Demi-Bastion, without a cavalier, has a flag-staff and retired flank on the left.

“Fishers’ Fort, or Six-gun Battery, near the Governor’s House ; Bramham’s, or Four-gun Battery. (The two last batteries capable of opening a heavy fire on the bar and entrance to the harbour.)

“Coxon’s Tower, near it on the right, for holding

powder, ammunition, &c. Saluting Battery, on which are mounted twenty-two four-pounders, near the Governor's house.

"The Master Gunner's Magazine is in Palace Green, formerly a reservoir of water.

"The walls and batteries mount fifty-four pieces of ordnance."\*

When England was at war with Napoleon, Berwick by no means stood looking on a lukewarm spectator. The Corporation voted £1000 towards carrying on the war; the borough furnished forth two companies of volunteers; and the towns in Berwickshire enrolled various companies of Fencibles and Militia-men, who were regularly drilled and exercised at the guns, in case Napoleon should land (as was reported he intended to do) his army in England. Every man was on the *qui vive*, in case of alarm; and when it was given, it truly showed how alert and ready the British hearty cocks were to defend their homes, &c.

In the memorable year 1804, on the 1st of February, the sentinel who watched on the lonely height of Hali-don Hill, fancied he saw a blush far brighter than that of morning tinge the western sky: he looked again, and lo! the watch-fire of Dunse Law, the beacon in case of alarm, was throwing up into the dark morning sky its volume of fire, startling the fox and prowling wild cat on the mosses of Lammermoor! It was no mistake; for Cheviot, alarmed by the portentous signal, was also growing into a round of fire, and travelling northward with lightning speed. North Berwick Law took up the

\* This is the wall and batteries in Fuller's time; the wall, &c., is just the same in the present day. The cannon, &c., were taken from the walls after the general peace, and are now in Edinburgh Castle. The ramparts constitute the principal walk in or near Berwick, and are much resorted to in summer.

tale of fear, and struck terror into the heart of the Lothians and Merse. The sentinel on Halidon, convinced the French had landed, no longer hesitated ; but thrusting his torch into the prepared firewood, the flames instantly leaped into the air like a giant released from imprisonment ;—and far over the dark and shadowy waters of Berwick bay, he saw the Castle of Bamborough give the fiery alarm coastward. The garrison of Berwick saw the portentous blaze ; and turning out on the Parade, the drums beat the well-known hurried call to arms. The inhabitants, awakened by the throat of war, rushed hurriedly to the streets. The Berwick Volunteers were mustering under arms ; for the report had spread that the French had landed on the west coast.

Hall's Volunteers came mustering on the Parade, mixed with the veteran soldiers of the last century ; the Loyal Masonic Volunteers, enrolled from the different masonic lodges of the town, came "fastly forming in the ranks of war ;" the Sea Fencibles came pouring in from along the coast, to the number of a hundred, loaded with ball cartridge, and armed with boarding pikes and caps. The artillerymen were busily employed in running out and loading the guns of the ramparts, and now came thundering down the streets the tread of many horses, as the Yeomanry Cavalry of Berwickshire came pouring in under the command of Colonel Buchan, of Kelso,—all gentlemen riders, with high bred horses under them ;—riding at a sharp trot over the Bridge, with their accoutrements ringing and clashing with their speed, came the Haggerstone troop, commanded by its colonel, Sir Carnaby Haggerstone. The Eyemouth Militia dashed hurriedly along at double quick time, whispering the dreaded news. Still more come trot-



ting smartly up as the day dawned : the Chirnside Volunteers, the Hutton Trainbands, the soldiers of Ladykirk, and the tenantry of Ford and Tilmouth Castle, headed by their respective landlords, on they come, pouring, thrusting, and marching, every man ready for action, and animated with the feelings of a Spartan hero. The day declined, and the hardy volunteers bivouacked as best they might in the town, waiting for the appearance of the French, "while some, like sacrifices by their fires of watch, sit, and inly ruminate to-morrow's danger." But with the morning arrived a mounted messenger, explaining to the jolly volunteers the mistake occasioned by the false alarm. Then was every face radiant with joy : the Fencibles started up with an oath, to testify their pleasure ; some few indulged in an extra flourish with their broadswords, as if they were sorry so much good valour should be lost. The inhabitants, overjoyed to be released from the horrors of a battle and siege, threw open their doors and their pockets ; and the brave fellows who so quickly came forward to protect their country at the first summons, were honourably entertained with the burgesses' best. Now that war smoothed his wrinkled front, and peace and jollity went laughing round, the Volunteers entertained the good people of Berwick with a mimic representation of war. Drawn up on the Magdalen Fields in two separate bodies, they went through all the manœuvres of a battle : the attack ; the deploying ; the defence ; and now the charge :—and where the Scots and English fought, in bloody earnest, hand to hand, the loyal crew of Fencibles and Volunteers amused the burgesses with a mock encounter of a battle. Now their bayonets glitter in the sun ; now the muskets pour forth a rattling fire from right to left ; now there

is smoke, and appearing and disappearing in it are hats, musquets, and swords in confusion ;—and the inhabitants of Berwick looked placidly and pleased upon the bloodless war.

That was the “land service ;” for the sea, the Fencibles contributed their quota, to please the hydra-headed multitude. From the eastern batteries, bristling with cannon, rounds of ball cartridge are fired from the Walls at a target placed on a pole on a ridge of rocks running out to sea, at the entrance of the river. The cannoneers ram home the ball, and running out the cannon, retire ; the gunner approaches with his linstock ; taking a cool and deliberate aim, he raises the piece to suit his sight ; he stoops, and applies the match to the touch-hole ; there is a flash of quick, bright fire ; he leaps aside ; and with a loud report, that sends the cannon backwards six feet, the iron messenger rushes out with terrible force. It has struck the water some twenty yards before it reached the target ; and with one terrible bound, flies over it, and sinks in the surge of the bar. Other balls go skipping and rebounding over the green waves on either side of the target. And now there is a mighty shout from the spectators on the walls ;—the last ball has carried away the pole from the target, which is floating seaward with the tide.

The Yeomanry departed to their several homes ; the Fencibles withdrew along the coast to their houses ; the Militia-men marched out in good order ;—and thus finished the mustering of the Berwickshire Fencibles on the occasion of the “False Alarm.”\*

\* The military character of the place may be imagined from the signs of the public-houses. On looking over Goode's Directory there occur the following :—The Scotch Grey, Ravelled Anchor, Jolly Sailor, Admiral Nelson, Volunteer, Gibraltar Rock, another Admiral Nelson, Cannon, King George, Mar-

The two barriers that stood on the Bridge were removed at the general peace ; and in 1825, the English gate (as seen in the old view of Berwick), the entrance to the ancient borough from the south, coeval with the Bridge itself, was swept away at "one fell swoop."

The general peace throughout Europe was a death-blow to several ancient buildings in Berwick. The main-guard (placed 100 yards from the Scotchgate, where Fuller asserts "it should have stood") was pulled down in 1815-16. It was merely, as its name implies, a guard-house for the men on duty at the Scotchgate. The gates of the town were disused, the drawbridges destroyed, and the fosse filled up. There seems to have been a regular crusade commenced against the old buildings (noting which it is a thousand pities the Townhall was not, at the same time, removed) ; perhaps the demolition of buildings was in some measure the result of Fuller's oratory, for certainly he inveighs against the prevailing abuses most loudly, as the following extract will prove.\*

quis of Granby, Admiral St. Vincent, Duke of York, Highlandman, Scotch Arms, Sailor and Jack, General Abercrombie, Gunner, Prince of Wales' Head. Out of a population of 8,600, there were sixty-six public-houses, and twelve brewers, porter, wine, and spirit merchants in 1806. (Truly this was a ha'porth of bread to this gallon of sack.) The sum spent annually on malt and spirituous liquors was upwards of £30,000." The peaceable nature of the inhabitants, and the decay of their warlike propensities, may be judged from the fact that, saving the Highlandman public-house, all the rest have changed their signs for less military terms.

\* Connected with the removal of the main-guard is a humorous anecdote : —"A Mr. Graham went round for subscriptions from the inhabitants for the purpose of removing this eye-sore of a main-guard. Among others who gave liberally was a certain Boniface, whose house, the Black Bull, was situated immediately behind the main-guard, and who imagined the building kept many persons from visiting his sanctum. The building was removed, and then Boniface found it had been his protection, as in consequence of its now exposed situation very few came. He is said, in the bitterness of his heart, to have exclaimed, "He would have given fifty times the value of his subscription to have the old building back again." The main-guard now stands in the Palace, and is called the Sailor's Barracks.

"The ancient practice of shutting the gates in garrison towns during the night, to the great annoyance, not only of the inhabitants within the gates, but also to those in the suburbs, still prevails here (1799). Physicians, surgeons, and midwives, are exempted, as well as those who come from them, but neither carriages, post-chaises, horses, or carts are allowed to pass through them while shut." \* \* \* \* The Doctor most bitterly complains that, "if a person on his first coming up to the gate, quarrels with the guard, the greatest importunities afterwards for admission will not be of any avail." And that, "even medical gentlemen returning from the country, and though exhausted with fatigue and want of sleep, are sometimes detained there." Vain are the solicitations of the unfortunate son of Galen (the worthy historian of Berwick was a professor of the *Materia Medica*) ; the sentry declares, "the person is using a fictitious name, and will not even open the wicket to inform himself whether it is so or not, either by looking at his passport or his person!" Audacious varlet! All our wonder is, that the worthy Doctor did not publish this Vandal's name, and so hold him up to the scorn of the posterity of Berwick. The Doctor also complains of the guard being intoxicated!! (where were the officers?) and, when in a rage they open the gate, "they let go the great wooden bar of the doors, the consequence of which may be the death of the rider or the horse." Unparalleled villains! Here follows a doleful story of the sentinels refusing admission to a couple of young women, who came from Castlegate for the worthy Doctor, who was sent for on an urgent case of child labour. The consequences proceeding from the refusal of these hard-hearted villains were "a stout male child had suffered death for

want of skilful assistance, and the poor mother of it had a near escape with her life." We must remember that the Doctor speaks with the ire of a professional gentleman. These are not all the evils ; he enumerates the dangers of farm servants and waggoners being detained all night by these surly Cerberuses. "From the end of the drawbridge at the Scotchgate two walls project a considerable way, the distance between them is the same as the breadth of the drawbridge ; this, with the gateway, forms a very narrow passage of 200 feet in length." The delay arising from horses, coaches, carts, and foot passengers being mixed in confusion while passing through this narrow thoroughfare was very great. He therefore advises "the two gates to be kept open, and the two walls pulled down, and the road widened." He strongly recommends a petition be sent to that effect to Government ; and indulges in a furious tirade against the carters (who were then famed as they are now) for their furious driving. Whether Government listened to the worthy Doctor's malediction we know not ; but the gates *were* afterwards kept open, to the joy of the medical gentleman, the cannon were removed from the walls, the soldiers from the barracks ; and from being so lately a garrison town, Berwick became a quiet provincial borough, with nothing remaining to indicate the daring spirit and freshness of its former days.

## CHAPTER XV.

SALMON—ITS HISTORY—ITS IMPORTANCE AS AN ARTICLE OF COMMERCE—THE ANCIENT METHOD OF PRESERVING SALMON—BOATS EMPLOYED IN FISHING—SALMON PRESERVED IN ICE—ICE HOUSES—CAPTURE OF SALMON IN THE TWEED—THE METHOD—SALE OF SALMON—STATISTICS—SALMON FEAST AT TWEEDMOUTH—DESCRIPTION OF A "KETTLE" UP THE RIVER—TOWN WAITS—BAY OF BERWICK—WHITE FISHING—HERRINGS—MODE OF CAPTURE—SEA-COAST—CAVES—SMUGGLING—SHIPWRECKS—TRADE OF BERWICK—BERWICK SMACKS—SHIPPING—NON-FREEMEN ALLOWED TO SELL IN BERWICK—CORN—TABLE OF THE QUANTITIES SHIPPED—EXPORT OF EGGS—MANUFACTORIES OF BERWICK—ANCIENT PIER IN ELIZABETH'S TIME—BUILDING OF THE PRESENT PIER—FOUNDATION OF ROADS, &c.—MAGDALEN FIELDS—COW GRASS.

It cannot be precisely ascertained *when* salmon were first sent to London. Previous to that period they were sent from the Tweed to Newcastle by land. They were cured there, and sent to London, where they obtained the name of Newcastle salmon.

This excellent fish has, from time immemorial, been the staple commodity of Berwick, its boast, and principal article of merchandise. For many centuries have the fisheries in the Tweed been renowned for their salmon. In England and Scotland, fishings in the sea and navigable rivers belonged to the Crown. Early documents show that numerous grants were made by the Crown to monasteries and friaries of royal fishings, on the Berwick side of the river. Until about the year 1790, the salmon sent from Berwick were either salted

and dried, or boiled and pickled with vinegar. There have been 40,000 kits of salmon sent from this town in the course of a season. "The vessels employed to carry salmon to London generally took several weeks in performing the voyage. This induced one Marshall to make a trial of carrying salmon to London on horseback, who first made the attempt with six horses, loaded with salmon fresh out of the water. They reached London, and sold their fish to such an advantage, that after paying all expenses, they cleared £20 more than they would have done in Berwick."\*

From 75 to 80 boats were constantly employed during the fishing season, between the 10th of January and 10th of October. There was also a vast number of trouts sent alive to London, in wells or tanks in the ships' hold. The practice of sending the fish boiled to London, &c., has long been discontinued. The whole of the salmon are now sent packed in ice, which preserves the fish fresh for a long time.†

Several ice-houses have been built (principally in the Bank Hill and Ravensdowne); the quantity of ice laid in is surprising. One winter it amounted to 7600 cart-loads; and when the ponds and rivers in the neighbourhood of Berwick have failed to yield sufficient, the companies sent over to Norway for ship-loads of this valuable commodity. But steam, with its giant stride, has almost made the packing in ice unnecessary. Since the opening of the line of railway between Berwick and London,

\* Fuller.

† How this came to be first adopted in Berwick was as follows:—Mr. Dempster, M.P., calling on a large salmon merchant at Perth, mentioned to him that it was a practice on the Continent to pack salmon in ice, as it had been found to preserve them fresh, and they could be sent many hundreds of miles without spoiling. The merchant adopted the plan, and from its answering, the Berwick merchants followed his example.

salmon can now be sent to the metropolis in 16 or 20 hours. What a contrast to the speculation of "one Marshall" and his taking salmon to London on horseback !

The sale of salmon used to be confined to the salmon coopers (of whom there were 36 in the time of Fuller), who contracted for the fisheries ; none were brought into market. The sale at present is on the same principle, the company secure the best fish, but any person can buy a salmon at market price. There are four different modes of taking salmon usually employed, viz., the sweep, the stell, the bob, and the hanging net.

"The capture of salmon in the Tweed," says Mr. Pennant, "about the month of July is prodigious. In a good fishery a boat-load, and sometimes two, are taken in a tide. Some few years ago, there were above 700 fish taken in one haul. But from 50 to 60 is very frequent."

The fish have decreased considerably in quantity lately to such a degree that the last two or three years have almost been a failure.\*

The mode of fishing may be thus described. We will suppose the fishing water to be near the Plantation. It is daybreak, and a mild May morning, with light fleecy clouds sailing gently out to sea ; and the warm sun glittering in a thousand broken fragments on the ripple of the waters. The state of the tide is nearly ebb, and from a small hut built on the margin of the stream (one belonging to every fishing station above Bridge) a

\* The men begin fishing on the 15th of February (formerly it was 10th of January). From the 10th of October until the period of commencing, was denominated close-time ; and any person fishing or angling for salmon, a hundred years ago, was punished with being sent for a soldier, or pressed aboard a man-of-war. The penalty at the present day is £10. But the bailiffs occasionally pounce upon anglers (who are forbid to catch smoults, grilse, &c., until May). The penalty is seldom exacted.



large cloud of blue vapoury smoke is curling over the surrounding trees. Within the hut are three or four truckle-beds on which the fishermen are reposing ; some of them are cooking their breakfast, and the rest engaged in various avocations. One of their number, the tacksman or foreman, is perched on a kind of scaffold-ladder erected near the run of the stream, watching for a shoal of salmon ascending the river. He gives the word, and six athletic and tall fishermen come from the hut, and after having arranged the net (which is a sweep net), well laden with heavy stones to keep its edge down, and the upper part garnished with a corresponding number of large pieces of cork, they pile it systematically on the stern of the salmon coble, which is backed in to the shore for that purpose. The signal is given, and two men pull from shore, the short and heavy oars rolling in quick and vigorous strokes in the rullocks ; as they pull more into the river, the men slip off the end of the net, and it slowly falls away as the boat leaves the shore. The weight now on the stern of the boat, occasioned by the dragging of the net, causes the strong fishermen to labour heavily at the oar. They now take as large a circle as the length of the net will admit, and bring the end of it ashore, considerably below where they first shot it. So far, so well. The net is shot, and there it hangs in a half circle in the river, the line of dotted corks on the river pointing out its situation. A few minutes they wait after the coble has been pulled to shore, which being flat in the bottom, skims over the waters like a canoe, and then the brawny fishers, hauling in the line, plunge into the water mid-leg deep (protected by heavy leathern boots), and the whole party walking up the shore gradually drag the net on land, and the circle be-

gins to narrow fearfully. As yet there are no indications of any salmon being caught ; the water rushes on through the meshes of the net undisturbed, and there is not the slightest appearance of a fin ; another haul (and where the net is long, and the sweep wide, a capstan or windlass is brought into requisition), and, shooting up to the surface of the water, as if meditating a leap over the formidable corks, a magnificent salmon appears in sight, he plunges about madly as the water shoals (and the end of the net contracts into a sort of bag) ; and now there is a splashing and commotion in the water, as many glancing fins dart and shoot about in every variety of direction. Another strain on the leading line, and the men bend their bodies to it, one tug, and the net rests on the shore, and through the treacherous meshes are seen the monarchs of the Tweed, the glorious salmon, the silver grilse, and many a tawny and yellow-finned trout lies gasping and flapping their swallow tails on the hard sand of the shore. A fisherman stands on the right of the net, and hands out the glittering spoil to the men, who forthwith deposit them in a tank formed in the square stern of the coble. There yet remains a fine salmon, a noble fellow of fifty pounds weight ; the fisherman with a billet of wood or a tholepin, strikes him heavily on the back of the neck, one shudder as the scales emulate almost the colours of a dying dolphin, and the lifeless monarch is thrown carelessly amongst his still living subjects. Several of these sweeps take place one after another until the return of the flood tide forces the fishermen to desist ; the fish are then rowed down to the Quay, counted into a hand-barrow, weighed, and carried into the Company's Fish House, thence to be sent to London. And all this takes

place on the broad and majestic bosom of the Tweed—the barrier stream of Scotland and England. From the Pier-end to Norham, the fishing stations occur almost every mile and less; the town of Berwick appears in the distance, the ruins of the Castle, perched on their moated hill, look golden in the beams of the summer's sun, and as the May-flies begin to dance on the waters, innumerable anglers, which the "good town" sends forth, ascend the stream thrashing and splashing the water for miles up, some fishing as far as Norham, and others following the more humble stream of its tributary the Whitadder. The scenery of the Tweed is peculiarly bold and romantic; from its source near Moffat down to the sea, it flows through counties rich in traditional legend and border song. In the course of six or seven miles from its source twenty rivulets swell its tiny waters. After passing through Tweeddale, it wanders through Selkirkshire and a part of Roxburghshire, with many a grey turret and mouldering ruin reflected in its dimpled stream, receiving in its progress like a proud conqueror many smaller rivers: the Ettrick, the Gala, the Teviot, and Leader. Soon after leaving Kelso it falls into Berwickshire, and in its course through that county the Eden and Till empty themselves into it. The Tweed, which has now gained a volume of water, enters the liberties of Berwick at Gainslaw, and about a mile below is joined by the Whitadder; this is the last of its feeders. The Tweed becomes more grave and dignified in its course, and losing its brawling, rushing, and noisy character, glides along peaceful and quiet with all the solemnity of majestic silence; it rolls on its mighty waters, till they are lost in the unfathomable deep. Since the introduction of ice in preserving salmon, the price has considerably

risen, and should the future fishing seasons decline as much as they have done for the last two or three years, the salmon will become all but extinct in the river and bay of Berwick.\*

The salmon fisheries have fallen off four-fifths within the last 30 years.

In 1799 the annual rental for the fisheries, of which there are 22 below the Bridge, was £10,000

In 1806	...	...	...	...	...	9,759
" 1817	...	...	...	...	...	30,000
" 1825	...	...	...	...	...	40,000
" 1833	...	...	...	...	...	4,000

And the tenants are understood to be losers every day. The greatest quantity shipped within the last 50 years was 13,189 boxes, each weighing on an average 9 stone ; the smallest number was 3328 boxes. For many years past the number has been from 3000 to 4000 only. It is perhaps difficult to account for so great a falling-off in the produce ; one of the causes, if not the principal one, may be said to be the great destruction of fish during the season, and of the young fry in the higher parts of the river and its tributary streams.†

There is also a saturnalia or feast given in honour of the salmon in Tweedmouth, in the month of July,—a day dedicated to pleasure.

\* A century ago salmon sold from 31s. to 33s. per stone ; fifty years before that it was as low as 6d. or 7d. per stone ; as we now write salmon is 2s. per lb., and even in the height of the season never lower than 9d. or 10d.

† A police is employed for the protection of the river under the authority of the Tweed Fishery Act, passed May 29, 1830, and a tax of two shillings per pound, upon the rental of the fisheries, is levied for its maintenance. This fund, however, is now so small, from the depreciation in the value of the waters, that the force kept up is insufficient to prevent poaching and theft. The steam-boats were judged to be the cause by the old fishermen, but now they are withdrawn, and only a solitary one occasionally disturbs the waters, it will be seen whether the salmon increase or not.

In the warm and sunny month of July, when the sun shines brightly on the placid river Tweed, that rolls its limpid current to the sea, a party of ladies and gentlemen meet together for the purpose of having a "kettle of salmon" (a kind of pic-nic party). The boats are engaged, or the miniature steamer that ferries over passengers from Spittal to Berwick is brought into requisition; a joyous party meet on board of her, and at flood tide, to the gay sound of music (engaged for the occasion) the vessel floats swiftly up the old river the Tweed, the border stream of former days, and the Rubicon of many a daring English and Scottish knight. Onward ploughs the steamer merrily to the strains of the musicians; and the eye, delighted, roves over the battlements and ramparts of the "gude town,"—where the sword and lance of the knights, together with the robe of the monk has often swept, where the trooper's song, and the tones of holy prayer have echoed from, and many a mailed warrior and wimpled nun has looked on the fair landscape of the Tweed from the heights of Berwick.

On ploughs the steamer, passing now the ruined Water Tower of the Castle, where, in ancient times, a strong chain passed to the opposite shore, and prevented the enemy's boats proceeding up the river. The town fades in the distance; and sweeping round by fatal "Hang-a-dyke Nook," there is nothing to be seen of Berwick but the tall, raking steeple of the Townhall. On, still onward, by the Roman encampment at Middle Ord; past the various fishing stations on each side of the river; and now the Whitadder disgorges its stream into the Tweed, and is seen no more. The King's Cove is passed (a large cavern, jutting from the cliffs that arise on the left-hand side of the river), and soon

the merry party land on a level strip of meadow land, called South Bells Haugh, opposite to Gainslaw House. A rude tent is erected, backed by an umbrageous fence of trees, and in front flows the river Tweed. A party of fishermen are busily employed in catching a "kettle of salmon," and soon the monarchs of the Tweed lie gasping on the greensward in the agonies of death. A large cauldron, suspended over a sea-coal fire, is filled with water, which is now bubbling and hissing at boiling point. The fish are taken to the stream, gutted, and crimped with extraordinary despatch, and plunged into the capacious cauldron. Ten minutes suffice to boil the fish ; and the rich, red, and beautiful salmon, with a curd on them like masses of snow, are lying on the tables, ere their hearts taken from them have ceased to beat. Arranged on seats, the party now feast gloriously ; and few things can compare to the beauty and hilarity of the scene :—the sun overhead, the stream gliding by, the green, fresh leaves trembling in the summer wind, and the song of the wild birds coming in gushes from the woods. Healths are drank, and the glass goes circling round. The seats are then taken away ; and on the smooth and level green, the party foot it merrily, to the sounds emitted by the last of the Town Waits (Paul Wallace). Many are the dances and Scotch reels gone through, ere the shades of evening warn the merry revellers to seek the "gude toun" again. The company re-embark once more on the Tweed, or detached parties find their way home along by the banks of the river : and thus as the moon rises over the bay, the party enter the streets of the ancient borough. These kettles generally take place once or twice a-year. There are several kettles given

to the fishermen by the renters of the fisheries ; and the townsmen are generally invited, when the fish being eaten, games at cards, quoits, bowling, leaping, wrestling, and dancing wind up the sports of the day, until the mists come thick and heavy from the water, and the "kettle" terminates.

There were anciently four men, called "Town Waits," belonging to the borough, whose business was to walk before the Mayor, Recorder, and Justices, playing on their violins to and from the Church on Christmas-day, the day of an election of a Mayor, and on the 5th of November. They attended public dinners, and wore a kind of uniform, large blue cloaks, faced with gold lace, and large cocked hats ; six weeks before Christmas, they generally serenaded the sleeping inhabitants. Their salary was £8 per annum ; but, like most ancient customs, it has been suffered to decay. The uncle of the present Orpheus of the borough (Paul Wallace) was the last of the Waits, and with him expired the salary. Occasionally before Christmas the shivering notes of the musicians are heard keeping up the ancient practice, for which the more liberal of the inhabitants make them a present at the New Year.

That small portion of the Tweed which bounds the liberties of Berwick affords the principal supply of salmon, for which Berwick has so long been famed. Gilse, or grilse (salmon of the first year), salmon trout, bull trout, whittings, and silver white and black tails also abound ; but, with the exception of the first, are comparatively little esteemed, and of inconsiderable value. Sturgeon occasionally enter the river to spawn ; and we may remark that young cod and whittings are taken with bait in the river, below the Bridge, beyond which

they do not seem to penetrate. The fry of the cod fish proceed considerably further up, and seem fearless of meeting with fresh water.

The glorious bay of Berwick, stretching almost from St. Abb's Head to Bamborough, and chequered with the islands of the Fern, Lindisferne, and the Bass,—that splendid sheet of water, the field from which the hardy fisherman draws his living, abounds in fish of the finest quality. Cod, haddock, whiting, ling, halibut, skate, and two or three species of flat-fish or flounders are commonly brought to market. In Fuller's time fish must have been very cheap; for the worthy doctor boasts that he "this morning bought a large cod, just hauled out of the sea, and weighing 20 lbs., for 10d."; and Johnson affirms, "a salmon was caught in 1817, which measured 4 feet 4 inches in length, the girth of which was 2 feet 14 inches, and its weight 60 lbs. 11 oz. avoirdupois." Truly there were giants in those days.

Before the opening of the railway, they sold at a moderate price; but now, in consequence of the facilities offered for safe and rapid travelling, the most of them, with crabs, lobsters, &c., are packed off to dealers, who supply the Newcastle, Leeds, and Liverpool markets. There are no shell-fish, properly called, at Berwick. Cockles and muscles are brought from Beadnell Bay, but oysters are very scarce, and shrimps almost never seen.\*

\* We saw the other day, a trader from Carlisle, waiting the landing of the fishing cobles in the Magdalen Haven; he bought up every crab in the boats; he had sixty or seventy hampers lying upon the ground, and packed the crabs in them as fast as they were landed, which he sent off per railway. Fish, &c., are served in a similar way, hence the present scarcity of those articles. The public may not be aware that there is a standing order of Guild to the effect "*The public shall not be forestalled by any buyer, and that fish, vegetables, meat, &c., shall be brought to the market, and there exposed for sale.*"



The sea is the harvest-field of the fisherman. In winter he catches cod and turbot ; in spring, haddocks and ling ; and in summer he rigs out his large herring-boat, and sometimes makes as much money in one cast of his net as suffices to keep him all the winter ; but as the herring is a very capricious fish, and sometimes rarely visits the same shore twice, the herring fishing is a precarious employment. When the herring drave is known to be upon the coast, the herring-boats are manned, and proceed to sea. A pretty sight it is, on a July evening, when the sea is like a sheet of molten glass, not a breath of air stirring, the sky one blaze of saffron colour and gold, fused into blood-red streaks and scars, with the modest moon peering over the eastern wave, to see the herring-boats, to the number of a hundred, standing out to sea to cast their nets. The ground being gained, the nets are shot,—some of them reaching a mile ; and as they float with the tide, they often run aground, get entangled among rocks, which destroy them. The men watch and sleep alternately, and then haul in the precious spoil. Sometimes the take is so great the quantity of fish destroy the net. They are speedily rowed to shore, and transferred to the pickling tubs and herring-houses at Spittal. Berwick once abounded in them, but the trade seems to have forsaken the ancient town, and flitted over to Tweedmouth and Spittal. Every housewife and householder “lays down” a barrel of herrings in pickle for the winter, the “tail of a saut herring” being reckoned “no that bad” as a morning relish. The fishing season is a jubilee with all young fellows, labourers, gardeners, carpenters, sailors, &c.,—all volunteer for the herring-fishing. Every handicraft is almost neglected, and all

rush to the sea, intent on the capture of the glittering spoil, whose course at night may be traced far, far at sea by the phosphoric flashes and gleams of faint light that attend them in their gambols. The fishers either have a share in the fish, or a certain sum of money and fish. The herring is a very delicate fish, and expires the moment it is taken from the water. The mode of capture is very simple: the net floats perpendicularly in the water, and the shoals of herrings rush against it, and are caught by the gills in the meshes, whence arises the saying, "Let every herring hang by its own head."

The sea-coast to the north is rocky and bold. In summer troops of adventurous bathers fill the capacious haven by the Magdalen Fields.\* The waves have worn in the soft red sandstone recesses or coves, which the country people have dignified with various names. There is the Singing Cove, a large cave so called from a peculiar noise heard therein,—the wash of subterranean waves; we have also the Burgesses' Cove, the Smugglers' Cove, and various others, all jutting and receding from the sea in a variety of picturesque situations, calling up images of Ariel, Caliban, sea-nymphs, Glaucus and Oceanides, and many other fantastic thoughts. The Burgesses' Cove was said to communicate with the Castle of Berwick by means of a subterranean passage; it is since ascertained to have been fabulous, no such passage having ever existed.

In the February number of the *Berwick Museum*, we find the following notice: "Great quantities of prohibi-

\* The rocks belong to the coal formation. Those at the mouth of the River, and for nearly a mile northwards, are encrinal limestone, composed almost entirely of encrinites, or St. Cuthbert's beads, terebratulæ, and various species of products.

ted goods have, within these few days past, been run upon the Northumbrian coast, in the neighbourhood of Beadnell, Bambro', and Spittal. As there is great reason to believe the duties on spirits will soon be reduced, it is hoped this illicit practice will in a great measure be annihilated, as spirits now are the principal part of the lading of vessels employed in this trade upon the Yorkshire coast."

Spittal was at that time notorious for its smuggling, and many an old cruiser, laid up in comfort by his fire-side, owes his wealth to his midnight excursions with contraband goods. Several years ago, in consequence of the decay of old houses, &c., many discoveries were brought to light of secret holes and nooks made to stow away an entire cargo. In some instances, the ground underneath the kitchen floors was entirely removed. Spittal, in the old smuggling and buccaneering times, was a great place for landing contraband articles. On a dark night, at a given signal, the lugger stood in for the shore; her boats hoisted out, and her whole cargo landed on the point of Spittal; brawny men would dash into the surf, and in twenty minutes, not a keg or a bale would be seen. The Spittal fishermen were famous smugglers.

Lamberton, Mordington, and Paxton Tolls (lying on the March boundary) were notorious depots for smuggled goods, and many bladder-fulls of whisky have been carried by the stalwart fishwives from the tolls into Berwick town, to make the burgesses merry with stolen liquor. Various and amusing were the schemes to smuggle in the stuff; and great was the ingenuity and patience displayed by the king's officers to detect the multifarious methods of cheating the revenue. Now,

when the duty on the English side is so very little above the Scotch price, smuggling is in a great measure abolished. Now and then a revenue officer may seize upon a bottle of spirits, incautiously exposed by a railway Edinburghonian ; but such affairs are few and rare.

Many cases of shipwreck have occurred in Berwick bay. A vessel, called the "Northern Yacht," foundered in it some years ago. When the wind is in the east, the bar is very dangerous, and showers of snowy spray fly over the lighthouse top. Scarcely a winter passes, without the shore of Berwick bay being strewn with its average number of wrecks.

The following description of Berwick bay is written by a talented gentleman of the border. "Berwick bay, if it can be called a bay, is an extremely precarious and disagreeable anchorage ; we can speak from experience. It has the full benefit of the northerly and easterly blasts on the one hand, while on the other, it is exposed to every flood and freshet that may affect the river. In the month of June, 1844, we sailed in the Princess Royal cutter, from Leith roads, with a party of friends, to go to fish for cod on the Marr Bank, which lies some twenty miles off from the mouth of the Firth of Forth. After being a day or two there, we sailed for the coast of East Lothian, and anchored in a beautiful calm evening in that very ticklish anchorage off Dunbar, with the intention of running up the Firth in the morning. About midnight, it began to blow from the north and west, and the gale went on increasing towards morning, until it became a perfect hurricane. The anchorage ground is rocky, but having two anchors out, they held pretty well for a time, although the vessel pitched tremendously. A sloop-rigged coaster came in with her top-mast gone,

and otherwise damaged, but we had little leisure to look at her, for we soon began to find our anchors were coming home to us, and we were obliged to lose no time in getting them weighed, and hoisting our three-reefed mainsail, our storm-jib, and foresail. At it we went, hammer and tongs, as the sailors say, to try to beat into the Firth against the wind ; a single board or two soon convinced us such an attempt was vain, and making up our minds to run to the southward, we were soon going at a pace which we shall never forget. The objects on the East Lothian and Berwickshire coasts flew past us as if winged with lightning, while clouds of dust, rising from the fields then preparing for turnips, were whirled into the air, and were carried as far as we could see right across the German Ocean to the Continent of Europe. There was something animating in this, but we could not help thinking of what ports were a-head of us. We had a signal for a pilot flying, and were not two miles from shore ; no notice of it was taken at Eyemouth, but at Burnmouth, we could see with our glasses a boat was putting off ; and consequently we threw the vessel's head into the wind, and lay to for her. The boats on that coast are curiously constructed, being flat-bottomed aft, and sharp forwards. The sea that came off shore ran so very heavy, that the pilot could not trust the bows of the boat to meet it, for fear he should have been swamped,—to our surprise, therefore, he and his men came alongside, rowing the boat stern foremost. We were soon anchored in Berwick Bay, but we must own, we have not spent such a disagreeable night for a long time, as we did lying at double anchor there. As the gale continued next day, and might continue for a week, we and our friends came to the determination of

returning to Edinburgh by the coach,—the railway at that time being only in the course of construction. After an early breakfast, we got into the gig, with four stout hands to row us on shore, but in spite of all these men could do, we were carried out to sea very rapidly. The mate of the vessel was about to weigh and stand after us, to pick us up, when we managed to manœuvre so as to get within the influence of the lull produced at the back of the long pier ; and so we at last effected a landing, but not without considerable wetting.”\*

That Berwick still continued a port of great consequence during the last war, the number of smacks (as they were called) that were employed in the coasting trade sufficiently testify.

These smacks were built for sailing fast, they were well manned, and mostly new. Their good fortune at sea was proverbial ;—seldom did one of them get shipwrecked ; the sailors engaged in the coasting trade of the north being esteemed the best seamen of the day. These smacks, as they are called, carried in the time of the war six or eight carronades. They were frequently engaged with the enemy, and generally came off victorious. Their swift sailing, and strong build, were admirably calculated to voyage through the heavy seas between Berwick and London.

A century ago, all goods brought from London by the smacks for Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., were landed at Berwick, and forwarded to their respective destinations by land carriage. The trade of Berwick was then flourishing ; but the Edinburgh and Glasgow merchants, finding that by the expeditious navigation of smacks, they received their goods much sooner than by the method

\* *Scottish Rivers*, by Sir T. Dick Lauder.

above named, sent large quantities of goods to be shipped at Berwick for London ; and at the same time ordered most of their goods by the same mode of conveyance. This gave rise to a keen competition between the carriers, and was also the means of two companies establishing themselves for the purpose of conveying the goods landwise.

The great expense necessary for the carrying on this extensive business, with the reduced price of carriage, would not support the trade, and therefore the Edinburgh Company relinquished the enterprise.

Thus wrote Fuller at the end of the last century :—  
“ The coasting trade of this port has been increasing for the last twenty years, and is now of very considerable extent, the principal part of which results from its famous salmon fisheries of the River Tweed, and the surplus produce of the neighbouring country, since the great improvement and increase of cultivation. There is a very extensive and regular coasting trade now carried on between this port and London, and without contradiction, there is not such a regular and ready communication between any two places of equal distance in the whole kingdom ; or perhaps (adds the Doctor thrasonically) in the whole world !! This is principally owing to the particular construction of the vessels employed in this trade. There are now from thirteen to seventeen vessels, of from 70 to 120 tons burden, constantly employed between Berwick and London, each of which performs on an average fourteen voyages in the year.”

But, notwithstanding its situation, Berwick, from its having no manufactories of any consequence, its foreign commerce was never very considerable. “ The foreign trade of this port was checked from extending its com-

merce by the exclusive privileges and right to trade formerly claimed by the freemen, as burgesses of this town, which exclusive right was very strictly and tenaciously adhered to, when trade and commerce were establishing themselves by manufactories.\*

The fruit of this "dog in the manger" seed is now apparent. In the time of Fuller, adventurers were prevented from settling in the town, or establishing manufactories, by this "prescriptive right" of the burgesses, which has ever in some measure been detrimental to the trade of the place.†

In the year 1773, the Corporation brought an action in the Court of King's Bench, against James Johnstone, a non-freeman, for keeping an open shop, and selling linen and diaper goods by retail. The cause was tried at the Northumberland Assizes, the same year, and a verdict was given for Johnstone, subject to the opinion of the court.‡

In Michaelmas term following after the cause was argued, the Court gave judgment in favour of Johnstone, by which non-freemen are at liberty to follow their trades in that town, but are subject to the payment of higher tolls and duties at the Quay and Gates than freemen of the Corporation; which tolls the Corporation have immemorially had a right to.§

It is but fair to state, that the admissive right to trade,

\* *ee Fuller, p. 399.*

† It seems the burgesses were in some measure aware of this, for in 1753, an order of Guild was passed for the encouragement of trade and manufactures in Berwick, which was published in the papers of the day, offering to any person beginning any new branch of trade, the same privileges the burgesses then enjoyed.

‡ Page 251.

§ Fuller's Hist. p. 161. This is a strange contradiction to the Guild's order of 1753.



claimed by the freemen, has of late years been from time to time relaxed ; and, much to the credit of the borough, has given rise to a more liberal line of conduct. Fuller states, "There was formerly a considerable export trade to foreign countries from this port of salted fish and corn, but for several years past, the traffic has been declining." The following table will show the quantities of corn (quarters) exported during the last few years.

Years.	Wheat shipped.	Total Barley, Rye, Oats, &c.
1799	59,896	289,460
1806	78,887	275,887
1814	46,662	120,630
1815	43,938	144,234
1820	27,729	63,316
1825	32,976	94,778
1830	16,396	82,370
1840	19,730	86,368



Since that period it has fluctuated very little.\*

Until the last forty years, a very lucrative trade was carried on in the export of pork and eggs to London, the annual value of the latter article being at least £30,000, and of pork about £10,000. Since the peace this trade has wholly ceased, and the metropolis is now supplied by Ireland and the Continent. (The decay of this branch of the trade was of serious detriment to Berwick, the egglers, according to Fuller, "spending the money they received from that article in groceries," &c.) Berwick is now a bonded port. The existing trade of the town is principally confined to the exporting of corn and of coals to London, and various parts of Scotland, and to foreign countries, and latterly considerable quantities of

\* According to this statement, taken from the returns published in the years mentioned, the falling off in the export trade is considerable in regard to grain. In 1813 and 14, by reports from the Committees of the House of Lords, the shipment of grain from the port of Berwick was exceeded by very few ports in the kingdom.

ale, whisky, &c. Formerly Berwick fitted out vessels for the whale fishery, but the increasing scarcity of that fish, and loss of their vessels at sea, put an end to the trade.

Within these six years, Berwick had regular traders between that port and London, Kingston-upon-Hull, Leith, &c., but the opening of the North British Railway, in conjunction with the Northern Line, has completely crippled the coasting trade of Berwick. Two large and powerful steamers used to ply between Berwick and London, but for the last two years the returns have not paid the expenditure, and they have been withdrawn. A few merchants, five years ago, started a clipper company, and built several beautiful clippers to run between the ports, but steam, with its powerful rivalry, has broken up the concern, and the last of the clippers has gone on a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. A few vessels are all that remain belonging to the General Shipping Company and its rival in commerce, the Berwick Company. The facility with which goods, coals, &c., may be conveyed to London by the railway, has given the finishing blow to the Berwick shipping. In place of the many vessels that used to crowd her quays for merchandise, a few now only haunt her waters, looking like the ghosts of what once used to congregate there ; and when the new Railway Bridge shall be finished, the trains will run from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and never send a passenger to Berwick. Grass ere long will grow in her principal streets, and Berwick sink into decay, unless something be done to invigorate her commerce. There are no docks here, and with the single exception of an iron-foundry, there is not a manufacturing establishment that deserves the name within many miles of Berwick. A

Railway is forming between that port and Kelso, which may be of some advantage to its commerce ; and few towns possess more local advantages for manufactories. In the midst of a wool country, from which a large quantity is annually drawn to the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire ; possessing many excellent falls of water, with inexhaustible mines of coal in the neighbourhood ; a port from which produce of all kinds might be shipped and received with the greatest facility ; there is not a manufactory established within forty miles, by which any of these advantages are enjoyed by the capitalist, or by the people whom he might employ.\*

The mouth of the River Tweed was much obstructed by sand banks, for in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, some trial was made to remedy this defect, and ensure a greater depth of water, by erecting a rude pier on the rocks (some of the remains may yet be seen to the left of the present pier). Fuller, writing of the improvements of Berwick, states, "It would be evident, that were this pier (Elizabeth's pier, fallen to decay) rebuilt, it would both greatly widen and deepen the river, as also the harbour mouth. To make this practicable, it would be necessary to make a gap in the pier, in the same place where there is one at present, to allow vessels to pass into the Meadow Haven, or from the haven into the river." It having been said that it would hurt the fish-

\* By a notice in the *Gazette*, Berwick-upon-Tweed is appointed an English port, from and after the 1st of June, 1848. The port is now duly registered, and is restored to a portion of that importance it once held in the palmy days of old. The limits of the port commence at St. Abb's Head, being the southern extremity of the port of Leith, and continue along the coasts of the counties of Berwickshire, Durham, and Northumberland, to the south side of the Aln water, or creek of Alnmouth, being the northern extremity of the port of Shields, in the latter county, and includes the Fern Islands, and three of the lesser islands. The limits seaward extend three miles from low water mark out to sea.

ing, the question was argued *pro* and *con.*, until several accidents had occurred to vessels coming in ; to remedy this inconvenience, an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1808, and a stone pier built on the projecting rocks at the north entrance of the Tweed. It is nearly half a mile in length, and terminated by a lighthouse. Being built on shelving rocks, it is constantly needing repairs, and the expense of keeping it in order is very enormous.

The distance between the pier and town being nearly half a mile, until within these few years access to it was both difficult and disagreeable. The stagnation of trade in 1816, from war to peace, threw numbers of persons out of employment. To alleviate the pressure of want, and to encourage habits of industry among the labouring classes, the Mayor and Corporation of Berwick set on foot a subscription, and £300 was raised amongst the inhabitants.

Two roads from the town, one leading to the new pier, and the other down the steep banks near the Old Castle, along the side of the river, were begun and finished by 200 poor people employed in daily labour.\*

\* Johnston.

In 1845, the late Duke of Northumberland, who purchased the Magdalen Fields from the Earl of Lilburne, built a substantial wall from the Pier House to the granaries adjacent to the Pier. For the right of grazing on the Magdalen Fields, the burgesses pay an annual sum of money, termed "Cow Grass."

## CHAPTER XVI.

SPRINGS—WATER OF BERWICK—RESERVOIR IN CASTLEGATE—LETTING OF WATER  
 SPRINGS—POPULATION—NUMBER OF HOUSES, &c.—BURGESSES—FREEDOM OF  
 THE TOWN—THEIR PRIVILEGES—BOUNDARY OF THE LIBERTIES OF BERWICK—  
 ANNUAL VALUE OF THE CORPORATION FUND—MEADOWS AND STINTS—THE  
 CHARTER—GUILD—EXPENSES OF CORPORATION—SCHOOLS—EDUCATION—PASS-  
 ING OF THE MUNICIPAL CORPORATION REFORM ACT—CHARITIES—BEQUESTS—  
 DISPENSARY—SUBSCRIPTION READING-ROOM—POLICE—POOR HOUSE—ECCLESIA-  
 STICAL AFFAIRS OF BERWICK—ARRIVAL OF KING GEORGE IV. IN THE BAY ON  
 HIS PASSAGE TO SCOTLAND.

THAT Berwick may have suffered dreadfully in an-  
 cient days, both from hunger and fire, history furnishes  
 us awful evidences of, but that it ever experienced  
 the agonies of thirst is yet to be learnt. From the silence  
 of all historians on this point, it may be the town was  
 always well supplied with water. Jorvin, in his account  
 of Berwick (see p. 241), states that there were broad  
 areas, "with fountains in them;" these fountains may  
 have been the present "panta," for of any other there  
 is not the slightest notice. The Castle was provided with  
 a moat, and had a deep well in the interior. Springs  
 in the town of Berwick may have been more numerous  
 than they are at this day,—but one occurs in the borough.  
 Half-way down Hyde Hill, on the left hand, there gushes  
 from the pavement a little spring, to receive which some  
 considerate hand has formed a small basin in the stone

pavement. This spring is called the Cat-well ; its waters are in very little repute, and are allowed to escape into the gutter, as of no value. Whether this spring was honoured in other days with more attention, is a question not to be answered. Fuller says it is a mineral water, "and much resorted to by people with tender eyes, and has been found useful in scorbutic and stomachic complaints." Another spring below Meg's Mount, by the Tweed side, is of the same nature. These appear to have been the only sources from whence the inhabitants could draw a supply of water in time of a siege (if we except a well of questionable water, in the vicinity of Western Lane). To remedy this evil it was resolved in 1789, to build a reservoir for water, between the foot of Castlegate and Scotchgate, on the north side of the pavement, sixty feet in length and eight feet in depth, capable of holding 200 tons, which was accordingly begun. In digging the foundation, numerous quantities of bones were met with, evidently pointing out the spot as the grave-yard of the Church of St. Mary's, and the ancient burying-ground of the inhabitants of Berwick. Many a cart load,—“The bones of many a tall fellow and goodly woman” were thrown over the Windmill Bank. Undeterred by these evidences of mortality, the reservoir was finished, of hewn stone, covered with earth.

Over the door are inscribed the words,—

“Begun to be built in 1789, G. Forster, Esq., Mayor.

“Finished 1790, David Stow, Esq., Mayor.”

The present town is amply supplied with water, of not a very pure quality. It has two sources,—the one in the New Close by Letham Shank, the other in New Farm Moor, west by north. After being joined by se-

veral smaller springs, they meet at the south end of Cow Close, and run in a stone conduit for a quarter of a mile, when they enter wooden pipes, and discharge themselves into the reservoir at the foot of Castlegate.\*

At present Berwick can boast of a chalybeate spring, and there is one at Spittal. At a few hundred yards above Berwick Bridge, on the banks of the Tweed, a beautiful spring, of great medicinal properties, was many years ago discovered by Mr. Conqueror, watch-maker, Berwick. It is generally known by the name of the "Ladies' Well,"—"a little naiad weeps her impoverished urn." Many residents in the locality are in the habit of deriving great benefit from the regular use of its waters. Some guardian spirit enclosed it with a stone fountain, and attached a metal pipe for its waters to flow through, but sacrilegious hands have broken the fountain, and choked up the channel of the waters.

The water sprigs (private pipes carrying water into the dwelling-houses of the inhabitants) are let annually for a certain sum; the taker at his own risk gathering the money from the various occupiers of the pipes. They have considerably risen in price within the last twenty years. In 1820, they let at a yearly value of £70; in 1848, the bidding reached £116.

The population of the parish of Berwick has not increased much within these fifty years.

In the year 1793, the population amounted to 7930

" 1799, It had increased to ... 10,000

\* Since Fuller penned the above, the wooden pipes have been taken up, and replaced by iron, the iron taken up and replaced by stone; "and still are the king's daughters not healed." But useless altercations and bickerings, retorts and blame, are bandied forth in the sacred precincts of the Guild Room: *Ne auctor ultra crepidam*,—every mayor and alderman is not qualified to lay a water-course; *ergo*—to have a thing done well, get a practical man to do it.

In the year 1806, it had increased to	...	9600
" 1813,	... ..	7746
" 1821,	... ..	8723
" 1831,	... ..	8920
" 1841,	... ..	9860

So that its population has decreased since the year 1799.

The following is the return made under the last census:

Inhabited houses,	... ..	1190
Families,	... ..	2118
Houses building,	... ..	7
Uninhabited,	... ..	0
Males, 4927 }	... ..	9860
Females, 4933 }		
Males 20 years of age,	... ..	2097
Occupiers of land, employing labourers,	...	16
Do., not employing labourers,	...	20
Labourers employed in agriculture,	...	86
Employed in manufacture,	... ..	44
Do., retailed and handicraft,	...	952
Capitalists, paupers, &c.,	... ..	175
Labourers employed on bridge and railway,	...	2311
Male and female servants,	... ..	480
The total number of burgesses is about	...	1000
Resident,	... ..	460
Registered prior to the last election,*	...	427

The sons of the burgesses are admitted to the freedom at the age of 21 years ; others may obtain it by becoming apprentices to burgesses, whom they must serve for seven years. If approved of by the Guild, the apprentice's fee was £10. As it may be seen, the free-

\* From the above statement, it will appear that Berwick was more populous a century ago than at present ; some assert this not to be the case. According to the Rev. Mr. Rumney's account (formerly Vicar of the borough), "the popu-



dom of the borough was often bestowed on illustrious characters, as a high mark of distinction. The bluff Duke of Cumberland, Earl Percy, and others, received the privilege ; and in Goode's Directory (a rambling account of Berwick, drawn up in 1806), there is mention made of Sir S. T. Duckworth receiving the freedom of Berwick, April, 1806, "for his gallant and heroic action in the West Indies off St. Domingo, where he took and destroyed the whole French squadron." In the reign of the third Edward, there was an order of Guild to the effect that no Scotchman should enjoy the freedom of the borough, which was rescinded soon after the Union. In addition to the burgesses in and about the town, as many more are dispersed over the kingdom and in all parts of the world. Those who hold situations in the Customs, Excise, &c., are disqualified from voting. Fuller assures his readers, "a canvass has frequently been set on foot in the borough three or four years before the dissolution of Parliament having taken place ; and as a Berwick burgess was never known to break his promise, the candidates who were fortunate enough to obtain it had no doubt of its being fulfilled."

In support of this assertion, it has been told of a burgess on the day of polling, forgetting his promise, voted for the opposite party, on which his brother burgesses hustled him out of the Guild Hall in scorn of his treachery, and so buffeted and maltreated him that this victim to the Berwick burgesses' justice soon after died.

---

lation of the town in 1748 did not exceed one-half of the present" (1799). There must be evidently some mistake here, as the population in Castlegate exceeds that of any former period. It is only in the beginning of the 17th century that Bridge Street, Sandgate, Palace Street, Palace, the houses on the ramparts, Back Way, Foul Ford, Ness, &c., were built. The old houses were larger than those of the present day, or where did all the inhabitants manage to dwell ?

Under the Act passed in the first year of the reign of James I., the Burgesses claim various privileges, immunities, and exemptions, as well as very large territorial domains. The Liberties are co-extensive with the parish itself, which are divided into two unequal halves by Hallidon Hill, which rises to the height of about 540 feet, and runs in a westerly direction. The slope to the east is rapid, and between its base and the sea there is a stripe of rich level land, which, increasing in breadth towards the town, is called the Magdalen Fields. The slope to the south is more gradual, and the ground which lies between its undefined outline and the boundary is very irregular, being a succession of hill and dale : through one of its ravines the Whitadder flows and terminates its course in the Tweed. At this place the northern banks of the Tweed are flat, almost level with the water ; but towards the town they rise abruptly to a very considerable elevation, forming the Castle Hills, on the summit of which a great part of the town is built.

The total annual value of the Corporation property is £10,000 per year, independent of which the Corporation is in possession of several charity properties. Of this sum £600 is annually divided among the resident Burgesses and Burgesses' widows, whether poor or rich, and of whatever rank of life, according to their seniority, very few, even of the youngest, being excluded.

The landed property brings in the sum of £10,000 in the following manner :—Great part of it is let out upon leases, and part of it is parcelled out in separate allotments possessed by the Freemen. These are called Burgesse' Meadows and Stints, which are occupied by the senior Burgesses and widows. When the occupiers die the next in seniority have a right of choosing from the

allotments, by which means an opportunity is annually afforded of so many of the senior freemen and widows coming into possession of meadows and stints.

The yearly value of a meadow and stint may run from £5 to £15 ; at present their average is about £8, but this greatly depends upon the cultivation and nature of the soil. The day when the Burgesses receive their meadow money is a jubilee in the annals of Berwick. Such as are addicted to the "wee droppie" clear off old scores, and incontinently commence new ones. This custom, "more honoured in the breach than the observance," is only practised among the lower classes, and there is every reason to believe it will in time follow other usages happily extinct : it seems to have been the custom from time immemorial,—the inebriated burgess, amongst his immunities, on that occasion generally being free of the black hole and stocks.

"Since its conquest by the English," says Fuller, "Berwick has been governed by their laws, except in one or two instances, such as the mode of passing a fine of lands within the borough and liberties thereof, which is peculiar to itself. It has a Mayor and four Bailiffs and Sheriffs, with a court of Aldermen. The judges of the borough are the Mayor, Bailiffs, and a jury of twelve men. The Mayor, Recorder,\* and Justices have, by their charter, power to hold General and Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the trial of petty felonies, misdemeanours, &c. They have the power of holding a general gaol delivery for the trial of capital felonies. The sessions, or court delivery, cannot be held without the Mayor and

\* The present Recorder is Robert Ingham, Esq., a gentleman of great practical experience and a sound lawyer, whose conduct in the discharge of his judicial functions, as well as his private life, does equal honour to his abilities as a lawyer and feelings as a gentleman.

Recorder, who, when elected into office, continue Justices of the Peace for life within the borough. Gentlemen who have served the office of Mayor are also denominated Aldermen."—P. 240.

The Guild is composed of the Mayor, Justices, and Aldermen for the year, four bailiffs and the rest of the Guild brethren. Every question in Guild with regard to the interests of the borough is decided by the majority of the burgesses. (The office of Mayor, it would seem, is no enviable berth, for on more than one occasion it has gone a-begging.) As also the Aldermen for the year and Sheriffs are chosen annually at Michaelmas, when the Mayor is invested with the insignia of his office, a gold chain. (In Fuller's time it was a white rod.)

For many years no private Guilds have been held. Committees now are appointed to carry the orders of the Guild into effect. The Mayor has power to call a Guild, and must do so if required by 12 Burgesses.

Three thousand pounds are paid in salaries to officers, schoolmasters, &c., for the maintenance of the prison, repair of the public streets, and water works. Interest at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is paid to the permanent debt due by the Corporation; and there is also a further item of expenditure, called the "contingent accounts," for repairs of farm buildings, law expenses, &c., which average upwards of £1500. The debt, which is borrowed on bond at interest and on life annuities, calculating the latter at ten years' purchase, is £55,411; the annual amount paid in annuities is £973, 17s. 6d. The whole of this debt, except £9350, has been incurred within this present century.\*

\* It is gradually and regularly increasing. In the year ending 1832, upwards of £3650 was added to it, and it is apparent that if the same system be perse-

By the passing of the Municipal Corporation Reform Act of 1835, the office of Sheriff was transferred from the Mayor and Bailiffs (who formerly filled that situation) to a sufficient person to be appointed Sheriff by the Council; and from that period may be dated the abolishment of the office of Bailiffs of Berwick-upon-Tweed. By the charter granted to the borough by James I. of England, the Mayor, &c., had power "to try all offences committed in the borough and liberties, and to pass into execution sentence of death and other punishments." The last execution in Berwick took place about 30 years ago; a woman was hung at the Gallows Knowe for the murder of her husband. The following Act took that power from the Corporation of Berwick-upon-Tweed altogether. "By the 5th and 6th Vic. c. 38, an Act to define the jurisdiction of justices in general and Quarter Sessions of the Peace," was passed Jan. 1842, in which "the powers of life and death heretofore enjoyed by the Quarter Sessions of the borough of Berwick-upon-Tweed" were taken away. Persons guilty of capital offences punishable by death or transportation for life must now be tried at the Assizes for the adjoining county of Northumberland.

This was a severe blow to the borough of Berwick-upon-Tweed, as it materially crippled its "*Surva Regalia*," with its right of "*infangtheof*" and "*outfangtheof*," but, in order to assuage the Burgesses, the powers that be constituted Berwick-upon-Tweed a county by itself. By the panel of William IV., c. 189, it is declared "That the borough and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,

---

vered in, the property of the Corporation will at no distant day be entirely consumed. For further account of this debt, see *Municipal Corporation Reports*.—*Vide* Weddell's Communication, *Penny Cyclopædia*.

within the limits assigned to it by the said Act," (5th and 6th William IV., c. 276) "shall be a county in itself to all intents and purposes, except only so far as relates to a member or members to serve in Parliament." By 2d and 3d William IV., c. 64, the townships of Tweedmouth and Spittal were added to the parish of Berwick-upon-Tweed (which was then co-extensive only with the borough of Berwick-upon-Tweed) for the purpose of electing members of Parliament. Before that period these two townships were in the chapelry of Tweedmouth, in the parish of Holy Island, in the district and division called Islandshire, in the county palatine of Durham. An Act passed in the Protectorship of Richard Cromwell, also gave two members to be returned for Berwick, where before one only was elected.

For the education of children of Burgesses, there are six schoolmasters paid out of the Corporate purse. When the good citizens of Berwick first instituted a school is difficult to determine. In the Guild books, we find that in 1682 "the Corporation of Berwick elected a schoolmaster to teach the sons and daughters of burgesses to write, cypher, and cast accounts, for which they engaged to pay him £3 per quarter as salary; and the scholars 3d. per quarter as school wages. He furnishing the said children with pens and ink, and a sufficient house to teach them in, out of the said £3 per quarter."—(Orders of Guild.)

The average number of pupils is about 300. The branches of education taught are reading, writing, and arithmetic. The salaries of the teachers amount in all to £580 per annum.

The Burgesses have the patronage of a free Grammar School, in which Latin and Greek are taught; and here,

as well as in the schools more particularly their own, their families are educated free of expense, except a small sum for firing. The Grammar School is endowed; the number of scholars varies from twenty to thirty, the most of them Burgesses' sons. The annual income arising from lands and tithes is about £650, and the schoolmaster's salary, with taxes, &c., £60. The surplus is appropriated towards the liquidation of a debt incurred in rebuilding the school and repairing the master's dwelling-house.

There is also a Charity School for educating and clothing poor children above eight years of age, who must be inhabitants of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and attend the Church of England. The scholars are taught reading, writing, and accounts, and are allowed to remain five years in the school. The national system has recently been adopted. Formerly a portion of girls were instructed, but now boys only are admitted; the number is usually 40. The master's salary, and the expense of books, &c., amounts to £160 a year. There is a Lancastrian school supported by voluntary contributions, as is also a School of Industry. There are various other private, and several Sunday schools. There is no mechanics' institution in Berwick; one was attempted a few years ago, and utterly failed. There is a Naturalists' Club, to which any person of respectable character is admitted on payment of a small sum.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Year.	Number taught.		Total.	Number who attended no other schools.		
	Boys.	Girls.		Who had finished other branches of education.	Who never attended other schools.	Total.
1822	491	580	1071			
1835	415	497	912	99	29	128
1848	439	413	852		30	

## OTHER SCHOOLS.

Year.	Number of children taught.				Educated solely in Sunday Schools.	Total.
	Gratisually.		In other Schools.			
	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.		
1822	300	345	500	523	29	1702
1835	365	315	344	253	30	1327
1848	491	570	419	381	45	2316

Connected with the Borough Schools, a deal of bickering and difference has lately crept in among the scholars, burghers, and the teachers. It appears some years ago the mode of education was altered from the "old tyewig orthodox system" to the present manner of teaching; a new teacher (or rector) was introduced to teach the improved system and the old dominies expelled; they deeming themselves unjustly discharged, commenced a law-suit, and the most of them obtained pensions from the Corporation by way of quashing all farther proceedings. But it having been discovered by the Burgesses that their children made no progress under the new system, they have come to the determination of placing them under the care of the ex-teachers, who have opened a private academy. The Burgesses also complain of the manner in which certain members of the Corporation (aliens to the town) meddle with the affairs of the school, putting in teachers inadequate for the office, and expelling others worthy of being continued. In this state of things the matter rests. Altogether it would make an excellent "Tale of a Tub." It being remarkable that the *wise* Corporation, in all its doings, invariably bungles in such a manner, that it generally comes off for the worst in all litigation, &c. The proverb of "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," does not hold good in the present instance.



Several donations have been left by pious gentlemen for charitable purposes. In the 2d book of Enrolment, pp. 79 and 80, Sir Robert Jackson, by his will, dated 15th January, 1645, left £50 towards erecting and maintaining a House of Correction in Berwick, paid by John Taylor his executor. The Corporation owing £350 to the churchwardens and overseers, the Corporation in consideration of the said £350 and £50 grant Gainslaw Mill for erecting and supporting a House of Correction for maintenance of the poor. In 1632, April 2d, Valentine Mortoff, Esq., of London, secured a sum of money (£120) upon Cocklaw (a farm belonging to the Corporation of Berwick), for which they were annually to pay ten pounds to ten poor men or ten poor women, twenty shillings a year each, at quarterly payments ; which poor people were appointed by trustees named in the deed of trust by their heirs and assignees. In 1652, Roger Tweedy, of Stepney, Esq., by will secured, in the hands of the Corporation of Berwick, "a sum of money from the interest of which twelve twopenny loaves should every Sunday be distributed in the Church by the minister and churchwardens, to 12 of the poorest of the congregation ;" two more loaves were afterwards added upon the same security. We cannot at present ascertain the donor. In 1758, March 10th, John Brown of Berwick, gentleman, by will bequeathed a thousand pounds to five trustees, who were empowered and enjoined, by the said will, to fill up their number whenever they should be reduced by death to three, upon this trust, that they should pay the interest thereof at quarterly payments, to ten poor men and ten poor women, living in the town, and Protestants.

The Charity School owes its origin to the humane and

benevolent exertions of the late Captain Bolton of Berwick. The school was built 1725. Captain Bolton contributed £77, 11s. 8d. at different times ; Percival Clennel, late of Lilburn, in Northumberland, Esq., by his will, bearing date July 2, 1743, fifty pounds ; John Brown, late of Berwick, gentleman, one hundred pounds, by his will bearing date March 20, 1758 ; Capt. James Bolton bequeathed by his will, November 28, 1765, eight hundred pounds ; the late Robert Edmeston, Esq., £91, 2s. 3d., being two tenths of his personal estate ; 1778, August 31, Mr. John Bell, cooper, £20 ; George Reid, Esq., £5 ; one hundred pounds was given by a gentleman who would not allow his name to be made known.

The parish registers of marriages, christenings, and births (first appointed to be kept in England, 1588), are in tolerable good preservation, from the year 1574. Before the year 1557 no clergyman is recorded ; from 1653 to 1658 marriages were performed by justices of the peace. In 1657, a marriage appears to have been solemnised before a clergyman, Nicholas Wrissell, but whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian does not appear from the register, most probably the latter, as he was the Church's minister before the Restoration. It appears that Nicholas Wrissell was also the schoolmaster, as there is a receipt in his hand-writing, now extant, in which he acknowledges to have received from the Mayor £15 for a quarter's salary, for teaching school. Wrissell officiated until 1668.

The Corporation gave £30 a-year for a Sunday's afternoon sermon, which the present vicar now enjoys. The Church is calculated to hold from 1500 to 2000. The pews in the Church are in general commodious ;

but being for the most part private property, they want that uniformity and regularity of construction which would add considerably to the beauty of the interior. In the west gallery is a fine-toned organ, and at the opposite end the altar.

STATEMENT OF THE VICARAGE OF BERWICK SINCE 1299.

1299 Will. de Angerham, John de Bambrough, p. mort. Angherham.

1330 Jan. 6, John de Garent.

1340 Robert de Gamelton.

1356 Robert de Wallestthrop, p. res. Gamelton.

1358 Thos. de Kellaw.

1360 John de Insulasacra, p. res. Kellaw.

1374 William de Sherborne, p. mort. de Insulasacra.

1390 John Pays, p. res. Sherborne.

1398 Will. de Werdal, p. mort. Pays.

1401 Will. de Durham, p. mort. Werdal.

1445 Will. Castell, p. mort. Durham.

1484 Alan Hindmerse, p. mort. Castell.

1507 Will. Marshall, in dict. banc.

1536 Thos. Thompson, cl. 2d May, p. mort. Marshall—  
Pr. Prid. Cow, Durham.

1541 Robt. Selby, p. res. Thompson.

1565 John Blackhall, mort. Selby.

1567 Thos. Clerke, sacra verbi dei orum p. depr. Black-  
hall, jure devoluto.

1589 Rich. Clerke, mort. Clerke.

1607 Will. Selby, A.M., p. mort. Clerke.

1607 Geo. Rountree, cl. p. res. Selby.

1610 Richard Smith, p. res. Rountree.

1618 Gilb. Davie, A.M., p. mort. Smith.

Nicholas Wrissel and Luke Ogle intruders, de-  
prived for non-conformity.

- 1662 Will. Cose, A.M., Pr. D. S. Chap. Durham.  
 1664 John Smithson, A.M., p. res. Cose.  
 1672 Will. Mitford, A.M., p. mort. Smithson, Pr. D. and  
     Chap. D., Sede, vac.  
 1674 Thos. Bourne, A.M., p. res. Mitford.  
 1680 John Harper, A.M., p. cess. Bourne.  
 1686 Pat. Robinson, A.M., p. res. Harpe.  
 1700 Robt. Blackiston, A.M., p. mort. Robinson.  
 1726 Thos. Cooper, A.M., p. cess. Blackiston.  
 1747 Thos. Thorpe, A.M., p. mort. Cooper.  
 1767 Joseph Rumney, p. mort. Thorpe.  
 1815 Joseph Barnes, p. mort. Rumney.

LECTURERS FOUNDED BY THE MERCERS' COMPANY,  
 LONDON.

- 1664 John Smithson.  
 1740 Geo. Greenaway.  
 1745 Will. Woolfall, A.M.  
 1754 Thomas Thorpe, A.M.\*  
 1767 Thomas Wrangham.  
 1780 William Rumney, A.M.  
 1820 William Procter, A.M. (present b.)

A Dispensary was instituted in the month of March, 1814, and during the period of its existence, has been of the greatest benefit to the diseased poor. It stood formerly in a yard in Church Street, but a proper building having been erected on the Quay Walls, the offices, &c., were removed there. Hot and cold baths can also be obtained at a trifling cost. A great many

\* Thorpe served an apprenticeship to a grocer in York, after that was a year at a Scotch University, and then took his B.A. at Queen's College, Oxon, and M.A. at Cambridge. He died at Berwick, 1767, aged 71. Woolfall died 1777. He was perpetual curate of Tweedmouth and Ancroft. Thomas Wrangham died three months after; he was sub-curate to Tweedmouth and Ancroft, and preached the Thursday's lectures as deputy to Dr. Woolfall.

are cured yearly. A Savings Bank having been established for the parish of Berwick-upon-Tweed, it was held in the Dispensary, and the most beneficial results have ensued. The sober and industrious are encouraged to lay aside a portion of their earnings, in order that some provision for old age may be realised. Here may the careful and economical gradually accumulate a small capital, by which they may have it in their power to repair any misfortune, or answer the infirmities of old age, "When the grasshopper becomes a burden, and the grinders cease because they are few." In consequence of the breaking of the Tweed Bank in 1842, numbers of persons in the town and country lost their little all. That, combined with the closing of the Union Bank lately, has thrown a gloom over the banking establishment, Berwick has not recovered from.

The Custom House in the 17th and 18th centuries was in Hyde Hill (now occupied as a dwelling-house by Capt. Jeffrey). For many years it continued there, until, in the beginning of the present century, the offices were removed to a house on the Quay Walls, overlooking the river, where it has continued ever since. The establishment consists of a collector, comptroller, a landing and tide surveyor, two landing and coast waiters and searchers, six tide waiters, one weighing porter, seven coast waiters and preventive officers along the coast, one principal coast officer, one comptroller and coast waiter at Alemouth, one cruiser (the Mermaid) with a crew of 37 men, including commander, mates, &c., and two preventive boats with seven men in each boat.

The receipt of Customs, a few years ago, averaged £7000 a-year. But there is every reason to believe they have fallen off since then. The shipping trade,

at present, is but a ghost of what it was, the railways having affected it severely.

Johnston writes, "The Mayor, Recorder, and Bailiffs have also a power to hold a Court of Pleas on every second Tuesday throughout the year, for the trial of questions relating to lands and tenements, debts and trespasses arising within the borough and the liberties thereof." There is a Court held every Thursday, in the Townhall, for the hearing of petty cases, &c.

A County Court for the recovery of small debts has also been held in Berwick within the last year. The Corporation of Berwick, according to their Charter, have the right of holding two weekly markets on Saturday and Wednesday, but only the latter day is at present observed. Three high markets are established in the year, for the hiring of servants, sale of black cattle, horses, &c. An annual fair is also held on the last Friday in May. A fortnightly market for cattle has been opened in Castlegate, for the convenience of the salesmen, drovers, and butchers of Berwick.

The town is indifferently supplied with police, there being only two in Berwick, and one each in Spittal and Tweedmouth ; but, from the general good order maintained by the inhabitants, the aid of more is seldom required. There are a number of special constables sworn in, to aid the police, if required, but with the exception of a row or two, during the formation of the railways (and which brought down a company of the Cameronians to Berwick barracks), nothing of any importance has occurred for these many years.

There is a public subscription library in the town, with an annual income of about £150. It was established in 1812, and now possesses upwards of

4000 volumes. The annual subscription is one guinea, besides a guinea for entrance.

The expenses of the town may be divided into classes, parochial and corporate. 1. Parochial expenses—It may be noticed, to the credit of the place, that long before Sturges Bourne's Act was passed, all matters relating to the poor were transacted by a select body called trustees, who were elected annually by the rate-payers; and the present vestry is only a legalised continuation of the same body under a different name.\* In no town perhaps are the poor laws more judiciously, economically, and humanely administered. In 1799 the rate was £5645, in 1820 the poor-rates on houses, lands, and fisheries within the parish, amounted to £5888; since then a considerable reduction has been effected; and for the year ending March, 1834, the sum raised was only £3984. Prior to the year 1828, the expenses of supporting prisoners and other charges, usually payable out of county rates, were paid by the Corporation. Since then they have been defrayed by the parishioners at large. And a rate, in the nature of a county rate, has been levied for that purpose.

1828 it amounted to	£500
1830           ...           ...           ...	300
1831           ...           ...           ...	351
1832           ...           ...           ...	450
1833           ...           ...           ...	200
1834           ...           ...           ...	300

The Poor House stands on the north-east side of Castlegate, and was formerly used as a sack manufactory! The situation is healthy, and the building is fitted up in a most commodious manner. There are, on an average, about

\* Weddell.

80 paupers, and 100 poor children receive education there. Connected with the poor-house is a Lunatic Asylum, built in the year 1813, containing four cells.\*

Ecclesiastically considered, Berwick is in the deanery of Bamborough and diocese of Durham, and is held to be within the custom of York, as to the distribution of intestate effects. The Church (which is mentioned before) is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, who lease the tithes to the Corporation. The living is a vicarage of the annual value of £289, according to the ecclesiastical reports of 1835. There is also a week-day lectureship founded in 1625, by Mr. Fishbourne, in the gift of the Mercers' Company, London, but with no other Church or Chapel connected with the Church of England. The value of the tithes averages from £90 to £150.† There are ten other places of public worship in the town, viz., a Catholic Chapel, two meeting-houses connected with the Kirk of Scotland, two with the Associate Synod of Scotland, two with the Relief, one Baptist Chapel, and two belonging to the Methodists.

Johnston, writing in 1817, thus complains :—" Among the many useful institutions set on foot within these

\* Beside the poor maintained in the Poor-house, there are upwards of 500 who receive parochial relief. The annual expense of the Poor-house and Lunatic Asylum amounts to upwards of £12,000, including the salary of the house-governor, surgeon, schoolmaster, &c.

† It appears from the following order of 'Guild that, although the Mercers' Co. paid the lecturer and approved of his nomination, the right of election was at one time vested in the Corporation. At the adjournment of the Head Guild, holden the 2d of March, 1672—" This day the Guild did freely and unanimously agree and make choice of Mr. Roger Young, Minister of Larron, near Newcastle (who lately preached here), to be our lecturer, and do order a letter to be writ to the Mercers', to desire their allowances and approbation of him, and that the Guild shall give him a call to the same, and he have £50 per annum granted and allowed by the Mercers', and the salary to take being at Ladyday past."



two years, a public Subscription Library stands conspicuous. This was begun in 1812, and, although of so very late standing, contains a pretty large collection of modern publications. Although not immediately connected with the above article, we cannot help remarking that whilst towns in the neighbourhood of Berwick, which do not contain half its population, have each one and many of them *two* coffee-rooms, Berwick has not one, or a single newspaper in it, but what is found at the bar of an inn, or in the houses of the inhabitants.\*

To remedy this crying evil, a "village Hampden" threw himself forward, and boldly began the work. As the Parade ground belonged to the Corporation, and the Palace Green to the Government, they made an exchange. And the noble-minded redresser of coffee-rooms concluded an advantageous lease with the Corporation for the said piece of ground in Palace Green. He accordingly removed a huge mountain of ballast, which the captains of the smacks shot there, as being the most convenient place, pulled down a range of buildings, called the Horse Barracks, that were built on the site of the "Ovens," and stretched parallel to the rampart wall. After removing the mountain, he levelled the ground, erected a Subscription News-Room and Bowling Green.†

On the occasion of his Majesty, George IV. visiting Edinburgh, the royal flotilla, in which the King was conveyed, came to an anchor in Berwick Bay. This was one fine morning in August, 1821. Centuries had

\* Johnston's Hist. p. 153.

† See note at page 301.

The ancient powder magazine stood in this gentleman's garden, and when Government removed it higher up the walls, he pulled down the tower, and rebuilt the stones in his garden wall. The two large granite globes, ornamenting it, once performed a similar service on the top of the English gate, at the foot of the Bridge.

elapsed since a King of England or his fleet came so near Berwick, and on this occasion (as on all others of a like nature) the loyal borough had an opportunity of testifying its loyalty to the King. The steamer which towed the royal yacht was obliged to anchor, and wait for a supply of fuel before it could proceed farther. Upon this being signified to the town, the Worshipful Mayor and the Treasurer, having freighted a barge with the necessary fuel, stood out to the royal yacht; and having delivered their cargo, were thanked by the "most finished gentleman in Europe," as Byron terms George IV., and entertained with a cold collation by his Majesty. This was but poor reward for their energy and labour on his behalf. They lingered about the yacht, some vain ideas of knighthood glimmering in their minds, until the steamer, getting under weigh, effectually dispelled their dreams of greatness. With a bad grace, the representatives of the good old town returned to Berwick, venting their spleen on the king's head in no very measured terms, who, regardless of their disappointment, steamed away to the Firth of Forth. (On the occasion of Queen Victoria's passage to Scotland in 1842, the royal squadron stood so far out to sea, that, although a couple of steamers were freighted with pleasure-seekers, and went far out into the bay, for the purpose of having a gaze at royalty, they were disappointed, or at least saw the vessels at such a distance, as gave them no chance of distinguishing her Majesty.)

## CHAPTER XVII.

LAMBERTON RACES—LAMBERTON TOLL—THE GREYNA GREEN OF BERWICK—MEETING OF THE ROYAL HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—REPORT AND PROGRESS OF THE MEETING—THE SHOW-YARD—THE GREAT PAVILION AND DINNER—CUSTOMS, &c., OF BERWICK—CHRISTMAS, NEW-YEAR, AND EASTER HOLIDAYS—THE LITERATURE OF BERWICK—VISIT OF THE “MODERN ANDROOGLES”—WRECK OF THE “PEGASUS”—REMOVAL OF OLD BUILDINGS—NEW SHAMBLES—THE OLD BUTCHERS’ MARKET IN FULLER’S TIME—JAMES STUART—HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

Who has not heard of Lamberton Races, and visited them when he sojourned in Berwick? Few to whom the neighbourhood is known but must have been acquainted with that ancient scene of sport. In what reign races were first established at Lamberton, is a question not easily solved. When James IV. received his royal bride, we have it from good authority, that amongst other sports of “leaping, wrestling, and cudgelling,” racing took place in honour of the occasion,—so that races may be dated from that period. Lamberton Races have been the great source of amusement to the burghers of the “gude town” of Berwick for many a long year. They generally were held in March, but sometimes, owing to the severity of the weather, it has been found necessary to postpone them until May or June. In 1837, the races occurred for the last time. The difficulty of obtaining subscriptions towards the stakes, the decline of the sport among the neighbouring gentry,

and the stronger attractions offered at the Kelso meetings, may be set down as the principal causes.

For the benefit of those who never have visited that ancient spot, for a moment we describe it. Many is the Border Squire and Lowland Laird, who, since the establishing of the races, made it part of his creed to ride his mettled racer once a-year to this hallowed spot,—hallowed as it is by so many historical associations, and rendered famous in the annals of border racing.

The farm of Lamberton forms the south-eastern boundary of Berwickshire. The limits of the jurisdiction of Berwick-on-Tweed are here indicated by a low stone dyke, which, rising on the perpendicular cliffs that overlook the German Ocean, stretches over the country to the Tweed at Paxton Toll. In going from Berwick to Lamberton, the traveller, after passing through the Scotchgate, turns to the right hand along the road ; he is doubtless struck with the appearance of the land on both sides of the road ; it is laid out in small allotments, and evidently badly cultivated ; his eyes soon fix on a few dilapidated houses, falling fast to decay from sheer neglect, and he naturally inquires, in the words of the great Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "To whom must we attribute this desolation?" His surprise may be great indeed, when he is informed these lands belong to the freemen of the borough of Berwick-on-Tweed, conferred on its ancient inhabitants for their valour and public services! and perpetuated to their offspring by legislative enactment. He may possibly pass on in silent contemplation, and as he conjures up before him the spirits of those noble warriors who have fallen in defence of their country,—let him pray that patriotism may still be cherished.

Looking onward in the direction of the race-course the horizon is bounded by a chain of mountains which, rising on the left, stretch along the north road, whilst on the right there extends to the coasts of Norway the deep blue sea. The sea breeze sweeps over an extensive plot of hill and level, the eye may dimly discern Lamberton moor, on the top of which the race-course is situated. The road now winds through a dry dyke formerly alluded to. This is Lamberton Toll ; on each side of the road stand two old houses, in which the hymeneal knot is tied, *à la Gretna*. Here come many a bachelor and spinster, and to avoid the expenses and delays of a church marriage, are instantly buckled together by the priest of Castlegate, who for a crown piece and a gill of whiskey ties many a couple fast, making them happy or miserable for life as the case may be.

We will suppose the road full of pedestrians and vehicles of all denominations, from the well-appointed carriage of the border earls, down to the rickety cart of the muggers drawn by a spavined blind mare and cuddy (*Anglice* a donkey), horse coupers, cock lairds, potato lairds, hill-side lairds, meal-mongers, butchers, fishermen, labourers, and burgesses, all crowd along the road, broiling and sweating in the sun. The gate at Lamberton is besieged and the public-house choked up with thirsty applicants ; after having satisfied their drought, on again proceeds the multitude to the race-course.

Half a mile to the north of the dry dyke once stood the ancient church and village of Lamberton, now in utter ruins. It was before this altar that James IV. of Scotland received the hand of Margaret of England. Here Sir Robert Carey delivered to James VI. the fatal missive which contained the manner of his

mother's death. Upon this now ruined altar, how often have the commissioners of England and Scotland sworn to observe the treaties of peace ; and here has many a lawless and border freebooter absolved himself by oath and offerings to the shrine from blood and murder. The stones are lying around, some built into the neighbouring dykes, and some carted away to fill up the hollows in a neighbouring loaning.

Ascending now to the top of the moor, let us halt a moment, to take a survey of the surrounding scenery. The foot of the hill on which the course is situated is washed by the waters of the deep blue sea, which lies like a sheet of glass far away to east and north. In the distance may be seen the lonely islands of the Ferns, Holy Island lying on the south ; and on a bold cliff on the mainland may be seen the Royal Fortress which King Ida, the flame-bearer, founded, and lived in. Peering above the top of Halidown hill, the tops of the Cheviots may be discerned, their snowy summits soaring in majestic grandeur into the thin blue air. Halidown stands like a huge centinel on our right, and now we turn away to see the course. 'Tis situated on the top of the moor, and of an oblong shape, full of heathery grass and tufts of whin-bushes. The bell is ringing in a very dolorous manner to clear the course, and after a great many oaths and struggling among the spectators, who rush from the tents to see the races, this part of the business is at last accomplished. The horses (mostly the property of the border gentlemen) start to the north, and, after passing two hundred yards, turn to the west, over the brow of the hill to the southern extremity of the course, then turning to the east, pass over the summit with a gentle declivity, and approach the

winning post on a slight descent. The Grand Stand—a primitive affair—stands opposite the winning post ; the tents are arranged in two lines on the other side.

Off go the horses, the jockeys' jackets fluttering in the wind, at first but a gentle pace ; and now as they progress down the hollow they dip from sight, and in a moment appear again, the favourite leading ; to the east they turn and vanish behind the hill, and now for a brief space is there conjecture on the winner ; freely spoken are bets, oaths, and oracular prophecies ; there is a faint murmur arising at the foot of the course, and as the horses appear in sight and strain up the course, the roar gathers as it flies, and in a burst of hurrahs waits on the horses : on they come, straining at top speed, the jockeys lashing, digging, and lapping as they fly. The favourite is half-a-length ahead, and is perfectly one sheet of foam ; but the bright bay mare behind her makes one terrible bound forward, her jockey fairly lifts her off the ground, and amid the gnashing of teeth, the cries of joy, the oaths of rage, the drunken hurrahs, and wild uproars of the winners, the brown mare lands fast, and her master is owner of the gold cup. A ball in the borough usually closed the sports, which lasted three days, but from want of support 1837 saw the last of them.

In the *Berwick Museum* for July, occurs the following announcement :—"Lamberton Races, July 6, 1786. —For the Non-Freemen's purse. The last day, on which there was a numerous and respectable concourse of people, promised satisfaction to the most sanguine hopes. The rapid steeds, after having given proof of their speed, began the second heat ; every one seemed elated at the prospect of a good race, whilst the giddy gaping crowd, too eager for the sight, broke in upon the course, and all the horses

(one excepted) eager in the race, forsook their destined paths. The slender riders, unable to command their steeds, were levelled with the dust. Where was then, O hope ! thou delusive but beneficial goddess, thy cup of pleasures ? The race was finished, the tender youths, all bruised and mangled by their falls, were little less than dead, and while the more humane and tender-hearted deplored their misfortunes and pains, the selfish and cruel uttered the bitterest execrations against the anxious crowd, not for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, but because their promised pleasures were at an end. The assemblies were genteel, the last in particular very brilliant ; the ladies appeared with a becoming dignity and ease, and shewed a delicate taste in their dresses ; the entertainment did honour to the gentlemen concerned. The inhabitants are under great obligations to the gentlemen of the Lamberton Hunt for their public-spiritedness. Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, Sir Alex. Don, and Mr. Baird, are appointed stewards for the ensuing year" (1797).

In 1841 the Royal Highland and Agricultural Society held their meeting and show of stock in Berwick. For several months before the event took place, all eyes were turned to the preparations made for the occasion ; nor were those preparations confined to those directly employed in connection with the business of the show, but extended amongst the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of all ranks, there being scarcely a dwelling which had not its accommodations extended or improved for the reception of visitors. Of the merits of the show as a whole it is scarcely necessary to form an opinion, as they may be estimated from the fact of this being the most important show the Highland and Agri-



cultural Society had yet held. A week before the day of meeting, the first faint symptoms of the bustle consequent upon the show became apparent ; an influx of thousands of strangers was of course anticipated, and as the accommodation, from the small size of the borough, was less than had been found in most of the places where the Society's preceding shows had been held, a plan for rendering it available to its fullest extent was adopted by the head committee, which was found to be highly advantageous. A survey was made of all the accommodations in Berwick, Spittal, and Tweedmouth, and within a circuit of three miles round ; most of the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, Paxton House, Mordington House, Marshall Meadows, Haggerston, &c., were thrown open to visitors of the highest class. Strangers began to pour into the town at the end of the week. On Sunday and Monday fresh arrivals of visitors and cattle, as well as implements, were landed by vessels from Hull, Leith, Middlesboro', &c. On Tuesday and Wednesday they began to arrive in such numbers as to create an urgent demand for accommodation. The coaches from the north and south were filled with strangers, and the Benledi steamer from Leith, the Ardincaple from Newcastle, and the Modern Athens from Dundee, arrived with a large number of passengers and stock. Other steamers and carriages continued to pour in their quotas of cattle, implements, and stock, until the old borough had not a spare foot of accommodation left. There were meetings of the Directors, Mayor and Corporation, committees of Ways and Means, councils for expediting the business of the Show, &c., Judges of Stock were appointed, Police nominated, and the whole aspect of the quiet town changed to bustle, activity, and

noise. On Wednesday and Thursday, the streets of the ancient borough assumed an appearance of animation to which they have been strangers since the days of their greatest renown in former times, when as a border fortress of strength it "rolled back the tide of war" from beneath the walls. Seldom in any period of its history, varied as the record is, can it have witnessed such singular associations of characters, objects, and tongues, as met the view during the days of the meeting in Berwick. Stock-holders from Aberdeenshire, Morayshire, and the Lothians; farmers from the Merse, Westmoreland, and canny Cumberland; breeders of cattle from rugged Northumberland and the broad plains of Yorkshire; the land-holders of Norfolk; the sheep-breeders of Hampshire and Wiltshire; the importer of short horns from the shire of Durham, with the bluff and jolly-looking cattle sellers of Leicestershire, passed and repassed the streets of the borough like the armies of a second invasion. But now they met to celebrate the victory of the ploughshare over the sword, the improvement of the steer and wedder over the war horse; Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Squires, Honourables, with plain Yeomen, were met all for the same purpose. Men renowned in science, art, the army and navy, leaders of senates, and orators of nations, were congregated in Berwick on this occasion.

The pavilion, which held 1938 guests at dinner, occupied one-half of the barracks, an area of more than 250 feet square. The walls of the pavilion were raised in immediate contact with the barracks, on every side except the front, which divided the square in the centre. The figure of the pavilion was an oblong square. The show-yard was erected in the Magdalen Fields,

at about one hundred yards from the pavilion. The interior embraced an area of five acres of ground, and enclosed on all sides by a strong palisading ten feet high. Its general appearance viewed from every point throughout its extent, when the stock and company were on the ground, was exceedingly animated and striking. The gallery for the ladies was on one side ; whilst pens for cattle and sheep were sufficiently capacious and commodious. Preparations went forward on all sides for crowning the occasion with a round of festivities. Against the opening of the show week, the appearance of the town was improved by the united exertions of the public authority and private individuals to a striking extent. The shops and houses in the principal streets presented a fresh and gay appearance, "betokening a general effort," says the *Warder*, from which we mainly take our description, "to extend a suitable reception to the expected visitors." It seems the gude folks of Berwick's prices for both provisions and lodgings frightened many of the canny Scots from attending, for the same authority asserts—"The price of provisions was not so exorbitant as many alarmists represented. The truth is, that the lodgings were actually taken in the general run, under instead of above the general average of other places on such occasions, and whatever may have been the overstrained demands of those who held back and evinced an extortionate disposition, even those instances have been elsewhere paralleled."

On Monday the festivities were expected to commence ; but, on that day, there were comparatively few arrivals in the town ; there was even a deficiency per the Edinburgh and London steamers!!! Parcels of stock continued to arrive ; and on Monday, a large

assortment of agricultural implements for the expected exhibition of Wednesday were brought to the ground, attended by their respective proprietors. A thousand head of stock were entered for the Cattle Show ; and on Tuesday, the directors arrived, attended by a numerous body of gentlemen. A meeting of the committee was held to decide upon the means of accommodation. The barracks were fitted up with furniture brought from Edinburgh, and the operations of cooks and confectioners revived the mess of the military quarters. Wednesday morning was ushered in by a mingled storm of wind and rain, which pattered against the windows, and howling along the house tops, gave melancholy forebodings of the destruction of many bright anticipations. The influx of strangers, late on Thursday night, was very considerable. The adverse weather in some measure abated, and a solitary burst of sunshine having diversified the forenoon, cheered up the spirits of the new arrivals.

Numbers of cattle marched into town ; the weather again grew dull, gloomy, and dispiriting. The Horticultural Exhibition Rooms being within doors, presented a scene of great animation. The Corporation's Academy had been set aside for the flower and dahlia show, the fruit, &c., and in each department the exhibition was magnificent. The dahlias, flowers, and fruit of all descriptions (gorgeous specimens), piled up on every side, ravished the eye, and surfeited the sense of smell, "with too much sweets." Friday was set apart for the show of seeds, implements, &c. The bazaar was held in the Townhall. And on Wednesday there was a committee dinner given in the eastern end of the magnificent pavilion erected in the barracks. By five

o'clock on Thursday morning, which fortunately was a fine one, the show-yard presented a lively and animated appearance. At the different gates were posted the different functionaries of the Society, who assisted in placing the various kinds of stock in the different portions of the yard allotted to them. The excitement and rivalry between the cattle breeders on both sides of the Tweed to do their best was strongly marked, and certainly there was never a finer display. Masses of Leicestershire sheep vied with the hardy Cheviots in size and symmetry. Short wool and South Downs, Norfolk wedders, with innumerable "crosses" of various descriptions, lifted their sea of innocent-looking faces, in bewilderment at the bustling scene. Here stood the noble and savage-looking Kent bull, which carried the 100 sovereigns prize, surrounded by many no less splendid animals; sleek, fat, well bred, and slender-limbed oxen struggled for the superiority. Here was the produce of Great Britain, the plump Durham short-horns, the West Highland breed, the compact and pretty owsen of Alderney, the massive and heavy bullocks from the wolds of Kent, contrasted with the diminutive stots of Shetland and the Orkneys. Horses of all breeds stood in chivalric beauty, the high-blooded and fierce charger, the glossy-coated and massive built farm-horse. Mares of great bone and action; besides an indiscriminate number of kyloes, stots, steers, heifers, rams, black-faced sheep, gimmers, ewes, wedders, &c., filled any vacant place about the show-yard. Here, too, might have been seen every description of agricultural implements, which art, science, experience, or knowledge in rural pursuits could invent and devise. How would the early Saxon, who formerly ploughed the same ground a thousand

years ago, with his rude wooden plough, have stared with astonishment, could he have looked upon the multifarious array of subsoil ploughs, drills, rollers, crushers, sowers, winnowers, &c., that crowded the stage on every side the yard! Boars, pigs, &c., of every breed and array, lent their "most sweet voices" to this scene of agricultural triumph.

The admission to the show-yard was 1s., and innumerable was the incessant stream of visitors that poured into the yard at mid-day. A galaxy of beauty and fashion in the ladies' gallery formed the most interesting feature of the show, where a sea of feathers and jewellery rose and fell with every motion of the fair wearers. At length the lists were definitively settled, and the walking of the prize cattle along the arched or bridge platform commenced under the auspices of the judges, who proclaimed to the spectators the qualities and merits of each particular kind of stock, the prize it had obtained, and the name of the breeder and owner.

At this time the scene was highly imposing. The immense concourse of spectators crowded around the exhibition stage and dispersed about, could not have fallen short of fifteen thousand, collected from both sides the Tweed.

In the execution of their duty, the judges had a difficult task to perform, on account of the general excellence of the stock exhibited. Their decisions in most cases gave general satisfaction. The premiums were awarded; and the great dinner of the Highland and Agricultural Society was held that evening in the monster pavilion. The preparations were on the grandest scale, and the arrangements were satisfactory. Two thousand gentlemen, with the Duke of Richmond as

chairman, and the Most Noble the Marquis of Tweeddale as croupier, sat down at five o'clock. Many were the toasts, great the shouting, and long and various the speeches of the able and scientific men met there to celebrate earth's victory over war. The company separated near midnight, after having pledged the gude town of Berwick and both sides of the Tweed, and drank to their next merry meeting.

Connected with the Agricultural Show is the following anecdote :—Belaney (who earned an infamous notoriety for a time, and was tried in London for the suspected murder of his wife, and acquitted), was on the grounds on Wednesday and Thursday, on which occasion he amused the company by flying his hawk in the Magdalen Fields. Several pigeons were procured for the purpose of affording the opportunity to witness the flight of the trained hawk. But either on account of the rapidity of the pigeons' flight, or the imperfect training of the falcon, the hawk in no instance was able to "bind" or "strike" its quarry. Belaney, in order to whet the hawk on to slaughter, gave it the brains and blood of a pigeon to gorge. One *trait* is especially deserving of notice : instead of cutting off the head of the poor bird, he deliberately placed its writhing neck in his mouth, and with his teeth severed the head from the fluttering body of his victim. The hawk had not that *goût* for blood Belaney evinced. In his *Book of Falconry* (published in Berwick, 1842) he observes in reference to women—"Women have been compared to the flowers of the field ; the masculine may be said to resemble the huge unsavoury weeds from which 'the charm of powerful trouble' of the 'weird sisters' was brewed—the delicate order, our hot-house plants, too tender for

our climate, and which appear to live and bloom only by the force of art ; our English women may be compared to our loveliest flowers, which drink the perfection of their sweetness from our native soil and air, with that salubrious plant 'that never ceases uttering sweets.'—Pp. 109–10.

Whatever dominion England had over Berwick, or howsoever her example was followed by the "gude toun," in regard to customs, amusements, &c., certes, at the present day, the customs of the town are decidedly Scottish.

Christmas is not kept up here with that glee and mirth, that ostentatious display of mince-pies, plum-puddings, and roast beef, which every town in England wallows in on that sacred anniversary ; but New Year's Eve and Day is the season of joy, the saturnalia of rich and poor, old and young. On the eve of the New Year, until the morning, bands of adventurous youths wander all the night about the streets, and careful friends hurry to their friends' houses, to be what they term "the first foot." A woman is held unlucky as a first foot, and, if possible, the door is not opened until some acquaintance or relative arrives with a bottle of Glenlivet. To come empty-handed is esteemed unlucky. A person of literary merit informed me that an old carter broke his arm about the beginning of April, and as he lay in bed, he vainly endeavoured to recollect of any ill he had been guilty of, until he remembered that he had admitted, as his first-foot, a woman who squinted very much, and who craved permission to light her pipe.\*

\* This may be on the same principle as the dervish in the Eastern apologue, who, when lamed by the kick of a camel, exclaimed, "Wretch that I am ! how could I expect any luck this day, when I neglected to wash my hands !"



The first-foots are regaled with cake, and cheese, and the never-failing spirits ; and thus the old town of Berwick is kept alive during the gloom and cold of the winter's night ; and ever and anon is heard the faint song and merry chorus to some well-known ditty, as some boisterous spirits, in the words of Shakspeare, "Rouse the night-owl with a catch."

The first of the year is greeted with shooting at a target on the sands, for a sheep or pig. Cock-fighting was a favourite pastime in the beginning of the present century, and many is the well-fought main the Berwick birds have won. There is an old distich to this day, used as a proverb to celebrate the courage of the birds (and men, I suppose) of Berwick :

"The black cock of Whicknam,  
Down by the birchen grey ;  
The red cock of Berwick,  
That never ran away."

The march of intellect, and the orders of the magistrates, have succeeded in putting down this brutal pastime, though it is not, perhaps, generally known that cock-fighting was first instituted for a noble purpose,—for that of improving the seeds of valour in the minds of the Athenian youths. The amusement of duck-hunting was also, on this occasion, much indulged in. The moat to the left of the Cow Port (from which the merchants obtain their stock of ice for salmon) was generally the rendezvous. A poor, wretched duck, half denuded of its feathers to prevent its flying, was pitched into the water, and various dogs of all breeds, sizes, and make, instantly assailed the poor biped. Hunted and harassed constantly along the wall of the town, now she dived to escape the jaws of a huge

water spaniel, and after a short immersion rose up immediately in the neighbourhood of a wiry terrier ; down she went again, as the dogs at fault paddled wildly around, and in too many cases the courage and flight of the duck could not save her from the jaws of its pursuers. And there, on the brink of the pond, halloing, shouting hoarsely, swearing, and scuffling, stood the descendants of those staunch burgesses that had so often kept the wall against all odds.

The fifth Sunday in Lent, which is in Rome called Passion Sunday, is throughout Northumberland, the borders of Yorkshire, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, called Carline Sunday. On this day the inhabitants assemble to eat their carlings, which are steeped grey pease fried in butter, and well peppered. The landlords of public-houses present their customers each a dish, with the addition, in some cases, of a slice of beef. Many stories are bandied about as to the origin of this custom. It is by many ascribed to a severe famine which the people suffered in Berwick, until relieved by a vessel which came into harbour laden with grey pease. It is an ancient custom, and derived from the Egyptians ; for Pythagoras, who was initiated into their mysteries, interdicted the use of beans, because they "contained the souls of the dead : " hence the Romans held pulse of the highest efficacy for invoking the manes of the dead. But the Christians, in celebrating the death of Christ on *Care* Sunday, have substituted grey pease, as being a pulse fitter to be eaten at that season of the year.\*

The Easter holidays are observed with great glee at Berwick, when various amusements, particularly jumping, leaping, wrestling, and dancing, take place on the

\* Mack.'s Hist.

ramparts of the town. Three days are in general devoted to this festival. The ramparts behind the barracks are crowded with stalls, gingerbread booths, carts of oranges, and dancing tents ; apples, cakes, and nuts, toys, and ginger-pop, are vended with considerable rapidity. Drove of gaily-apparelled damsels flock thither on the first day ; and all the life and merriment of Berwick disgorges itself on that narrow strip of rampart. The children have dyed and gilded eggs given them, called "paste eggs" (a corruption of Pasche egg, they being used by the early Christians as a symbol of the renovation of life.) The adventurous youths are gambling around the various shows and stalls. Some try their fortune at games of chance, wherein the prizes are oranges, &c. ; others, with a nervous alacrity, throw sticks at upright stakes of wood, and endeavour to knock off the toys that are placed thereon. The night brings with it a fresh succession of faces. Lights are streaming from the tents in divers ways, and in all imaginable varieties of lanthorns ; the fiddle strikes up its merry notes ; and on the rude laid floor, or green turf, the dancers leap and throw their limbs about with all the glee and merriment possible. And thus amid the roaring of songs, the screaming of women, the crying of children, and laugh of men, the discordant notes of the fiddles, with all the bray and clash of penny trumpets and sixpenny drums, mixed with the din of the fair, so passes away the stated hours. Anciently the "Bischoppes" played with the superior clergy at hand-ball, during the Easter holidays. In those merry times, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriff, attended with great numbers of the burgesses, went every year to the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide, and paraded the

town walls, with the mynstrels playing before them. The younger portion of the town still attend, but are no longer countenanced by the town's "powers that be."

On the third day the jollity flags, and dies away; and the tents, booths, shows, carts, &c., disappear as if by magic. All that points out the place of the Easter festival is yon long slip of the ramparts, with the ground ploughed up and trodden down, heaps of orange peeling lying around, with here and there some broken fragments of wood.

Of the literature of Berwick not much can be said. A person called Phorson, in 1786, published a monthly magazine, entitled the *Berwick Museum*, which was issued for three years, and then died a natural death. Phorson was a bookseller and general dealer,—as the following poetical advertisement, taken from the magazine, will testify—and lived at the corner of Bridge Street for many years :—

"Our good neighbour Phorson is just comed to town  
With goods a vast cargo,—not in a balloon—  
Which as under he sells for a trivial gain,  
At his shop at the foot of the Western Lane.  
Fine caps of all sizes, e'en parsons may wear them;  
But if they should pinch, they must learn to bear them.  
Fine buckles of silver, and pictures quite new;  
With fine table-spoons, and fine China ware, too.  
Fine new bumpered glasses, for fine modern sots,  
With dusters and fiddles, tea-jugs, and cream-pots.  
Fine broad-swords and hangers, small canes and proof pistols;  
With bagpipes, and bellows, and hammers, and whistles,  
And portable wind-mills of latest invention,  
With articles various too tedious to mention.  
When custom presents, he is ever observant;  
So, ladies and gentlemen, your most humble servant."

The above may be considered as an average specimen of its poetry. For its prose selections it contains a history of Northumberland, and a history of Berwick,

doled out in small portions ; dry essays on moral philosophy ; the "Old English Baron" wades through the entire three volumes, and is published under the name of the "Champion of Virtue ;" extracts from Cook's Voyages, Reginald du Bray, Virtue Rewarded, Lives of Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke, Esq. ; with anecdotes, and a few mathematical questions and solutions. The poetry is very poor, and consists of the effusions of the poets of the Tweed and Aln, though the greater part of the contributions come from the banks of the latter river, the Breamish Till. So from the scarcity of poets in Berwick, one might suppose the air of that borough not favourable to poetic inspiration. The Domestic Intelligence contained in the Berwick Magazine is built upon the same style as the earlier numbers of that pattern of all periodicals, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in the days of its renowned Editor, Edmund Cave. The Parliamentary News is in the same short and stiff manner ; under the head of Berwick, a rapid summary of the last month's events is given at the end of each number. What strikes us most is the great dearth of anything like news of Berwick contained in it. With the exception of a great storm, in which the old gallows on the heading-hill was split to pieces, the anniversary of the King's birth-day being kept with great festivity, and a shoemaker of the town being robbed by a footpad on the Dunse road, there is, in fact, no allusion whatever to the ancient borough. As some writer remarked of Louis the Sixteenth's silence respecting the Revolution, "Is this the height of philosophy, or the depth of insensibility ?"

Dr. Fuller, the learned and veracious historian of Berwick, published his account of that borough in 1799.

There is much information to be derived from the work, although a great deal of the Doctor's fire is smothered in smoke. That the author "dabbled in Galenicals" that worthy historian takes good care to let his readers know ; for every now and then he starts off at a tangent on the blessings of health, the philosophy of the air, or a dissertation on the advantages to be derived from physic and exercise. He seems to have been an irritable but kindly man, "with nothing of the bear about him but the skin," as some person remarked of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Mr. Good, a painter, published a Directory of Berwick in 1806 ; but, as he confesses in the preface, it was too much for him. It is but a rough-drawn affair.

The Reverend J. Johnston published a history in 1817 ; but as the worthy Dr. Fuller showed us the practitioner's foot in every page, so does the Presbyterian historian peep forth in Johnston's compilation. 'Tis a meagre affair, and reads as if the historian grew tired of it ere it was finished, and so slubbered it over in haste.\*

In 1827, Messrs. Rennison put forth a work entitled "The Border Magazine," of which John Mackay Wilson, the only native bard and writer of any genius Berwick has produced, was Editor ; but it was given over in a few months. In 1832, Mackay Wilson commenced his "Tales of the Border," published in three-halfpenny weekly numbers ; and so generally were they acknowledged as the work of a genius, that the impression, in the course of six

\* What may be the opinion of the judges who look *my* history over, I know not ; only I would beg them, in their reports, to be as candid and dispassionate as I have been.

months, fully repaid the talented Editor. He expired in 1837,—“a lamp too early quenched”—and lies buried in the little churchyard of Tweedmouth.

On the 20th of June, 1843, Berwick was all alive with curiosity ; for had it not been publicly made known that the great Van Amburgh, the modern Androcles, would drive his superb and brilliant team of piebald horses into the town ten in hand, and afterwards perform in the marquee erected for the occasion, and go through a variety of feats with the wild beasts of the desert. Accordingly, as the morning arrived specified in the placard, when he was expected to arrive, an unusual commotion was perceivable among the liege burgesses of Berwick ; and as it was known Van Amburgh was to approach the town by the Dunse road, long before the hour of ten the Scotch Gate, the ramparts, Cavaliers, Flanks, and Walls, were literally swarming with multitudes of people :—old and young, rich and poor, were waiting patiently for the arrival of the “Androcles.” Eleven was the hour advertised ; and scarcely had the solitary and mournful chimes of the old clock struck the time, when a faint peal of music, mixed with the occasional twangs of a trumpet, was heard coming in the direction of Dunse. All ears were pricked, and eyes directed to that quarter ; and sweeping round the Gallows Knowe, onward came the procession in all its glory. First appeared Van Amburgh himself, driving a splendid carriage (in which sat a band of musicians, who gave forth their dulcet notes), to which was attached a superb team of ten horses, harnessed two abreast. The steeds were of a beautiful cream colour, with heavy chesnut and bay patches, technically known by the name of piebald. And after this

modern Jehu came twenty light caravans, also drawn by handsome horses : the cars, picked out with light green and gold, looked splendid ; whilst the horses, harnessed in furniture ornamented with silver, had a pleasing and recherché air. The crowds rent the sky with prolonged cheers, as the mighty cavalcade rolled under the Scotch Gate to the mirth-inspiring tune of "Go to Berwick, Johnny" (composed in honour of Cope's defeat). There sat Van Amburgh on the box, with an air of repose and quiet about him that nothing could disturb ; and as easily as though he drove a pair of ladies' ponies, did he restrain and guide the motions of the fiery steeds that champed at the bit before him. Along the High Street, crowded with passengers and lookers-on, glided the cavalcade, turning the difficult corners, abrupt and sharp, leading up Church Street ; now debouching on to the wide Parade between the Barracks and Church, turning down the solitary and deserted street called Ravensdowne, or the Back Way, along the site of the ancient wall, by Silver Street and Bridge Street, over the long and narrow Bridge to Tweedmouth ; and so back again, fettered and engirt with thousands of gaping auditors.

The marquee was pitched in Ravensdowne, and thither flocked the crowd to see this second Androcles brave the fury of the desert king, this modern Daniel, who was to venture into the den of lions. The crowds are seated in the marquee, and in the centre there is an immense cage, in which is contained a royal Bengal tiger, a black one, a majestic-looking lion and lioness, with a panther or so. The beasts are moving about the cage in that unsatisfactory manner,—with that restlessness inherent in captivity ; a buzz is heard ;



and Van Amburgh bounds into the arena. His smart driving Codrington coat, his d'Orsay gloves, and Albert hat are now doffed, and he appears in a suit of silk fleshings, with a scarf and skirt of pale blue satin : a fine tall fellow, with coal black mustachios, a hirsute pair of whiskers, and curling head of hair,—a “man of wax, lady.” Receiving a light whip from a groom, he bows to the audience, approaches the cage quickly, opens the wicket suddenly and boldly, and bounds in, shutting the gate silently after him, and facing the monsters of the Lybian deserts! There is a deep stillness falls on the audience of awe and admiration for the man who thus dares plunge so courageously among the beasts of the forest ; and for a moment there he stands, awing the fierce animals by the majestic and godlike expression of his eye. The beasts so lately moving about, restless and savage, are now like so many cats clinging and crouching to the sides of the cage, slinking away oppressed beneath his gaze. Van Amburgh advances, keeping his face to them, so that he may have them under the dominion of his eye ; and holding his whip four feet from the ground, he beckons the savage tiger to advance. The beast obeys, and leaps over the slight barrier, followed in succession by all the others, except the old lion, who lays looking at his keeper. Van Amburgh calls loudly to him, but he still does not move ; when the intrepid tamer cuts at him smartly with his whip ; and with a roar like a peal of cannon, and a bound that shakes the cage, and freezes the blood of the lookers-on, the huge monster flies over the whip. A hoop is produced, and one after another the beasts leap through it. The lion charmer now throws them on the ground, and lies down with

them in a variety of attitudes. Now is he beneath the pile of beasts ; now is he *tête-à-tête* with the savage Bengal tiger ; now he pillows his head on the mane of the lioness, the pards and lion crouching by him ; and now he leaps on his feet, and stands on the prostrate beasts triumphantly, asserting the sovereignty and dominion of imperious man over the animals of the earth, while a thunder of applause showers around him ; and now with a word he compels the savage black tiger to rise upon his hind feet, and wrestle with him—no mock encounter. The horrid fangs of the beast are gleaming hideously above the light and delicate form of its human antagonist ! And now, amid a shudder from all around, he places his head in the monstrous mouth of the beast. One cranch, and—but no—though the tiger rolls his eyes like coals of fire, he makes no motion ; the majesty of man has completely cowed him, and he suffers his daring antagonist to withdraw his head in safety, when with one snap of his terrible jaws, he could have shivered his skull like a crystal goblet. Gradually retreating to the wicket, still keeping his eye upon and facing them, after a few more orders, he suddenly throws open the gate and leaps out backward, fastening the wicket with the rapidity of lightning. Well that he does so ; now that they are relieved from the fascination of the human eye, they regain their fierceness ; and with a heavy roar, and bound on the wicket bars, which makes the stout iron rods bend like willow-wands, they open their cavernous jaws, and hoarsely roar. The monstrous tiger glares on the assemblage, and leaps round his cage in vindictive and fearful rage ; whilst the others growl, and move savagely about in all the fury of native wildness.

Thus ends the sight, and the next morning the tent is down, the cavalcade departed, and the old borough silent as "a city of the dead."

And there at sea, standing close in shore, is a large steamer; 'tis the Pegasus from Edinbro' to Hull. The wind has died away, and the sea is as a sheet of molten lead; no stir on the ocean; there she lies within a few furlongs of the shore; who would say death and terror, agony and despair, were waiting on that doomed vessel? and yet it was so. Ere the midnight bell tolled one, she ran unknowingly upon the Goldstone (a rock near the Fern Islands with a perpendicular wall sinking many fathoms sheer down), and smashed her bows to pieces. With a sudden start the sleepless passengers rush from their berths and inquire the cause; 'tis soon told, for all is confusion and despair; vain their attempts to reach the shore; two boats are lowered, into which the passengers madly leap; one goes down overladen with her shrieking and living freight, and the other is swamped by the paddles of the steamer. They turn her head to shore, and vainly endeavour to gain the land which lies so near them; it will not be; the sea is coming in like a cataract beneath her bows, and already the insidious element is swimming on the floor of the engine-room and quenching the fires, and the poor ship, like a human being, begins to moan and roll from side to side; and there on the bridge leading from paddle to paddle sits the captain, in some measure the unknowing author of this dreadful calamity. The passengers seeing death so near them, frantically crowd about him, and ask what can be done? with a dogged and desperate look, his arms crossed on his breast and his eyes glaring wildly, he

answers, "Nothing, we must all perish."\* With a scream of anguish and dismay like startled sea birds, the doomed passengers rush about wildly, endeavouring to save themselves. Look on the quarter deck! In pious prayer a Minister of Scotland has gathered a noble few around him, and is fitting their souls for the immortal change that will momentarily take place; while some indulge in wild and useless cries, others swear blasphemous and terrible oaths, and amid them all, rising in firm and manly tone over the calm sea and the summer morning, that shrieking multitude and sinking ship, the man of God pronounces trumpet-tongued, the holy and divine truths, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and inculcates the necessity of Divine reliance,—“Whosoever believeth in me shall not perish;” and while some are securing their money, watches, &c., on their persons, in the vain hope that they yet may be saved, hark! how the voice of the minister reproves them for their carnal love of lucre. “We brought nothing into this world, and ’tis certain we can take nothing out of it.”

And now the vessel lurches heavily from side to side; and then, not with a gradual settle, but with a sudden plunge goes head-foremost into the clear and placid green waves. O Heavens! what a yell, what a shriek of agony, of mortal suffering and woe, but for a moment, only a moment, then all is still, not a vestige of the ship to be seen, but her main-topmast-truck peering above the water. Is there no one saved? yes, there are half a dozen in yon drifting boat, and there, striking out to sea, is another of the survivors, the intrepid Charles Bailey; that shriek of agony has nearly palsied his arm, and now floating on a piece of wood he supports him-

\* See Narrative of Charles Bailey, one of the survivors.

self. The fishermen's boats proceeding to sea, pick up hats, coats, boxes, and bodies floating about in the wash of the waves, which conveys to them the first intelligence of the dreadful calamity.

The survivors are saved, and in a few days, the bodies of a score of unhappy wretches are buried in the churchyard of the old monastery at Holy Island ; but for the rest, "when the sea gives up her dead, they will be there."

Various improvements were made from time to time in the old borough,—the houses in Bridge Street, immediately facing the English Gate, and on either side (low built houses they were, with the upper stories projecting over the ground floors, with immense beams of black oak, quaintly carved, with high gable ends, and crowned with steep roofs), one after the other were swept away ; the oil lamps, that twinkled in many a winter's night, shedding round a dubious glare, and making "darkness visible," were at length removed, and, instead of the huge pan of tallow and wick, jets of smart manufacture surmounted the metal lamp-posts, and bright streams of gas gushed forth, rendering the old streets light and comfortable, and formed a startling contrast to the lamps of our forefathers.

On the 1st of January, 1821, a public meeting of the merchants and other gentlemen interested in the prosperity of the town, was held in the Red Lion Inn, who agreed upon establishing a Gas Light Company ; the capital not to exceed £4000, and to be raised by transferable shares of £25 each. The works of the Company, situated in Foulford, were executed the same year, at an expense of £3,700, and the town was first lighted with gas on the 1st of January, 1822. The capital of the company is now considerably increased, and their works greatly

extended. Mr. James Paterson is the Secretary and Manager for the Company. This was considered a great boon to the inhabitants of Berwick, and so indeed it was, and would have flourished still better, had the Company persevered in charging as moderately as when they began ; but, "by pride," we are told, "the angels fell,"—and so with the Old Gas Company. In consequence of the dear rate of charging, another Company was formed in 1844, and a gas-house, &c., erected in Spittal. This opposition has had the effect of reducing the price of gas to very moderate terms.

Berwick now rejoices in two gas companies,—the old and the new one. The coals were obtained from Newcastle for the retorts, at a great price, as the coal in the immediate neighbourhood was thought not pure enough ; but the cheapness and rapidity of railway carriage enable the companies to charge moderate prices, and to secure an ample remuneration for their capital.

In the course of the many improvements going on, the shambles fell a prey to the rage for sanitary reform. They were a clumsy pile of irregular buildings, occupying the site of the present Corn Market, and enclosing a square ; a high wall looked on to the Town Hall, in which a large gate opened, and gave access to the various buyers of meat, ranged round the south and east sides, in quaint old-fashioned stalls and booths ; a similar opening on the east side led into Church Street.

When this square was first enclosed, there is no authentic account, but from coins that have been found in the rubbish, it is evident it was a principal market for meat in the times of James VI., and his son Charles I, and may have been in the time of King Alexander. In the time of Fuller (1799), it was a source of great

complaint to the inhabitants. But, notwithstanding these murmurs, the rude forefathers of the borough continued to slaughter the "Beeves and Muttons" unconcernedly, until within the last four years.

Hear what the worthy Doctor Fuller thunders against this nuisance, "The practice of killing cattle in the market-place, which is situated in the midst of the town, constitutes an intolerable nuisance. This will appear from the following facts and observations."

Whereupon there follows a great many complaints, among which occur the following, "The blood runs in gutters all the way from the shambles to the river, through a principal part of the town." (It would seem there were no sewers in the worthy Doctor's time. This gives us a frightful picture of the sanitary condition of the streets!)

"The excrementitious matter, mixed with blood, is allowed to lay in and around the shambles, until it accumulates to a great quantity, whereby putridity takes place." That there "have been many instances of the blood from the shambles getting into the water pipes, and mixing with the water." The Doctor tells us of a lady having been chased by an ox in Church Street, and very severely injured, and he attacks the reigning abuses of the borough most lustily,—advocates the pulling down the houses at the south corner of Bridge Street, the lessening the ascent up Western Lane, as well as opening a gate in the town wall, in a line with Silver Street. (All of which were afterwards done, for the Doctor has a great quantity of sound sense amongst his prolixity.)

But for many years the inhabitants were deaf to the remonstrances of the worthy Doctor. At length, in 1844, the shambles were deserted, and a range of build-

ings erected in an airy situation, on the bank immediately over the river, a few hundred yards from the Scotch Gate ; and the old square, that had echoed with the ring of coins, the buzz of the money-changers, and the constant clack of "what d'ye buy?" accompanied with the chink of the butcher's knife upon the steel, became silent as the grave ; its old butchers and fleshers quitted their stands in its ancient quadrangle, and sought for other habitations.

The shambles remained desolate for two years, at the expiration of which time, a party of gentlemen purchased it of the Corporation, for the purpose of forming a corn market. The old area was cleaned out and levelled, the ancient walls pulled down, a light wall, surrounded by a railing, built around it,—and in 1846, the farmers and corn factors removed from the head of Hyde Hill (their customary place of meeting on market days) to the more convenient area of the new Corn Market. Shakspeare says a decayed waiting-man makes a new tapster ; if so, an abandoned shambles forms a very good corn market.\*

Who has not heard of the border Henry Jenkins, old James Stuart, the Octogenarian, in whose age are combined almost two centuries ? This monument of aged mortality may have been seen often at the corner of Hyde Hill, on some fine market-day in spring, shivering out a trembling tune from his rude fiddle ; like Scott's Last Minstrel, "he an uncertain prelude made," anything but inviting to musical ears !

\* In pulling down the shambles, an immense number of bones were found (not of animals but human), lying in parallel rows, from north to south, which might strengthen the supposition that it was in early days the burial ground of a religious house, erected near the spot. Several coins, crowns, and shillings, of the reign of James I. and Charles II., were also found.



Mr. Howitt, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," first made the reading public of the metropolis aware of this aged Samson ; but he was well known for many miles on both sides of the border. Formerly he travelled with a "cuddie" and cart about the country, as a higler and carrier, until age and increasing infirmities compelled him to abandon the travelling. But little is known of his early life with any certainty. Jamie's account of himself is but a strange farrago of incidents. Howitt says of this old, old man :—"Imagine me sitting in a lane near Berwick-upon-Tweed, and opposite to me James Stuart, the descendant of Scotland's ancient kings, the son of a general of a former century, the grandson of the lady of Airlie, the spectator of Culloden and Prestonpans, the soldier of Bunker's Hill and Quebec, a man aged considerably more than one hundred years, and the reader must be satisfied that wonderful things have not yet ceased."—W. HOWITT.

The life of this singular old man justifies the remark, "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction." According to his own account, and his generally received biography, published in several newspapers, James Stuart was born on Christmas day 1728, at Charleston, in South Carolina, U.S., seven months after the accession of George II. His father, General John Stuart, was a near relative of Prince Charles Stuart, the Pretender. His mother's name was Ogilvie. James was the youngest of sixteen children, but he has long survived them all. Several of his sisters were married to majors and officers in the army. The grandmother of Stuart was the lady of Airlie, whose house was burnt, and herself murdered by the Campbells, and who has attained such a mournful celebrity in ancient Scotch song.

## THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLIE.

It was on a day—on a bonnie summer day,  
 When the corn grew green and barely,  
 That there fell out a great dispute  
 Between Argyle and Airlie.  
 Argyle he's raised an hundred men—  
 An hundred men and mairly;  
 An he's gane down by the back o' Dunkeld,  
 To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Lady Ogilvie look'd frae her castle wa',  
 An' O but she was ferly.  
 To see Argyle wi' a' his men,  
 Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.  
 'Come down, come down, madam Ogilvie,' he cried,  
 'Come down and kiss me fairly;'  
 'I wadna kiss you, cruel Argyle,  
 Though ye leftna' a stannin' stane in Airlie.

"' For I ha'e gotten eleven bonnie sons,  
 An' the twelfth has ne'er seen his daddy;  
 But gin I had as mony mony mair,  
 They wad a' be servants o' Charlie.  
 O! if my good lord was at hame,  
 As this night he's wi' Charlie,  
 The great Argyle, an' a' his men,  
 Dar'na plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.'"

General Stuart was killed in America, at the head of his troops,—risings having taken place amongst the colonists.

When James Stuart was about seven years of age, he left America, and, with his sisters, was brought up at the house of Airlie. In the ever-memorable year 1745, he was at school, then aged 15. Having plenty of money, he ran from school, being curious to see the upshot of events, and how things went on with his adventurous relation—Prince Charles Edward. At the battle of Prestonpans he was a spectator, and in that short but eventful action he saw the lamented Colonel Gardiner knocked off his horse by a ball and killed, and witnessed also Johnny Cope's flight from the field.

He was present at the march in triumph of Charles to Edinburgh, when he took possession of the palace of his ancestors, and, according to his repeated statement, partook of a glass of wine with him. He was also a spectator to the battle of Culloden, so fatal to the hopes of the Stuarts. When about his twentieth year, he enlisted in the 42d Royal Highlanders. He remained in that company six or seven years. He was an ensign in General Wolfe's army, and fought at the memorable battle of Quebec, 1759. After the close of this war he sold his commission, but again in a short time he entered the service, and served in what is commonly called the American war. He was engaged in the bloody action which took place at Bunker's Hill, 17th June, 1775 ; in which action the royalists had the advantage, but with the loss of 226 killed, and more than 800 wounded. After this he changed his mode of life, and went to sea, and for about sixteen years he was a sailor on board a man-of-war. He served under the hero, Admiral Rodney, and was present when that gallant officer stormed Comte de Grasse, in the West Indies ; but in this action he did not escape unscathed, being wounded in the head, thigh, and both legs. He was also a sailor on board several trading vessels for some years.

Upwards of fifty years ago he settled in Berwick, and has ever since, until a recent period, travelled in the northern counties of England and those of the south of Scotland as a mendicant with a violin, upon which he was by no means a charming performer ; his favourite airs were "The Lad with the White Cockade," and "The Campbells are coming." It has on all hands been remarked, however, of Stuart, that he never *asked* alms, although we are not aware that he latterly ever found

himself exactly in a situation to refuse any boon that might be extended to him.

James Stuart was no practical follower of Malthus, for before his death he had five wives. The names of his wives are, 1st, Catherine Bane, of a Caithness family ; 2d, Annie M'Donald ; 3d, Nancy Riddle, of Spittal,—with this wife came property in the West Indies, but it was lost through the roguery of agents and his not being a man of business. When the late King George IV. was in Edinburgh, he promised to get this property for him, but he died ere any steps were taken. His 4th wife was Peggy Hewit ; 5th, who is now alive, Isabel Dawson, aged 40. By these wives he has had twenty-seven children, ten of whom were killed in battle—five in the East India Company's service, two at Trafalgar, one in the Scots Greys at Waterloo, and two at Algiers with Admiral Sir D. Milne.

From his celebrated feats of muscular energy, he obtained the bye-name of "Jemmy Strength," or "Strang." The writer of this sketch has learned from eye-witnesses such feats as the following :—Lifting with his teeth a kitchen or dining table, six or seven feet long ; raising from the ground on his hand men weighing about twenty stone (one gentleman informed the writer that he raised him and another person on his shoulders, their united weight might have been from twenty-five to twenty-seven stones) ; lifting from the ground eighteen half-hundred weights fastened together on an iron bar with one hand ; and, though last not least, carrying, the breadth of a hay-stack, a cart loaded with hay, the cart estimated to weigh half a ton, and the hay one ton. It is nearly thirty-seven years since he performed the latter feat.

Through a notice which appeared in the *WARDER*, the sympathy of several of the benevolent public, including her Majesty, was awakened in his behalf, and a fund raised, which was administered for his relief. It may be satisfactory to learn that he spent his latter days in comparative comfort; the publications, pictorial and biographical, may, such as they were, have contributed somewhat to the end in view, by making the situation and circumstances of this interesting old relic more widely known. The last of the Stuarts—a character which bound the present age to generations long ago numbered among the things that are not.

The following conversation between the celebrated author, William Howitt, and old James Stuart, will be read with much interest.\* It was substantially repeated by Stuart himself to the writer of this sketch, but is subjoined as given by Mr. Howitt, from a conviction that it could not be clothed in more graphic language:—

“Gentlemen,” he said, “were all very kind to him. Sir Walter Scott sent for him to go to Abbotsford. He sent to Mr. Robinson, the minister of Newton, near Coldstream, desiring him to send him. So at length, after many delays, he got a cuddie (a jackass) and went—but when he got there Sir Walter was dead, and all the family gone. It was a pity,” he said, “for Sir Walter was a Justice of the Peace, and a Justice of Quorum too, and he might have been able to do summut for me.”

I told him it was a pity Sir Walter had not seen him, as he was a great writer, and would have made a figure of him in a romance. The old man seemed to smile at

\* In that author's work, “Tour to Remarkable Places in the North of England,” will be found several interesting particulars regarding Stuart.

the idea. "Would he really," said he, but then added, "Weel, we must try to figure in another world." (Scott would undoubtedly have made him a hero in some novel, and conferred on him the same species of immortality he did on the Black Dwarf.)

I told him he might live to reach 120 ; he said—

"Weel, that is all a hidden mystery ; and it is as weel that it is, for it is our business to learn to put our whole trust in Providence. Aye," said he, "I have gone on above 100 years, and my faith is stronger than ever. If my eyes did not fail me, I should have the pleasure of reading my Testament over a good many times yet, as I have done many times already, till I have it almost off by heart, but my wife reads it for me, and that's a great comfort."

On many occasions we have heard him repeat a series of chapters from the Old and another series from the New Testament—such was the wonderful tenacity of his memory, even in the extremity of old age. The chapters recited were the first and succeeding chapters of Genesis ; and the third and succeeding chapters of the Gospel of St. John. He went on in a rapid and apparently mechanical muttering style—and we imagine we could trace back the acquisition of these extraordinary stores of Biblical lore, to his earliest youth, from the broader Doric of his Scotch pronunciation, manifested in repeating the passages of Scripture, than in his ordinary discourse. His emphasis was from this reason very peculiar. The words "*The Deevil*" led him up into an *exce-eding* high mountain" struck peculiarly on our ear. He could seemingly have gone on to any extent, but was stopt from dread of physical exhaustion.

Such is the generally received and adopted biography

of Stuart's life, and hundreds have borne testimony to the facts. It is a pity to disturb this ancient fable, but truth compels us so to do. Chambers comes in with his *glaiive*, and with one rude blow completely demolishes the story of the Lady of Airlie. That there is an evident mixture of fable in the story of this old man, no person can for a moment doubt. In the first place, Prince Charles *never had such a cousin* as General John Stuart ; and secondly, the Lady Airlie, of the Scottish ballad, born in 1596, was a *grandmother* in 1640, how could any daughter of hers have born this modern Hercules in 1728, the apparent date of the old man's birth ? We may say with Chambers, "seeing there is here downright fiction, we must take leave to draw our scepticism regarding other parts of the old man's story, the circulation of which in so many channels, without any expression of doubt, certainly gives us no exalted idea of the historical knowledge of our age." As Sir Lucius says, "The story is a very good story," and there we will leave it. Who Stuart's father may have been, we know not, but there is every reason to believe he had little gentle blood in his frame ; his manners were coarse and blunt—that may have been the result of his education, or the situations in life in which he was thrown, but as Phædrus says of the empty wine cask, "Some flavour of the liquor will still cling about the staves." From his name of Stuart, the old man fancied he was related to the "bonnie Prince Charlie," and this delusion "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength."

Stuart's tale may be wholly true or not ; that it was partly so there is some temptation to suspect ; but as a party to the public notice which this object attained in the extremity of old age, we shall, in justice to our-

selves and others, endeavour to show that neither history or memory can confute it. Jemmy's allusion to the Lady Airlie of Scottish song, may be looked upon as a popular mode adopted by him of impressing upon the vulgar whom he commonly addressed the celebrity of his *race*, rather than of the *individual*, from whence he sprung. In his history, the writer asserts, "He never said anything of the *legitimacy* of his descent, only that he was the grandson or *great* grandson of that "Lady Airlie," who was taken by the "fause Argyle," to "a high hill top," to witness the burning of Airlie. On one occasion he stated he was college bred, and had partly received his education at the Universities of St. Andrew's and Aberdeen. He could read and write up to the last year of his life. Jemmy's countenance once seen was never forgotten. It had a cast of elongation, by which the uncropt chin protruded far down the broad square chest, while the large furrowed haffets of hoary old, gigantic cheek-bones, prominently attenuated, and the fitful glimmerings of eyes, hazy with age, were overshadowed with shaggy eyebrows. The head contained the notion of a giant fallen into decrepitude, and it was so closely poised between a pair of Atalantean shoulders, that it was obvious some stroke of bodily deformity had modified the frame of its owner; the downward continuation of his figure consisted of two immense bony arms; a short squat trunk, and two short legs, with an ungainly bend, which in vulgar parlance is termed "bow houghed."

But "time and tide" wait for no man, and on the 11th of April, 1844, this old man gave up his breath to the general destroyer; he had been childish and idiotic for some months previous to his death,—the glimmering



of life's taper ere it dies out, in the worn lamp. As he lay in his coffin, thousands went to look upon the patriarch of 115 years. He must have been a man of great strength in his time, as, though much shrunk, the bones were cast in Nature's mould, heavy, ponderous, and strong.

His funeral was attended by a great number of people, not only from the town, but the neighbouring villages; all crowded forward to bear the coffin, if only but for a moment, that they might have the pleasure of saying hereafter, they helped to carry the last of the Stuarts to the grave. And had those eyes, now closed in death, looked upon the unfortunate Johnny Cope, seen the Miller of Invernayhale deal the death-blow upon the pious Gardiner? and looked upon the fair but unfortunate face of the young Chevalier, as in the eagerness of his joy, he threw away his bonnet, and ran into the battle? and did they gaze upon the expiring Wolfe on the plains of Quebec, and heard him sing, the night before his death, the old martial ditty of "Why, soldiers, why should we be melancholy, boys?" Rodney, Hood, Nelson, Collingwood,—the two former were his old Admirals, "familiar as household words;" the two latter were children in the cradle when Stuart was seventy years of age—

"Antiquity seems to have begun,  
Long after thy primeval race was run."

They ran their brief race of glory, and were swept away, and thousands with them, that had once been the shipmates of the old tar. And now has Jamie succumbed to death; the strong man has bowed before a stronger power; and shrunk up in his coffin, worn and stiffened by 115 years, the border Samson and patriarch of Tweed-mouth lies at rest for ever.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

EXCAVATIONS OF THE CASTLE HILL—FORMATION OF THE RAILWAY STATION—RELICS, DISCOVERIES, &c.—NEW BRIDGE OVER THE TWEED—ITS HEIGHT AND LENGTH—PROBABLE COST—THE NUMBER OF WORKMEN EMPLOYED—GENERAL REMARKS ON THE AIR AND TRADE OF BERWICK.

AND now the last blow must be given to the old Castle, the deadliest of all its wounds ; others have feloniously appropriated its stones to sacred and warlike purposes, pillaged its riches, but still left something ; but this attack is complete deracination. In 1844, a bill was passed in Parliament, for the making a railway from Berwick to Edinburgh. The station of our gude town was allotted to the Castle Hill ; and, in the latter part of the year, droves of labourers and navies were seen congregating in the vicinity. And ere a few days had passed away, the attack commenced. And now for a few moments close your eyes, open them suddenly, imagining 700 years have flown away, and you may see the same work going forward, the same drengs and villeins of the earth, the same severe tasking of labour, and heavy manual exertion, as in the days of Henry II. *Then* the Castle was rebuilding. *Now* it is demolishing, but the dreng of the 19th century is infinitely better off than the villein of the 12th. In that age he was the thrall and bondsman of his master, as much a portion

of his estate as the cattle, timber, or stones on it. Now he is in a measure his own master ; he works like a horse, it is true, and his wages are 3s. 6d. per day. The dreng of Henry's reign wrought for 3d. per diem. But the 3d. of the dreng was almost as much in value as the forty-two pence of the navie, when we take into consideration the rate of money in Henry II.'s reign ; a cow was sold for 6d., a sheep for 2d. Looking upon it in that light, if the dreng's daily wages were equivalent to half the price of a cow, the modern labourer's hire is infinitely below the present value of that animal ; but the price of money fluctuates almost in every reign.

In the year 900, King Alfred left to each of his daughters £100 in money (equal to £2000 of our present coin). In 1221, Joan, eldest daughter of King John, upon her marriage with Alexander King of Scotland, had a dowry of £1000 per annum (this was a magnificent sum). In 1278, Edward the First gave, with his daughter Joan, contracted with the son of the King of the Romans, 10,000 merks sterling, but this was to be restored in case the prince died before her. In 1314, Elizabeth, consort to King Robert the Bruce, being imprisoned in England, was allowed for herself and family 20s. a week, equivalent to £10 of our present coinage. The pensions allowed by the King to the Cardinals and great officers of the Pope, who were in a manner retained by the Courts of England, were at the most 50 merks a-year.

In 1351, workmen were to take their wages in wheat, at the rate of 10d. a bushel ; and master, workmen, masons, tillers, &c., were allowed 3d. per day, their journeymen 2d., and their servants or boys 1½d.\*

\* In Henry the Seventh's time, an admiral, if a knight, had, while at sea, 4s. a day ; if a baron, 6s. 8d. ; and, if an earl, 13s. 4d.

As far as flesh and blood are concerned, the navies are the same as the drengs of the 12th century. But the labourers of the present time are wiser in their generation than the builders of the Castle, and take advantage of all those appliances that have from age to age been discovered and invented, rendering science subservient to labour. Observe them now ; crowds of labourers assemble on all points of the Castle Hill. The first general attack is made on the east side, a remnant of a curtain and two round towers are to be demolished. Vain are the efforts of the workmen, as with pick and crow they try to wedge asunder the firm and compact masonry. The mortar cemented to the durability of iron, mocks at their efforts ; the hands that built those towers are dust long ago, but the monuments of their labours survive the wreck of storm and time.

Three nations send forth their children to sweep away the last stronghold of feudal despotism ; the light and active son of Erin, with his merry laugh and devil-may-care joke : the heavy Saxon, with bluff look and ponderous strength : the cautious and wiry Scotchman, all dig, wrench, labour, and sweat in the general work of devastation. The potent aid of gunpowder is brought into requisition, a lodgment is effected at the base of one of the turrets, and the fatal train laid with the match attached to it. The spark ignites, and rapidly the fusee approaches the combustible ; the labourers, with a sudden rush, draw off from the wall, suddenly a light blue vapour rises in a spiral column, and there is heard a subdued and deadened report, like the first groan of an earthquake ; a shower of stones shoot up into the air, as fired from a mortar, or shot from the convulsed crater of a volcano ; and with a slow and

heavy movement, Henry II.'s tower gradually slips down, and majestically bows before the invincible blast. Now, with a thundering crash, the huge fabric comes pitching headlong into the moat, and a cheer rings around the walls at this, their first achievement. Busy as bees, the workmen advance, and sap and mine and blast the walls, discovering the interior of the Castle vaults, some of them partially crushed in, and others choked with rubbish ; but here and there passages, like rabbit burrows, intersect each other, leading to the dungeons, in which many a poor prisoner has languished for the fair sight of day, and only exchanged his gloomy walls for the headsman's axe and the gibbet on the Gallows' Knowe. And now the sun-light penetrates those abodes of tyranny, where many a black deed has been perpetrated in the gloom of that once feudal Castle. The stronghold is fast disappearing ; the work of the oppressed drengs is yielding before that army of bone and muscle still onward advancing. Piles of earth are removed, the labour of Cromwell's soldiers in Berwick is shovelled quickly away, four and twenty feet have they dug down, and what appeared, for many years, to be the remnant of rampart two feet out of the earth, is now a huge and solid wall, forming the west side of the hall of the Castle. Staircases are revealed, leading to odd nooks and holes. Ovens and huge fire-places yawn in the walls, as the spade of the labourer, like the wand of the magician, ushers them into sight ; still deeper yet, and where yon window gapes in the tottering tower, may have been the abode of the imprisoned Countess of Dunbar, or the bridal chamber of the fair Make-Peace ; and as they progress, and uncover the ground floors of the fortress, they fill up the deep moat

around the Castle. There, where a stone causeway led over the huge ditch, or where the ponderous beams of the drawbridge projected, is now becoming dammed up and level with the adjoining land, restoring it to the same situation as it was before the rude spades of the drengs and villeins, 700 years ago, excavated the gaping trench. Here may have been the bartizan, and this square space the guard-room of the Castle, where the hoarse laugh and jokes of the men-at-arms have often made the old towers ring again with their merriment. Through these loopholes in the basement wall the cloth-yard arrows may have showered their barbed points, or the long lance and two-edged swords dealt mortal stabs on the besiegers. Forlorn looks the ruins and woe-begone. Here may have been the buttery, there the steward's pantry, where yards of beef and huge black jacks, reeking with ale and Rhenish, went flowing forth. Let imagination run riot, and this gaping and ruined heap of stones, wrenched asunder by the miner's pick, may once more erect their fair proportions, and the Castle become peopled with tall and stalwart figures, clad in heavy armour, and keeping watch and ward, or revelling in loud and merry wassailry. To the south, the ground is clear of any ruins. This, then, was the court-yard. Here the mustering of squadrons, the ranks of bill-men, archers, men-at-arms, and mercenaries assembled. Here were held the tournaments and passages of arms. And here was heard the bray of trumpets, and the applause of courtiers, fair ladies and peasants, as the knights hewed at each other with chivalric strife, until their tilting became mortal. Here Sir John Twiford gave up his spirit; and close by, on the southern ramparts, may Sir Alexander Seton, his wife, and many kinsmen, all with

aching hearts and streaming eyes, have looked down on the opposite bank of the Tweed, and beheld the gallant sons of the white-haired Governor of the Castle "flaughter" like a withered leaf on the fatal tree. Where those band of navies, in busy rows, are clearing away the earth, the mandate of Edward the First, with all his plumed and mailed barons, gave a King to Scotland, and plunged that country into a series of terrific wars for fifty years. One little word, spoken by the renowned "Long Shanks," proved the death-knell of many a brave knight and Scottish baron. Those walls are hallowed with many associations, each of which is as a tongue to bid those brawny knaves forego their work of devastation; but the age of chivalry is gone, and the workmen in this our sober and money-making age, see but a mass of useless stone.

The work proceeds bravely, for the drengs of the 19th century are more wise in their labour than their forefathers, and have laid down temporary rails parallel to the mounds of earth, and in one hour convey more waggon loads of earth away, than the villeins of Henry II. could accomplish in a day. But few are the relics found in the ruins, a few cannon balls, pieces of rusty swords, a culinary utensil or so, and that is all, disproving the popular assertion that a rich treasure was concealed in the bowels of the Castle. Those who looked carefully have been there before them, for Cromwell's Commissioners swept all away. Where now are the pictures of stone, the fair buttresses, the chambers and galleries so richly adorned? Gone, all gone. Where the founders of the Castle, the millions of armed men who lived here and fought for the safeguard of this Castle, wasting their blood to protect these walls (now abandoned to

the fury of the navies) ? Like the dust on the ground, of no more moment.

In a short space of time the ground cleared of walls and rubbish, with the moat filled up that circled it, presents a wide area, and a Railway Bridge is built within a furlong of the ditch, while a modern Railway Station, with miniature towers and baby battlements, springs up as in mockery of the majestic towers, keep, donjon, battlements, and bartizan that usurped its present site.

And this sudden transformation is the work of the *drengs* of the 19th century, of the "navies" of the present day. Mr. Chadwick, in a work recently written, informs us, "The digging of large masses of earth, and the blasting and removal of rocks for the railways lately forming, and now in course of completion, have called into operation a class of labourers almost new to the country ; these men received the appellation of ' navigators,' or ' navies,' as the word has been abbreviated. Collected principally from the hills of Lancashire and Yorkshire, they display the strong Anglo-Saxon type. The love of good eating and heavy drinking they inherit from their Teutonic forefathers ; in point of physical stamina they are altogether unequalled by any other race, while under a rude exterior are good mental qualities susceptible of a high moral cultivation. Being reared like the peasantry of England, generally they are valuable alone, to speak commercially, as engines of physical labour, and are drawn together in vast numbers by the temptation of high wages from railway contractors. Latterly, as railway digging has increased, they have become blended with hosts of miscellaneous labourers, and with Irish in still greater numbers." Such are the operatives now employed in the stupendous work erecting over the Tweed.



Unfortunately the execution of such works is seldom left in the hands of the actual proprietaries. Railway directors are usually connected with city life ; who know little of engineering and manual operations, and they find it their best policy to let out portions of the line to a contractor, who engages to complete the excavations, bankings, &c., at a specified price. Contracting for railways has thus become a great business, so great that there are men who will now undertake the whole work on a line, earth, stone, and iron work, altogether, they again letting out portions to sub-contractors, and these sub-contractors letting out lesser bits to what may be called sub-sub-contractors ; and thus the men who are the real railway makers, are at the mercy of a set of persons very little removed above them in station, and who, from their very obscurity, are removed from any obloquy.

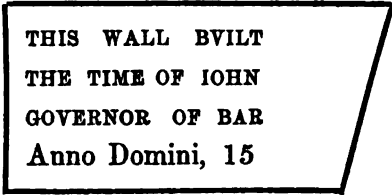
The consequences are such as daily meet the eye, demoralisation, crimes, riots, and confusion. The high wages offered to the "navies" seem fair to the eye, but are broken in the hope. The wages sometimes are paid *only* once in nine weeks, and then too often they are paid in a public house, and when the navie thinks he has £8 or £9 to receive, in fact very little is due to him when the pay-day arrives. The great object of the contractors in thus staving off the day of payment, is to drive the men to take goods on credit at certain shops, technically called "tommy" or tally shops, or to accept of tickets, which, like cash in hand, they can exchange for articles at these establishments. The high prices charged for each article, and the frequent changes of tickets for "beer" absorb all the navies' wages, and the nominal 4s. a day is not worth perhaps two or three shillings in or-

dinary circumstances. Mr. Chadwick observes, "the labourer who might want employment has found that he can only get it on recommendation of the beer-keeper, or the tally-shop keeper ; the labourer has also found that he could not retain his employment, unless he took a certain quantity of beer from the beer-shop, or of goods from the tally-shop. Suppose the truck system could be put down, what is to prevent the sub-contractors from keeping beer and tally-shops, and only employing men who would spend their wages in these establishments ? Such has actually taken place on many lines." During the formation of the lines, the navies burrow in the sand banks like Hottentots, or erect miserable and rude huts near to their work, to escape the difficulty and expense of better lodgings. One result of the constant intemperance of the navies is the fearful amount of bodily injuries which are constantly occurring ; another is the general debauchery and deterioration of their race. Some have wives, but by far the greater number live with women unsanctified by any marriage vows ; the children born and bred up in the wretched hovels are physically and morally depraved. "The railway workers form an accumulating mass of savagery, with the worst vices of civilization ; they realise within the bounds of the united kingdom a specimen of habits common only in the most barbarous tribes. Among them Christian and surnames disappear, and they become known and are entered on the contractors' books by the same species of cognomens as are fancifully adopted by roving Indians and other wild races."

Such are the present *drengs* and *villains*, who on a pay night fill the streets of Berwick with uproar, not a whit better in moral cultivation than the *drengs* of

Henry II. ; such are the men who by day, and by night also, pursue their labours by the light of the ruddy coal fire, and dig, fill, and discharge millions of tons to form the mighty embankment stretching from the Station at Tweedmouth unto the Bridge, where a vast forest of timber now thrown across the river, is the forerunner of the more durable stone viaduct. Until Parliament takes up the matter concerning their wages, vain are any other interferences. If the contractor loses by the lowness of the estimate he gives in, he is aware he can make up his loss by the infamous truck system, by which he often clears more than by the contract itself.

One would imagine many relics (daily looked for by the curious), would have been discovered during the excavations at the Castle hill, yet such was not the fact ; very few, and those of inconsiderable value, have been turned up. The commissioners of Cromwell swept too clean to leave much for the present generation. Among others the bust of a female has been discovered, carved in gigantic bas-relievo, probably one of the "stone pictures" mentioned by Strype. It is supposed to be a likeness of Cleopatra, for she holds an asp or serpent in her hand, which she is applying to her breast ; around the bust is a circle of *fascies* bound with lotus leaves ; the face of the figure is much mutilated. There is also a fragment of a stone, two feet and a half long by one broad, with the following inscription upon it :—



THIS WALL BVILT  
THE TIME OF IOHN  
GOVERNOR OF BAR  
Anno Domini, 15

It indicates the re-building of some portion of the Castle wall. From the Christian name of the Governor, and the date 15—, it would lead us to suspect this occurrence happened in 1550, or 1568 ; at those periods the only Governors of Berwick, whose Christian names correspond with that on the stone, were Sir John Cross, and Sir John Forrester, noted as the unfortunate promoter of the "Raid of the Redswire." There are also a couple of stone globes, evidently meant for cannon balls, one of the size of an 18 pounder, the other that of a 42 ; they have been coated with lead apparently. There are also the remains of a shield chiselled in stone, on which are rudely sculptured the regal arms of England, three Lions Rampant, perhaps a memorial of the warlike Edward I., or a cognizance of the tyrant John ; (these fragments are in the possession of the Misses Askew of Castle Hills.) The Castle well has also been brought to light in a very strange manner, and indicates the position of the great kitchen of the Castle. In the course of the forming of the first pier of the Railway Bridge, several of the large stones were laid on the ground ; one was observed to sink considerably, and on examining it, it had fallen across the mouth of the well, the earth covering the aperture having given away. The well is durably cased with stone, but is filled up to within 12 feet of the summit ; that it penetrated to the level of the Tweed there is no doubt. Some talk has been indulged in as to the propriety of excavating it unto the bottom, and the possibility of discovering certain jewels and plate, which were supposed to be thrown in during some siege the castle sustained, but we fear it may prove a fiction.

The great embankment on the Tweedmouth side is

nearly finished. Some idea of its magnitude may be established from the fact that a thousand waggon-loads of earth are emptied over it a-week. When finished the quantity of earth will be 1,100,000 tons, or 700,000 cubic yards. The timber employed in the construction of the temporary wooden bridge across the Tweed is 250,000 to 300,000 cubic feet. The masonry in the vast stone Bridge now building will be 1,500,000 cubic feet.

The old Bridge with its 15 arches was 24 years building, and cost within a few pounds of £15,000. This new bridge will be finished in three years from its commencement at a cost of £110,000. Height of the old bridge from the foundation to the setting of the vauours (parapet wall) about 15 yards high.

The new bridge will have 28 semicircular arches ; its length 667 yards, and its extreme height from the foundation to the road way 134 feet.

The following are the number of workmen and their wages employed on the old and new bridges :—

	OLD BRIDGE.	NEW BRIDGE AND BANK.
Workmen, ... ..	300	2000
Master Masons, per day, ...	1s. 3d.	5s.
Masons, ... ..	1s. 4d.	4s. to 5s.
Master Carpenters, ...	1s. 8d.	4s. 6d. to 5s.
Smiths, ... ..	8d. to 1s.	3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.
Labourers, ... ..	4d. to 7d.	3s. to 4s.
Ditto, per tide, ... ..	2d.	3s. to 4s.
Shipwrights, Sawyers, and		
Boatwrights, ... ..	8d. to 2s. 6d.	2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

Notwithstanding the boasted “wisdom of our ancestors,” we do not see much of their sage conduct here. The march of intellect has, in like manner, effected a terrible revolution in the manual dexterity of the labourer. Food, lodging, and all the necessaries of life have advanced in price ; and to meet the vast demand of the times, the wages of the labouring man have risen

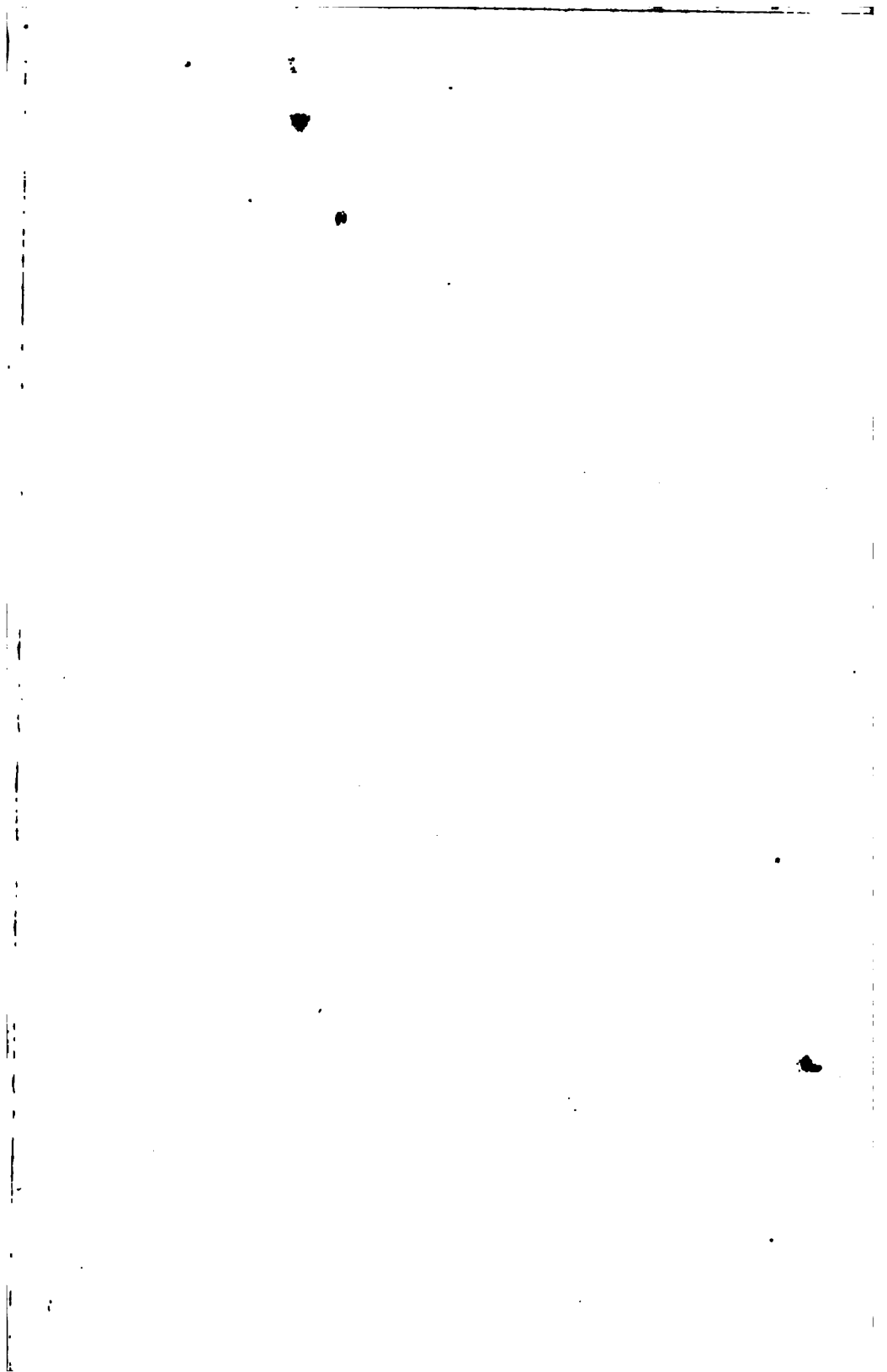
in proportion. Averaging each man employed on the works at a pound a-week, it will be seen that £2000 are paid to them weekly. The cost of the Bridge will be £110,000 ; and for the embankment, a quarter of a mile long, £38,000.

“ We have never passed through this venerable town without being filled with veneration for the many marks that yet remain to show what a desperate struggle it must have had for its existence for so many centuries, proving a determined bravery in its garrisons almost unexampled in the history of man. It always brings to our mind some very ancient silver flagon, made in an era when workmen were inexpert, and when the taste of their forms was more intended for use than ornament, but of materials so solid and valuable as to make it survive all blows and injuries, the marks of which are to be seen upon it, and which is thus infinitely more respected than some modern mazer of the most exquisite workmanship. With the name of Berwick there is connected such a mass of legendary and historical matter, that to grapple with it needs an author of a bold mind ;—the very history of its Bridge would fill volumes. And what an interesting old relic it is, with its inconveniences in regard to modern traffic, well designed for defence in the days when they were constructed ! We can never walk along it, nor hang over its parapet, without peopling it with the steel-clad horsemen and buff-jerkined pikemen, who were the figures who crowded it during its youth. How whimsical it is to think of the astouishment of these men, if they could be brought to life !—aye, or perhaps more wonderful if we could bring to life men who died fifteen or twenty years ago, in order that they might

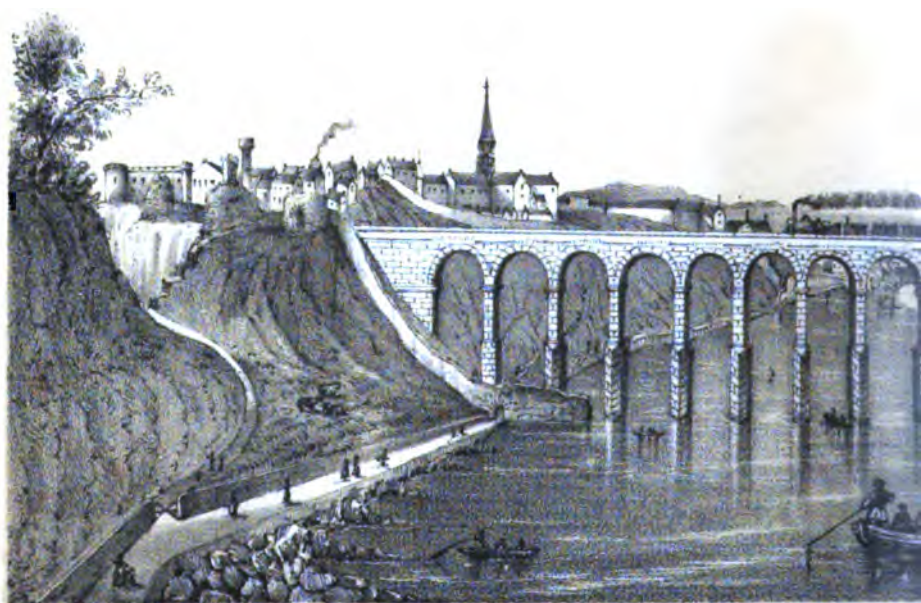
have a peep at the new Railway Bridge, which architects are now hanging in the air, half-way between the Tweed and the clouds! But let us suppose the more ancient groups to be congregated on the old Bridge looking upward at the new one, and that a locomotive came suddenly along, to all appearance belching forth fire and smoke, snorting and hissing as it rolls along like a peal of thunder, with a train of some twenty carriages at its back, and we are disposed to think that they would be inclined to imagine that heaven and hell had changed positions."\*

In the month of July, 1846, the railway between Edinburgh and Berwick was opened, and in the following year the line from Tweedmouth to Newcastle. Very little stir was made by the railway authorities. And now is Berwick, the old debateable land, the feudal town, the fortress of England and Scotland, dwindled down to a railway terminus. The huge Bridge is in progress of building across the Tweed; and a tremendous work it is to leap from the south brow of the Castle Hill sheer over the Tweed, to join the railway line on the Tweedmouth side. Talk of the old stone Bridge! why, it is but children's play compared to this mighty work, whose airy height must be supported by 28 arches 134 feet high, and whose length must stretch three-quarters of a mile. Already is the scaffolding erected; and ere long the trains that come puffing into the Castle-yard, and stop where mail-clad chargers, in other times, stamp and snorted at the bit, will rush shrieking over the broad surface of the Tweed, its unearthly whistle triumphantly announcing the success of this vast and terrible undertaking.

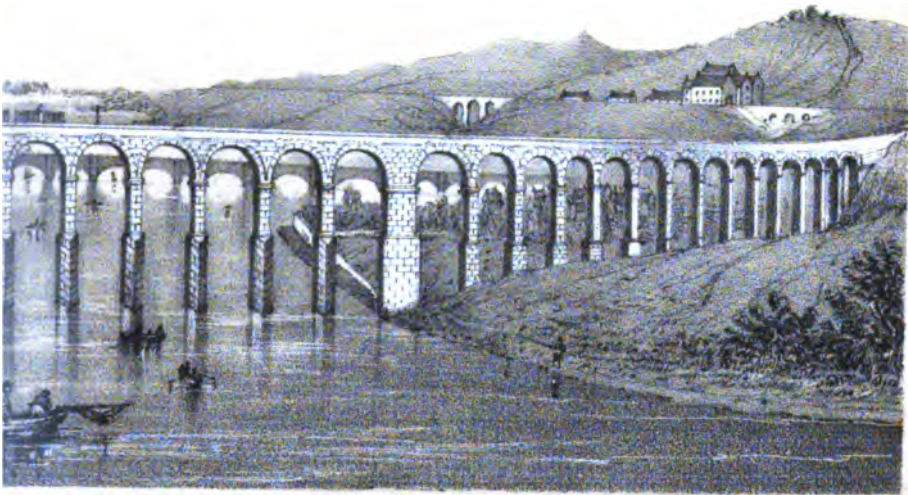
\* Sir T. Dick Lauder.







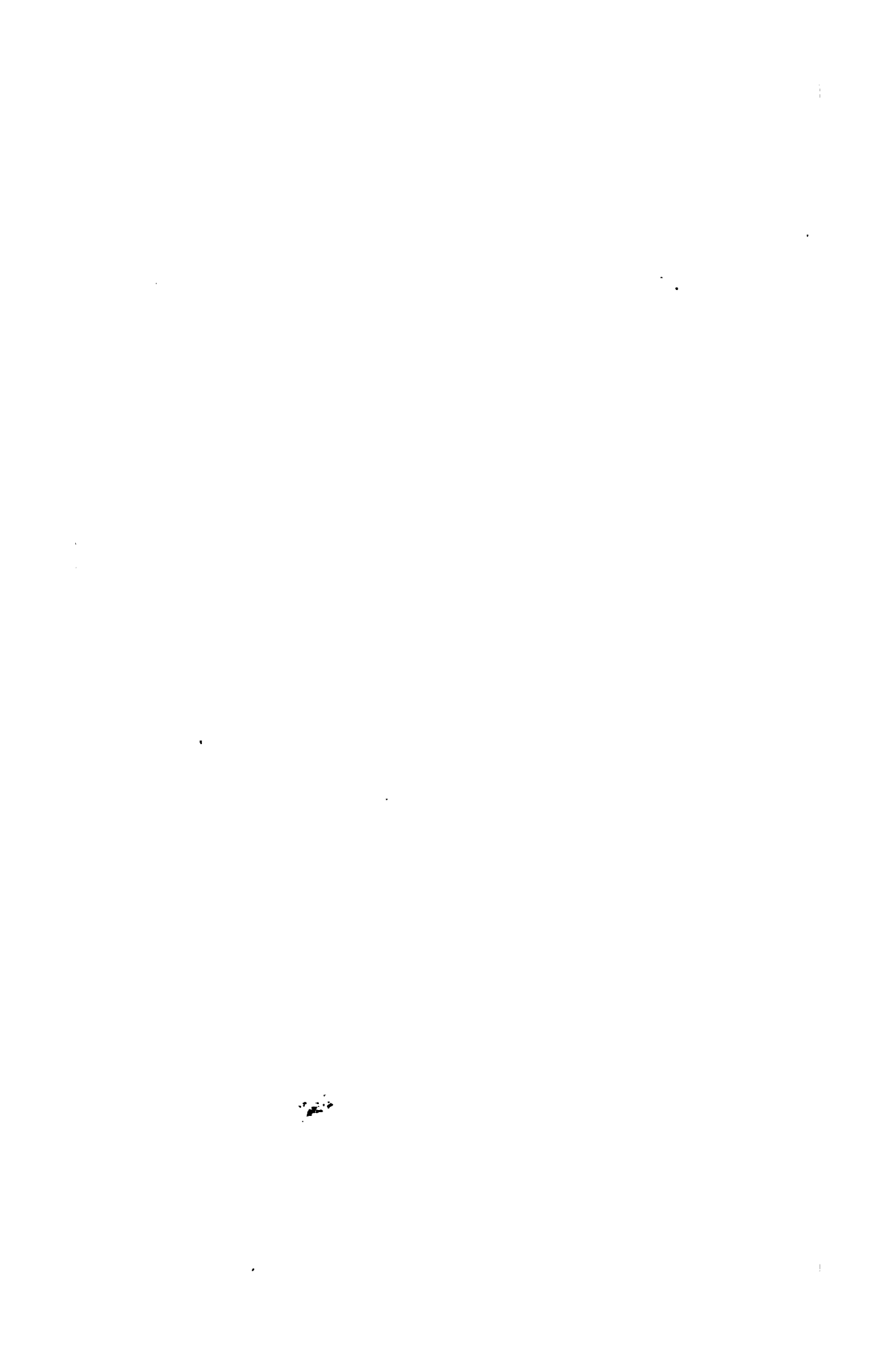
**NORTH BRITISH R**  
OVER THE TWE



W. H. LIZARD

## RAILWAY VIADUCT,

AT BERWICK



From the "Berwick Advertiser" we extract the following account of the wooden bridge :—"The timber structure now forming a temporary passage across the Tweed, was finished on Saturday last (Sept. 2, 1848), and but for the incompleteness of the masonry on the south side, the passage would have been perfected ; as it is, the river's breadth is fairly spanned. Great exertions had been made by the workmen throughout the last week, and about three o'clock on last Saturday afternoon, the completion of the undertaking was announced by a discharge of small artillery, placed at the centre of the immense framework, where also some barrels of ale, furnished by the contractors, were broached, and their contents distributed among the workmen. A third class carriage, covered on the outside by passengers, was, by manual labour, propelled from the station of the North British Railway along the roadway to the centre of the bridge, being the extent to which the rails are laid down ; flags also were planted at intervals along the balustrade, and an immense crowd of persons traversed for the first time the new viaduct. Since Saturday the erection has been visited by an immense number of the curious, and all fears for its stability seem to have vanished. This structure is intended to unite the North British Railway with the Newcastle and Berwick line. The embankments and other works necessary to render the connection complete, are to be ready by the 30th of the present month, and as a similar passage over the Tyne at Newcastle has now been effected, the line of railway will then be uninterrupted between Edinburgh and London. The construction of this temporary bridge was begun in February, 1848. It consists of 90,000 feet of timber. It is thirty-nine feet wide at the base,

and gradually contracts to the breadth of thirteen feet at the summit. It is 1,200 feet long, and in the centre of the river is 120 feet high. The expense of its erection in labour alone has been £2,900. The railway laid down is of a peculiar construction, consisting of a double line of rails, the inside ones being raised about two inches above those on which the wheels of the carriage are to traverse ; thus rendering their deviation from the rails almost impossible. The permanent stone bridge, which is being erected close alongside, is making rapid progress. It is to be completed and ready for use by the 30th of July, 1849, when the present timber erection will be dispensed with."

All that is left of the Castle for tourists to behold is but little, merely a remnant of a wall and a couple of towers. To the extreme south there is a flight of steps, once covered over and battlemented, which lead down to the Water Tower, close by the Tweed. To the left-hand of this huge staircase the chapel doubtless was erected, as several heaps of human bones were discovered on digging away the earth. The "navies" made lewd and scurril jests upon them, as they bandied the remains from one to another in scornful mirth, as though, indeed, they had been Cain's bones "that did the first murder." "Did these bones cost no more than to play at loggats with? Mine ached to think on't."

And now, in conclusion, let me say one parting word about the "gude auld toun." Of its walls, the existing defences consist of a rampart of earth, rivetted and faced with stone. Excluding the suburbs, the circumference is a mile and three-quarters ; including them, it extends upwards of two miles and a half. Towards the river the line of works is nearly straight, but to the north

and east five bastions break the line of the curtains : we have already described them. There are no out-works, with the exception of the Old Castle, now in ruins, and an earthen battery guarding the landing-place at the foot of the Magdalen Fields. Around four sides of the irregular pentagon of the walls is a ditch, mostly dry ; but there is no glacis, neither is there any covert way at the counterscarp. The flanks of the different bastions are for the most part in ruins ; and the wall, in different places, overlooking the Magdalen Fields and the shore, has fallen away, leaving the rampart unprotected. The Walls are the principal walks in summer ; and the presence of a company of soldiers (the only regiment quartered here for twenty years) adds a little life to the deserted streets of Berwick. The Railway has almost put the finishing blow to the town ; and unless some commercial enterprise is manifested, Berwick will be mentioned among the boroughs that have been. From the western ramparts of the town the view up the Tweed is beautiful, embracing the hills of the Cheviot and the rich and beautiful tracts of country on both sides of the Tweed. Hume Castle, Eildon Hills, and many a battle-scene renowned in border song, lies smiling richly before the enraptured eye of the gazer. From the northern parts of the walls, we catch a glimpse of the sea, the suburbs of Castlegate, backed by the towering and lofty hill of Halidon. From the eastern ramparts, the melancholy sea, with the Bay of Berwick ; and the distant islands of Lindisfern and the Fern back the prospect. In looking up the Tweed from the Old Castle, the eye cannot but admire the majestic windings of the Frontier Stream. There are five gates to the walls : the

English Gate, at the foot of the Bridge, now removed ; the Scotch Gate ; the Cowport, leading to the Magdalen Fields ; the Shore Gate, leading to the Quay ; and the Pier Gate. The town is in general well built, and the streets, with one or two exceptions, airy and clean. The proximity to the ocean, and the keen breezes of the sea, are the principal causes of that general good health the dwellers in Berwick enjoy. In conclusion, to quote the opinion of one of their townsmen, "The character of the inhabitants is marked by a want of enterprise. Without being rich, they are contented and happy ; nor does poverty appear among them in the frightful form it assumes in large towns. They are benevolent, little excitable," and, except in the lower classes, "not much given to intemperance ; and in this character we may find one cause of their remarkable exemption from crime."

## CHAPTER XIX.

DESCRIPTION OF TWEEDMOUTH—ITS ORIGIN—KING JOHN FOUNDS A CASTLE—DESTROYED BY WILLIAM THE LION—THE PARLIAMENT OF EDWARD I. HELD THERE—JORVIN'S ACCOUNT OF TWEEDMOUTH IN 1762—GRIEY COCHRANE—DESCRIPTION OF THE SUBROUNDING COUNTRY—CULTIVATION OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR—COURTS HELD AT TWEEDMOUTH—THE CHURCH—SPRINGS, &c.—FLOODS IN THE TWEED—FISHERIES—TWEEDMOUTH FEAST—BOAT RACES—RAILWAY STATION AND BRIDGES—DESCRIPTION OF SPITTAL—THE SEA-SHORE—BATHING—SPITTAL SALMON FEAST.

TWEEDMOUTH is a large irregular village, situated at the south end of Berwick Bridge, in the county of Durham. (It derives its name from being the *mouth* of the *Tweed*.) The parish, including the village of Spittal, contains nearly 5000 inhabitants. When Tweedmouth was first built is impossible to determine. King John, in order to attack Berwick in 1204, began to erect and fortify a castle here, which was demolished by William the Lion of Scotland. In the year 1277, the Bishop of Durham preferred a complaint to Edward I., that William III. of Scotland had made some unwarrantable encroachments on those parts of his territory adjoining Scotland. To terminate the controversy, it was proposed to refer the matter to proper judges; and, accordingly, delegates from England and Scotland met at Tweedmouth, to examine into the complaint, and redress the grievances, if any existed. But the unjust autho-



rity claimed by the English Deputies, and the imperious tone they assumed, so irritated the Scotch Commissioners, that the conference was broken off, and the dispute remained unsettled.

It was in Tweedmouth the Kings of England, the Edwards, John, Williams, and others encamped, when they led their armies against the the honoured walls of Berwick. In this insignificant suburb, the might of England breathed awhile, ere it rushed to blood and blows beneath the ramparts of Berwick. The Danes, Saxons, Romans, and Normans, here pitched their tents, ere they sought to win Berwick Walls, according to the Chronicler's account. It was to the north-west of Tweedmouth that the fatal tragedy of Seton's sons was enacted, and where the house of the humble artisan now stands, the gaudy tent of Edward III. may have flaunted in all its regal power, with the standard of St. George flinging out its folds in the evening sea breeze, surrounded by a countless number of flags, bannerets, pennons, penteroles, &c., of all denominations.

Tweedmouth, down to the beginning of the present century, was merely a small fishing village. Monsieur Jorvin, in his account of Berwick in 1672,\* asserts that around Tweedmouth, "The country is covered with heaths and briars, to Ashton, where there is a castle;" and that "The sea-coast is covered with sand-banks, and the interior country to Belford an entire desert, as it is for about 20 miles around." Such was the aspect of this suburb for many a long year. Jorvin was right in his description; a desolate moor extended on all sides, far as the eye could see, among whose stunted gorse bushes and long rank heather, many a deed was commit-

\* See Hist. of Berwick.

ted by the droves of lawless gipsies, that for many years made the Common their undisputed right, and pitched their tents amid the "broom," in defiance of all bailiffs' warnings and burghers' denials. It was on Tweedmouth Common, 8 miles to the south, that "Grizzy Cochrane," the heroic daughter of Lord Cochrane, *thrice* stopped the King's messenger, and robbed him of her father's death-warrant he bore with him ; during the delay that intervened, Cochrane was pardoned, and Grizzy gained the reward of her filial conduct.

Fuller, in his History of Berwick, says of Tweedmouth (still having an eye to the future), "All the high ground between Tweedmouth and the south and west is a common. A great part of its surface is broken and destroyed by roads that have led (and are still leading) to coal pits, stone quarries, and brick fields, that every where are lying in confused heaps." And further on, the worthy Doctor says, in his pompous style, "The luxuriant hand of Nature is much restrained, in clothing this spot with verdure ; hence, when viewed from Berwick, it presents a disgusting object to the eye, and impresses the mind of the stranger that he is in the neighbourhood of *a poor but thinly inhabited country*." The Doctor is right in his conjecture there ; what he foretold (for he was a kind of a prophet in his way) has come to pass.

In the course of years the moor was divided, the arable parts of it cultivated and inclosed, trees planted, amid "hedge-row elms and hillocks green ;" in the more barren parts the hardy fir and larch have been introduced. But in the neighbourhood of the railway, its quarries and coal-pits have considerably advanced ; and from the increased value of land, within these few years, the farms

in the vicinity of Tweedmouth rank in value and product with any in the neighbourhood. Draining, in a great measure, has effected this wonderful change, the soil being of a stiff clayey nature. Numerous brick-fields and tile-sheds scattered over the face of the country, attest the continued and steady demand for draining tiles, &c.,—the produce of the pits and quarries fully making up for any defect of soil, or sterility in the land around. The great estate of Scremerston, forfeited to the Crown by the attainder of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, is within three miles of Tweedmouth, and a large coal-pit amply remunerates the Greenwich Hospital for any expense in working it. The high ground called Sunnyside (rising to the south-west of Tweedmouth), was formerly resorted to by military troops for the purpose of exercising them. It was down the brow of this mountain that William the Conqueror led his troops, in mail. Here, from the summit of this vast hill, the soldiers of Agricola surveyed the rude stockade of Aberwicke. Here came the truculent John, hurrying down for vengeance. And Edward I. blew his bugle on this hill-side, whose warning echoes fell over the devoted town of Berwick, like a wail of coming evil. Here, also, encamped his imbecile son, and courageous and martial grandson, as if the spirit and blood of the First Edward declined in the second generation to spring up with greater energy and genius in the third. Over this hill marched every foe and conqueror that came in armour arrayed against Berwick. From its brow how many, many warriors of every shire and county in the three kingdoms have gloated with the eyes of a falcon, on the distant town they came to pillage. The walls of Berwick, with their long flanking

ramparts, yellow in the summer sun, the towering steeple, rising over all the ancient town, are still there. The Tweed runs "bickering to the sun ;" there, too, is the long narrow bridge, which fancy peoples with groups of steel-girt soldiers, fighting from behind their triple array of gates. All these are still there. But where the troops, the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war?" The sudden scream and whistle of the engine, rushing along the railway at my foot has dissipated the dream of the poet ; and now, indeed, "I see but the long and narrow valley of Bagdat with sheep and oxen grazing on its sides." In the neighbourhood of Tweedmouth 'tis holy, haunted ground. The battle fields of Flodden, Homildon, Chevy Chase, and countless skirmishes, raids and forays, lie within a circle of a few miles ; and towering over all, the Cheviots lift their snow-clad heads, like some mighty and gigantic sentinels, keeping watch-  
ing over the ground made sacred by chivalry and valour.

Parliament Street in Tweedmouth, refers to a period when Edward Longshanks summoned a Parliament which met on the site of the present street. The Corporation of Berwick are Lords of the Manor, both of Tweedmouth and Spittal, having purchased the royalties in 1657 for £570. And hence the wharfage and shipping of goods are confined to Berwick.

A court is held here twice a-year, viz., Michaelmas and Easter, for the trial of debts and trespasses *under* forty shillings. At this court the tenants of the manor do "suit and service," and upon death or alienation are admitted to the copyhold lands and tenements, held of the lords of the manor, upon payment of a small fine.

The living of Tweedmouth is a perpetual curacy in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Durham. "It is to

be regretted," says Johnstone, who wrote in 1815, "that the Established Church allows such a populous parish to have only *one small* place of worship, incapable of holding the twentieth part of the population ; and that the incumbent, in addition to his duties in Tweedmouth, is obliged every fortnight to travel to Ancroft (five miles), and return the same day to preach at Tweedmouth in the afternoon."\*

There are a couple of Meeting-houses, and a Free Church lately built at the west end, &c. ; a couple of Charity Schools (one under the auspices of the curate, and the other taught in the Free Church School Room). The Church is a modest-looking and unpretending little edifice, situated to the east end of the suburb, and close by the river's side. Mean-looking houses (habited chiefly by the lower classes) hem it all round. When it was first built is not known, but it was thoroughly rebuilt and finished in 1780. Its decorations are few, and those very plain. The ancient simplicity is here displayed, perhaps *too* much so. It has a small gallery at the west end. In its quiet little churchyard, far away from the noise, the fret, the fever, and bustle of large towns, repose the dead in unbroken slumber, and among them lies Berwick's only poet, John Mackay Wilson. Earth, lie thou lightly on him, and happy be his rest ! He lies with the roar of the mighty ocean lulling him to everlasting sleep. Not far from his grave rests James Stuart (in a substantial bricked grave, lest the unhallowed

\* Such was the case a few years ago, but Ancroft now possesses a Minister of its own, and by the erection of a new Church at Scremerston, with a Curate appointed to preach in it, much of the labour is considerably lessened, as well as the neighbouring population being accommodated with an excellent place of worship. The Bishop of Durham, with his usual liberality, contributed largely towards its erection.





BERWICK.

Wheeler & Davis, New York.

hands of the resurrectionists should disturb the Patriarch's repose). The little church-yard is almost hallowed ground ; a poet's dust consecrates it ; and in the long summer nights, when scarcely Night unfolds her curtain, the low sad dirge of the sea may be heard, as if it mourned for the dead. A walk through the church-yard by moonlight, convinces us of (what in the labour of life we too frequently lose sight of) the vanity of all earthly pursuits.

That Tweedmouth must have enlarged itself greatly is evident ; in 1745, says Fuller, the suburb merely consisted of a long and irregular street of houses. In the beginning of the present century, Good, in his Directory, informs us, there were but *three* public-houses in the place (now there are twelve). When Margaret, the bride of James IV. of Scotland, alighted "att ane house in Tweedmouth," ere she progressed into Berwick, how few must have been its inhabitants. What was formerly the Moor, is now divided into lots, and excellent land, well drained and fenced ; every freeholder and copyholder have shares to the value of three or four years' rent, advancing their property to *twice* the value of what it was formerly. At the east end of Tweedmouth is a fine spring of water, gushing forth from the all-bounteous earth. Its ancient name is St. Cuthbert's Well. Whether the Saint (the peculiar and tutelary apostle of Northumberland) ever drank of its crystal stream, is a question difficult to solve. There is a dim and solitary legend, that the Saint, in one of his journeys to the north, baptized a number of Pagans in its little font ; and from this circumstance it derives its name. It *may* be so, and we adopt it. This spring flows from the quarry where the stones of the "long Brig of Berwick"



were taken, which for two hundred years have braved the fury and storms of time. The Tweed, in seasons of flood, assumes a grand appearance ; its waters swollen with the numerous rivulets, &c., come roaring down in a sea "of chesnut foam." Dire is the loss to the upland farmers and poor hill-side lairds. Sheaves of corn, in some instances *whole* hay-stacks, logs of wood, immense trees swept from their hold, dead cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., come tumbling down, and are carried far out to sea by the turbulent and irresistible current, which from bank to bank presents but a wide sea of roaring and fighting waters. The old Bridge at such times groans, as its arches, blocked almost up with the various wrecks the river contains, rock and twist with the terrible weight of confined floods pressing on them ; bravely have they hitherto withstood the pressure,—and the work of the man who first "boo'd stanes" over the Tweed still survives, to chronicle the memory of King James.

The Tweedmouth fisheries below the Bridge are far more valuable than Berwick. The former, a few years ago, were £2,553, the latter but £700. The Tweedmouth fisheries, like its ancient neighbour, have greatly decreased in value,—so much so, that the rents are hardly made up some seasons, so great is the failure. The "waters," as they are called, on the Tweedmouth shore are nine, counting from the Bridge downwards, viz. :—Bailiff's Bat, Gardo's Bat, Crow's Bat, Davis' Bat, Tweedmouth Stell, Carr Rock, Far Seas and Near Seas, Elstell and Middle Seas, Hallowstell, Sandstell. The names of these fisheries must be of great antiquity, for in the ballad of "Seton's Sons," we are informed,—

"The Englishe Kyng hath broughten schippes  
To ding downe Berwicke wa' ;

He rowed them up to the *sand stone stell*,  
And his anchors loot down fa'."

David, King of Scotland, "that sore saint for a crown," gave to the Monks of Mailrose the waters of "Hallowstell," &c. Ralph Flambard, the "fighting Bishop," granted to a religious house in Berwycke one or more of the fisheries lying on the Tweedmouth side.\*

But it is on the second Monday of July (old style), that the town of Tweedmouth shines forth in all its glory. Berwick may rejoice in its Easter Walls and May Fair, but Tweedmouth has its saturnalia. Its feast is held in honour of the "silver salmon," and a great day it is for Tweedmouth. The evening before the feast the bustle begins,—booths, stalls, and shows are building in plentiful confusion; all the summer night long the din is heard; by midnight the preparations are complete, and a silence falls over the little suburb of Tweedmouth. At early morning all are alive with glee, and then commences the fun. At the foot of the Bridge, the press of people in their holiday attire is alarming. Gingerbread, oranges, apples, nuts, &c., are bought and eaten with tremendous avidity,—one would imagine the population of Tweedmouth were seized with a mania for devouring "sweets" on that particular day. Here is all the noise, the clamour, the hum, the glare, and confusion of a hot, sweltering, summer's day fair. Bands of women and children parade the fair, their clean white dresses, and "shining morning faces," soiled and bedraggled in the dust, which whirls about the streets like an infant simoom in the desert; the fruit, cakes, &c., are covered with the impalpable powder. Great-shouldered, heavy, athletic sailors and navies, are lolling out their tongues with thirst like rabid dogs, and beat a speedy retreat to the

\* Ridpath's Hist.

nearest public-house, where huge draughts of porter allay the fiery thirst of these giant sons of toil. Men, in their shirt-sleeves, play at quoits in the open air, and at every turn is heard the "chink and fall" of the modern *discus*, and the loud clamour and wrangling of the throwers, congregated on the river banks or sand ; bands of adventurous youths wrestle and jump in rivalry against each other,—the yeomen sports of Old England. A couple of stout, bony labourers are locked in each other's embrace, with bent backs and legs wide apart ; how they heave, and wrench, and strive to pull each other down. There is a heavy and desperate rally, a whirling and rapid flying round, a dead lock, and then with a terrible throw, one of them falls heavily on the ground. On the clear bosom of the Tweed, there are boat-races for trifling prizes ; one ship's crew pulls against another ; the fishermen of Tweedmouth *versus* Berwick, and congregated in an irregular row, they are stationed opposite "Hang-a-Dyke Nook," to pull down the river ; the first boat passing through the second arch of the Bridge to be adjudged the winner. The signal is given,—the firing a rusty pistol,—and off they pull ; the heavy boats of the various ships rollicking and rolling clumsily ; the flat-bottomed boats of the salmon fishermen skim over the water like washing-tubs ; and like some vast galley of the Phœnicians, the large "long boats" come toiling on ; the crews bend to their oars with right good will, and, although the day is hot, and the work none of the lightest, they pull manfully ; at every stroke of the oar, pulled "home" with a will, the boat actually leaps like a fish out of the water ; the usual casualties occur, a few fall back, and, amid the cheers of the spectators, the boat of the "Agenoria" glides under

the arch first, and its crew are proclaimed the winners. While the younger portion of the fair-goers are reveling in fruit and sweets, the more advanced and grown-up revellers feast on cold boiled salmon. Every householder thinks himself bound to place before his friends a dish of this noble fish ; and happy faces meet at this time to discuss the salmon and family news at the same time. Every house is full of joyous friends, and peals of merry laughter come borne on the air from the different tables spread out. The innkeeper is not behind-hand with his cheer, but places before each customer the tempting morsel (highly seasoned for his own peculiar profit, the cunning rogue !) and thus, amid uproar, jest, and jollity, the evening passes on. The sound of the merry fiddles adds to their joy ; the benches and tables are set aside, and then commences the thumping of feet, lads and lasses dance determinedly until the break of a summer's morn puts an end to the revelry. But though the fair is over, the fun is not yet concluded. The wind-up of the feast consists in electing, with mock ceremony, "a Mayor of Tweedmouth." Some drunken bacchante is usually chosen as his worship, and, surrounded by electors as vinous as himself, they proceed to inaugurate him. The ceremony consists in half drowning him in the waters of the Tweed, a broom-stick for his sceptre, tarring his face, and other agreeable comforts, &c., and parading him about the streets in triumph ; and thus concludes the salmon feast of Tweedmouth. (The choosing a Mayor is, we believe, on the decline, in consequence of the many accidents which occur in the inauguration, &c.)

There are a couple of Foundries in Tweedmouth, two or three Ship-yards, and various engine-wrights, &c. A

number of herring-houses are built on a large scale for curing red and white herrings. Some of them can hang up a sloop's cargo at once. The inhabitants of Tweedmouth are mostly labourers and fishermen ; and the sanitary condition of Tweedmouth is not so complete as it might be, with so plentiful a supply of water at hand. That the condition of the working-classes and inhabitants of Tweedmouth may be bettered both in morals and cleanliness, is what every citizen must desire to behold. From having been a fishing suburb of no renown, Tweedmouth has recently sprung up into an important railway station. The beauty and greatness of its railway offices, &c., with the light and flying bridges erected at the head of the town, attest its importance and value, while the immense mound of earth, that slowly but surely is hemming it in on the west, and the Kelso Railway, joining it at the east of the suburb, will shortly render Tweedmouth the nucleus almost of many railways.

Pursuing the English side of the river, we journey on towards Spittal, situated about three quarters of a mile from Tweedmouth, and lying close on the sea shore, an irregular cluster of houses of all sizes and shapes ; the better sort sprung lately into existence, in consequence of its rising importance as a bathing place. The inhabitants are, with a very few exceptions, fishermen. Before reaching the village we pass a mass of stone protruding into the river from a jutting crag above ; this is the Carr Rock. Formerly a wild and stony road led to the village, but now there is a compact and durable quay built on its ruins, and ships of great burthen, prevented from proceeding to Berwick, in consequence of the shallowness of the river, anchor here and discharge their cargoes. Here also lies the Mermaid cutter when

in port. A road is now made from Carr Rock unto the village. Spittal is in the parish of Tweedmouth, and the inhabitants have portions of the moor as well as the people of Tweedmouth. At the entrance to the village, a fine stream of water comes leaping and dashing down the rocks as though glad to embrace the river, after having performed the menial office of turning a mill wheel. At the south end of the town also, there is a beautiful mineral spring, called the Spa, one of the finest in the north of England, "noted for curing the leprous and scorbutic humours of the blood," as Fuller says. And yet still its precious waters run to waste, murmuring in a tiny stream over the arid sand into the sea. It wants but some worn-out debauchee or *blasé* nobleman to give the fashion to it, and then behold what changes! Such was the beginning of Brighton (a poor fishing village), and of Bath and Buxton, an assemblage of miners' huts, until the wand of the enchanter, Fashion, raised those cities of palaces from the dust. Herring-houses abound in Spittal, and the herring boats drawn up on the beach by their number attest the importance of the fish as an article of value. Pitmen from the neighbouring collieries here also abound, and on a fine day pilots may be seen lounging at the corner of the houses looking seaward, waiting for a ship needing their services. Far out on Spittal Point, opposite the Lighthouse, the waters of the broad bay of Berwick come rolling in at your feet; in winter hoarsely thundering on the shore, making the earth groan with their dull and savage roar; and in the long summer days, when the sun makes the tar boil out from the seams of the herring boats, the waves scarcely heave; no stir or motion, but almost imperceptibly lave the smooth yellow sand, and

so with a sigh expire. Here, on this very sand, borne by these waters, exactly 1000 years ago, landed the Danish chieftains Hubba and Ebissa ; Spittal then was not, and the Danish soldiers as they leapt ashore saw no signs of habitation except the well-defended infant colony of the Saxon Aberwicke.

Spittal evidently owes its name to an hospital for lepers, &c., having been founded there by Edward I. No trace of this building is now to be found, but it is supposed to have stood on the same site as the meeting-house in the village. In winter the village is abandoned, quiet and desolate. The old spirit of smuggling has deserted it, and the present revenue guard stationed there look uninterestedly at the vast underground receptacles and secret hiding places in which the fishermen and smugglers of the last century stowed away their cargoes.

But in summer, when the cuckoo sings, and the sweet pea is in bloom, when hay is newly mown, and the trouts leap at a summer fly, *then* is Spittal in its glory. Stout farmers and comfortable-looking housewives, with "gaucy" daughters, come down from the hills of the Lammermuirs or the plains of the Cheviots ; and cautious Scots from Kelso and Teviotdale, having weighed well in their own minds the expenditure of every penny, journey to Spittal for a week or so, to be fleeced in their lodgings, &c. According to the most approved fashion at bathing places, a few border noblemen and "gents" occasionally come there. There is but one bathing machine, and the ladies either undress on the sand, or proceed in their bathing dresses, at early dawn, to the sea, and from thence to their houses. The active, the aged, the youth, the child, and man, bathe in the refreshing floods of old Ocean. Some rush recklessly in, as though it were

a disagreeable process the sooner over the better ; others timidly and by degrees approach the water, and so undergo their ablutions. Crowds of idlers parade the beach, and at every corner groups of sailors, &c., lie all their length in the sun, and with their hats over their eyes luxuriate in a slumberous quiet. The only sign of life and activity to be met with in the streets, is the unfortunate policeman buttoned up in his sweltering uniform with oilskin hat, and stiff black stock, parading about in search of offenders, when the thermometer in the shade is almost at fever heat.

Spittal, like its neighbour Tweedmouth, has its salmon feast ; but it is late in the year, when September gathers up the harvest ; and there is then even a temporary lull in sea fishing. The sports are similar to Tweedmouth, which it much resembles on a miniature scale. Salmon is presented to the various friends of the house, and the rude fisherman forgets his perils and the dangers of the element from which he draws his store, in the mirth and good cheer of Spittal feast. The Mayor and Burgesses of Berwick are Lords of the Manor of Tweedmouth and Spittal, in the county palatine of Durham, having purchased the royalties of the Earl of Suffolk (who seems to have been an auctioneer on a large scale) in the year 1657, for £570.

#### *Islandshire.*

PART of the county of Durham lies at the north-eastern extremity of England, and is separated from the main body of it by the whole length of Northumberland. This detached portion is divided into two parts, Islandshire (so called from its including Holy Island), which commences a little to the north of Bamborough,



and runs along the sea-coast, for seven or eight miles inland, as far as Berwick ; and Norhamshire, which runs to the west of Islandshire, up the side of the Tweed, a little beyond the confluence of the two rivers Till and Tweed. These two detached portions of Durham contain about seventy-two square miles of good land, for the most part well cultivated, and bearing fair average crops. Proceeding along the road from Berwick southward, either by the old abandoned highway (now looking solitary for want of that constant passing and re-passing of coaches, carts, gigs, passengers, &c., that were wont to enliven its thoroughfare), or the more modern mode of travelling—the rail,—the traveller sees upon his left a long stretch of sandy hills just rising from the level of the ocean, crowned at its south-eastern extremity by a redstone rock, on which is perched a small castle to overawe the island. There are two ways of approaching the island from the mainland, either by Goswick or the more frequented road by Beal. From the former, the way over the treacherous sand is marked out by posts in a very neglected condition, many of them fallen and rotting in the sand, others carried away entirely by the roaring sea, occasioning the solitary traveller no small fear, as he perturbedly looks for the welcome guide-posts to assure him he is on the right track. The way over from Beal is familiarly marked with posts a little better attended to than the neighbouring track from Goswick. Quicksands abound ; and not a year passes over without its wonted catalogue of deaths occasioned by travellers straying into the treacherous bogs, or losing their way, and being surrounded and engulfed in the great mass of waters that changes twice a day that little strip of land “from continent to isle.” As in

most cases where a broad expanse of sand is left dry by the retiring of the sea, the waters pour in with such rapidity, especially if aided by the action of the wind, that in a few minutes where was before only pools of sea water ankle deep, with here and there a tiny stream dwindling over the sand, now a strong rush of waters riot over the place, as if delighted to assert the prerogative of old Father Neptune. And to the traveller, should he be dilatory on such occasions, escape is almost out of the question. Carried off his feet by the strong rush of waters, he strikes out hurriedly ; a quick and heavy tide defeats his swimming, and carries him far from main and island ; bewildered, and overcome with the fear of death, he battles furiously with his advancing fate, until strength and sense leave him alone, unaided, unsought, unknown—the worst of solitudes—in the middle of the howling waste of waters ; he throws one last long look at the glorious heaven over him, and then “is heard the cry of some strong swimmer in his agony ;” and his corse goes to feed the reptiles of the ocean. Emerging from the sands, the traveller now sets foot upon

#### *Holy Island.*

What a flood of recollections rush to the mind at the mention of that name ! What shall it not be when the traveller, for the first time, sets foot upon its soil !—the infant stronghold of Christianity, the cradle of the true religion, the abode of Aidan and the holy St. Cuthbert ! The sea, the shore, the sky, the sands are the same as when the primitive-looking church, like a huge barn, roofed with ill-cut planks of wood and shingles, received in its bosom the first disciples of the Church of

Christ. Here are the same sands the ruthless Dane raced over to pillage, slaughter, burn, and destroy the early labours of those infant apostles, those pioneers in the path of Christianity and civilization. This Island was formerly called *Lindisfarne*, from the rivulet *Lindis*, which, from the-opposite continent, empties itself into the sea ; *fahreen* or *farne* is a Celtic word, signifying a recess.\* It received the name of Holy Island from its being the residence of the Christian Monks during the periods of heathen darkness and pagan idolatry, and from its being the episcopal seat of the *see* of Durham during the early ages of Christianity. This Island, whose parish belongs to that detached part of Durham which lies on the north side of Northumberland, is two miles distant from the nearest mainland, two-and-a-half miles long, and one-and-a-half broad. Altogether it is nine miles in circumference, and ten miles from Berwick, and containing upwards of one thousand acres, one-half of which is scarcely capable of cultivation. The village consists of a few irregular houses, and lies on the west side of the island. It is inhabited principally by fishermen. The Castle stands on a lofty rock on the south-east side, accessible only by a narrow winding path, and in early times might be deemed impregnable. In all probability the Castle is coeval with the Abbey, and was used as a place of refuge in times of danger, and a protection to the religious when they were disturbed in their holy retreat. In the year 1715, a plan was laid to surprise this Castle.† Holy Island is much resorted to by bathers, in the months of July and August. Several houses are taken by the

\* See Capper's Topographical Dictionary.

† See page 237.

neighbouring gentry on that occasion, and the little Island is full of life and bustle. Connected with the taking of the Castle of Holy Island, there occurs the following letter, which throws some light on the manner in which it was retaken from the rebels, and also of the topics and phases of the time. It is a translation of a letter written in French by ———, Esq. and addressed to his Excellency the Baron of Barnsdorf, in the reign of George the First. “———, Esq., of Berwick-upon-Tweed, most humbly represents to your Excellency that he was always attached, with sincere zeal, to the Protestant succession, and that before the accession of the King to the Crown, he had always been violently opposed by the opposite party ; that during this unfortunate period the persons who were then in power made to him very advantageous proposals to draw him over to their side ; but finding they were unable to corrupt his integrity by their offers, they despoiled him of divers places of confidence and profit, which caused him to suffer very considerable loss.

“That he has expended considerable sums in support of the Government, and, at the time of the late rebellion, *he was then Mayor of Berwick* ; and during five months he was at the head of 500 men for the defence of the town ; because at that time there were then only *four companies of regular troops* for its defence, and by his care and by his diligence he protected the environs against every attack, and prevented the evil-intentioned inhabitants from joining the rebels, who for *a considerable time were opposite Berwick*.

“That he employed people amongst the rebels who gave him frequent intelligence of their movements, *which*

*information he conveyed to the Government, and to General Carpenter.*

"That he induced the inhabitants of the town to join the garrison *to retake Holy Island from the enemy, who had surprised and taken it* ; and through his interest and persuasion, in spite of the rigour of a severe winter, made a sortie from the town, while the people from the country furnished horses for the train of artillery, and the general support given from Berwick and its environs, even as far as Perth, with the exception of those who were unable to do so, succeeded. That his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh, my Lord Cadogan, and many other persons of distinction, having knowledge of his zeal and services, have forwarded recommendations to the King in his behalf, as one worthy of the favours of his Majesty.

"It is on this account your applicant, who was introduced to your Excellency by General Grove, who solicited most earnestly your patronage towards him, and of your great willingness to do so, as expressed in presence of my Lord Sunderland, that I now apply for your protection in whatever manner your Excellency may judge proper. And will ever pray for your prosperity.  
 —————."\*

The ruins of the Abbey of Lindisfarne are in themselves quite sufficient to repay any stranger for the

\* We have, for obvious reasons, suppressed the name of the worthy Mayor appended to this letter, who, from some reverse of fortune, solicits the protection of his Majesty. As we obtained the letter in question from a lineal descendant of the above-named Mayor, there can be no doubt of its authenticity. From his being Mayor during the rebellion of 1715, we learn that the rebels were near to the town of Berwick, and that he, with the assistance of the inhabitants, drove them off, and made an incursion as far as the city of Perth. Whether his Majesty made any answer to the above application, we are not informed ; but for the sake of loyalty, we hope the valorous Mayor did not go unrewarded.

trouble of visiting them. This, then, was the seat of learning and religion in the days of the Saxon heptarchy; here was sown that glorious seed which afterwards brought forth such golden fruit. Some portion of the walls are standing, particularly the stones of an arch, whose beauty and lightness show, like a rainbow in a storm, a token of hope and pardon. The arches, &c., are of Saxon architecture, and the pillars on which they rest are strong, short, and massy. The stones are of a dark red sandstone. All is desolation and decay: stones lying prostrate among the rank weeds, crumbling to decay. How different the time when the voice of Aidan, or the pious St. Cuthbert, called the monks to their orisons! Let the imagination wander back to the days of its pious founder, and how life-like the following description of Scott's will be found:—

“ As to the port the galley flew,  
Higher and higher rose to view  
The castle, with its battled walls,  
The ancient monastery's halls,  
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
Placed on the margin of the isle.  
In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,  
With massive arches broad and round,  
That rose alternate, row and row,  
On ponderous columns short and low.  
Built ere the art was known,  
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,  
The arcades of an alley'd walk  
To emulate in stone.  
On the deep walls the heathen Dane  
Had poured his impious rage in vain;  
And needful was such strength to these,  
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
Scourged by the winds' tempestuous sway,  
Open to rovers fierce as they,  
Which could twelve hundred years withstand  
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.  
Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuilt in a later style,

Showed where the spoiler's hand had been ;  
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
And mouldered in his niche the saint,  
And rounded, with consuming power,  
The pointed angles of each tower :  
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,  
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued."\*

The Bishop's See (now fixed at Durham) was anciently placed in Lindisfarne, on account of its retirement, and from its suitableness to the exercises of devotion. Aidan was the first Bishop of Northumberland (the pious Oswald, King of Northumbria, being his patron). A succession of pious men held this office ; but their various merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, the sixth Bishop of Lindisfarne, who bestowed the name of " St. Cuthbert's patrimony" on the extensive property of the See of Durham. This great and tutelar saint of Northumberland, whose conflicts with the Prince of Darkness were numerous and obstinate, was born of obscure parents, and in his youth followed the occupation of a shepherd ; being called to the Church from this employment by an extraordinary vision, he was admitted into the Abbey of Melrose, whence, after a residence of fourteen years, he was advanced to the dignity of Prior of Lindisfarne. Here he lived an irreproachable life for twelve years, exhorting the people under his charge to the practice of piety and virtue, extending his instructions to the barbarous inhabitants of the neighbouring counties, instilling alike into the bosom of *thegne*, *franklin*, *serf*, *dreng*, and *villein*, the necessary rudiments of the fast advancing Christian religion. At length, imagining that the duties of a monastic life distracted his attention from spiritual contemplation, and

\* Marmion.

withheld him too much from prayer and meditation, this singular man retired to one of the Fern Islands, a barren rock in the midst of the ocean, six miles distant from Lindisfarne. In this frightful solitude, with no other sounds but the shriek of the sea bird, and the sullen wash of the waves ringing in his ears, he remained nine years, during which period, according to the legend, he met with a variety of combats from the different powers of darkness that infested the rocks, and in all the combats the Saint had the good fortune to come off victorious. On his arrival at the rocks, the barren stones poured forth refreshing streams ; corn sprung up spontaneously from weeds and sea-flowers ; fishes came in shoals to the shore, to listen to and profit by his instructions ; evil spirits, whose greatest pleasure is to injure the children of men, were bound in chains of everlasting darkness, and angels from Heaven held conversation with the holy anchorite.\*

Such were a few of the miracles recorded of this extraordinary Saint, and many were the advantages consequently taken, of the blind devotion of the age, by those interested monks, who made it their study and practice to devise and relate the miracles of their saints, in order to increase the veneration of the benighted multitude, and convert the melancholy distemper of enthusiastic ascetics to familiar and personal communion with the Almighty.

After a residence of nine years on this island, he was elected Bishop of Lindisfarne, which dignity he was with much difficulty prevailed upon to accept, and he was consecrated at York, the 7th day of April, 684.

Finding, however, his health declining, and his mind

\* *Hegge's Legends of St. Cuthbert.*



more disposed to solitude than the performance of the duties of his high office, he resigned his see at the end of two years, and returned to his barren rock, where he ended his life on the 20th day of May, 686, and thirty-seven years after his initiation in the Monastery of Melrose. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, and deposited with great pomp on the right side of the altar, where it remained in peace until the descent of the Danes in 763, when the monks abandoned the island, carrying along with them the bones of St. Cuthbert, which they regarded as their most valuable treasure.

With these precious reliques they travelled through Scotland for several years, and at length returned to Norham, where they remained only for a short time. They were afterwards stationary for a few days at Melrose; but the capricious saint, disliking this situation, was embarked on the Tweed, in a stone coffin, and, after a tedious voyage, safely landed at Tillmouth (where the Till joins the Tweed).

In the choice of a sepulchre, as Sir Walter Scott observes, this saint was the most unreasonable in the whole calendar; from Tillmouth he wandered into Yorkshire, and, after several journeys and miracles, he at last found a resting-place at Durham.

In 1069, the bones of this Saint were again disturbed by the approach of King William I. to punish the Northumbrians, who had rebelled against him. Advancing from York with fire and sword, the ecclesiastics sought refuge in Lindisfarne, still carrying with them the sacred remains of St. Cuthbert, which, on the establishment of peace in 1070, were again restored to the Church of Durham, where in all probability they remain undisturbed. The village of Holy Island is

principally inhabited by fishermen, who, secluded from the world, carry on their sea-faring occupations, with little deviation, and in the same manner as their great forefathers. The church is built near the ruined Abbey, in whose little yard lie the remains of many mariners, who have perished from the wrath of the devouring sea ; and parallel rows of heaving hillocks tell sad tales of the poor unknown strangers who sleep below, the last interment being the passengers, &c., who were drowned by the sinking of the steamer Pegasus.\*

The prospect from Holy Island is varied. At the distance of ten miles rises the town of Berwick, at the extremity of the Bay ; to the south appear the lofty walls of Bamborough Castle, the abode of Ida, the flame-bearer, its founder and first inhabitant. A long line of barbaric Saxon Kings followed him, Danish and Norwegian, until the all-subduing Norman brought up the royal phalanx. This massive and commanding edifice is of great antiquity, and derives its name from Bebb (Queen to Ida), and was originally called Bebbanborough.†

It was a place of considerable strength in the infant days of the Saxons ; and the many revolutions it has undergone have furnished history with many memorable events. Penda, the King of Mercia, having in single battle slain Oswald, King of Northumbria, laid siege to this old Castle. Here the war-cry of the blood-thirsty Mercians has echoed over the rocks and shoals far away over the sea. The elements warred against Penda, and he raised the siege, which the superstition of the times attributed to the prayers of Aidan, who, for the sake of uninterrupted devotion, had retired to

\* See page 310.

† Capper's Topographical Dictionary.

the Fern Islands, afterwards rendered illustrious as the residence of the pious St. Cuthbert.

The dynasty of the Saxons, Danes, &c., withered away. The exploits of Regnor Lobgrod (a celebrated Scandinavian pirate), and the old legend of the "Laidley Worm of Spindleston," have thrown a charm around these old walls which will never perish. Here, in these old walls, the royal Ida held his rude court; here in 1095, the red-haired Rufus led up his southern powers, and again was the war-cry of battle heard rising to the topmost pinnacle of its towers; here Mowbray, the disaffected Earl of Northumberland, resisted the efforts of the tyrant, who, baffled in his rage, turned the siege into a blockade. Mowbray being taken prisoner, was threatened with the loss of his eyes unless he delivered up the fortress. To this royal castle, solid as the rocks on which it is founded, the disaffected barons in the north of England constantly retired to shelter themselves and adherents from Royal vengeance; and hence, during almost every reign, from the Norman William down to the sensual and bluff Henry VIII., it has suffered from repeated assaults. Men of all parties, politics, and religions, have fought beneath its walls; and many a border baron and southron knight led up their followers to find a bloody grave in the fosse that surrounded the Castle. Protected on the land side by a high and precipitous rock, on which it stands, and on the sea-side by natural banks and defences, protracted must have been its defence, and bloody the carnage that ensued, ere the royal habitation of the Flame-Bearer fall before an enemy's assault. It has suffered greatly from sieges, &c., receiving from time to time only partial and imperfect repairs.

In the reign of James I., a grant of the manor of Bamborough was made to John Forster, Esq., of Bamborough Abbey, which, being forfeited by that gentleman's share in the rebellion of 1715, was purchased by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham. By the piety and benevolence of this generous Prelate, it was appropriated to a purpose that will ever render it venerable in the eyes of the humane, and transmit the name of Lord Crewe, with respect and admiration, to future generations. By his will, dated 24th of June, 1720, the manor of Bamborough and other estates were vested in the hands of trustees, for the purpose of assisting shipwrecked mariners, and providing relief and subsistence for such as might escape the fury of the storm.\*

"Ye holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,  
 Long may ye rear your aged walls sublime !  
 Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time  
 Assail you, and the winter whirlwinds sweep !  
 For far from blazing Grandeur's crowded halls,  
 Here Charity has fixed her chosen seat,  
 Oft listening fearful when the wild waves beat  
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls ;  
 And Pity, at that dark and stormy hour  
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,  
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,  
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry,—  
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,  
 And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the wave."†

In the Castle of Bamborough the trustees of the worthy and benevolent Bishop have fitted up apartments for the reception of the shipwrecked mariners ; and a constant patrol is kept, every stormy night, along this dangerous coast for the space of eight miles, by which means numerous lives have been preserved which must have otherwise perished. A list of signals are made use of at Bamborough Castle, in case vessels are perceived in

\* Pennant's Tour.

† Bowles.

distress, driven on the beach in fogs, &c. The liberal bequest of this humane Prelate is not confined to shipwrecked seamen alone, but extends to the diffusion of knowledge and happiness among the labouring and indigent classes of the neighbourhood. Children are taught gratis, and amply supplied with books. Under the same charity provisions of all kinds are sold to the labouring poor, at reduced prices. An infirmary is also kept there at the expense of the charity ; an experienced surgeon attends, and gives medicine and advice, gratis, to the poor. This lordly Castle stands upon a perpendicular rock, and is only accessible on the south-east side. It commands an extensive sea prospect, and no better eyrie could have been chosen by a Scandinavian rover. The group of Fern Islands, Berwick, Holy Island, and the long line of coast extending to St. Abb's Head, is plainly distinguishable. Whilst reflecting on the ancient and mutable history of this strong fortress, the mind is forcibly impressed with a comparison between the scenes it now exhibits, and those in which it was formerly engaged. Then the arm of man was engaged, Ishmael-like, against his fellow, and every species of art and ingenuity raised for his destruction ; now benevolence and humanity are equally active in devising means for his preservation, Bamborough now being as remarkable for its deeds of mercy as it was formerly for acts of rapine and bloodshed. In these days the ancient halls of royal Bamborough are filled with the grateful prayers of the widow, the orphan, and the fatherless. Many a knee is now bent in humble prayer where formerly resounded the war-cry of Penda, the battle-shout of Rufus, or the cry of many a proud baron, mixed with the shrieks of the famishing, the cries of the wounded, and





# UNION CHA

NEAR B



IN BRIDGE.

RWICK.





groans of the dying. Contemplate the halls where mailed warriors once assembled, intent on the works of death, now crowded with the poor, the helpless, and the aged, the victim of disease, and the child of misfortune, receiving assistance and support from the extended hand of God-like charity and benevolence. This is indeed an exalted duty, and resembles the employment of the blessed spirits that surround the throne of the Most High, who are described in Scripture as dispensing the gifts of mercy, of comfort, and of peace to the helpless children of men. The Flame-bearer, Ida, and his long line of Saxon, Danish, and Norman successors wax pale in the annals of fame when contrasted with the meek and humane Prelate, Bishop Crewe ; so shall one good deed of charity outweigh a thousand cruel actions wrought with sword and shield.

Ascending the romantic and now peaceful banks of the border stream of yore, the eye is delighted with the bold turns and broad sweeps of the noble river Tweed. At the distance of five miles from Berwick is the celebrated Union Chain Bridge, across the river Tweed, designed and executed by Captain S. Brown, R.N. It forms an interesting object in the beautiful scenery of the banks of the Tweed. This elegant structure was completed in July, 1820. It is 18 feet in width, and 368 feet in length, the distance between the points of suspension being no less than 432 feet. The platform or roadway is suspended at the height of 27 feet above the surface of the river when in its state of summer water. The weight of the whole Bridge, between its points of suspension, is estimated at 800 tons. It may not be generally known this was the first suspension-bridge erected in Great Britain calcu-

lated for the passage of loaded carriages. It was executed at an expense of about £5000, and reflects the highest credit on its ingenious projector, Captain Brown. The trustees of this Bridge, after the completion of this work, with a becoming liberality, presented that gentleman with a thousand guineas above the estimated price. What a contrast between the present time and the period when the lawless freebooters of the border drove their ill-gotten prey through the shallow ford at the foot of the Bridge, on their return home from their predatory excursions!

*Norham.*

Norham was formerly called by the Saxons Ubbansford, or Upperford,\* and is said to have been built about the year 830, by Egbert, the tenth Bishop of Lindisfarne, one of the most learned Prelates of his time. It was afterwards greatly improved and strengthened by that pugnacious Bishop, Ralph Flambard, who, from his warlike habits, acquired the name of the "Fighting Bishop." Norham is pleasantly situated on the Tweed, seven miles south-west from Berwick, and gives the name of Norhamshire to a large tract of country in the palatinate of Durham. The village presents little to interest the curious traveller, save its approximation to the Castle, whose ruins and historical importance attest its magnificence and strength, rendering every circumstance respecting it worth recording.

The Church of Norham, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, is a vicarage in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Durham.†

\* Capper's Topographical Dictionary.

† Its worthy Vicar is the Rev. Dr. Gilly, Canon of Durham, whose literary acquirements, and humane and charitable disposition, gain him the respect of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.



Perhaps its exposure to border incursions might have suggested the propriety of having a strong fortress there, as a protection to the possessions of the Church and the county of Northumberland.

The Castle of Norham is situated a little to the east of the village, on a steep bank overhanging the Tweed, from which it is inaccessible, and, before the introduction of gunpowder, appears to have been nearly impregnable. In the year 1121, the warlike and enterprising Flambard, Bishop of Durham, fully appreciating the importance of the situation, resolved to erect a fortress upon it to keep the restless borderers in awe ; and this great work he lived to effect, in defiance of the many unpropitious circumstances he had to struggle with. Upon this Prelate's death, Norham Castle was besieged by David I. of Scotland ; and, after a gallant defence by the garrison, was surrendered to the Scotch King, who ordered the town and castle to be destroyed.

Norham was a place of great consideration, and of vast strength as a border fortress : numerous conferences were held here between John King of England, and William the First of Scotland, chiefly respecting the demand made by the latter for the northern counties of England. In 1215, the Castle was invested by John, in resentment for the homage paid by the Barons of Northumberland to Alexander II.

On the death of Alexander III. without issue, the ambitious Edward the First met the nobles of Scotland in the Church of Norham, on the 10th day of May, 1290. It was in the Castle of Norham, in presence of many of the nobles of both nations, that John Baliol swore fealty to Edward. In the following reign, Norham Castle was besieged by the Scots, who raised two

forts against it,—one at the Church, the other at Upsettlington;\* but by the brave defence of the garrison, under the command of Sir John Grey, the Governor, it was at that time preserved from falling into the hands of the enemy. In the thirteenth year of the reign of Henry VII., this war-worn Castle was again attacked by the Scots, led by James IV. in person.

“ Day set on Norham’s castled steep,  
On Tweed’s fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot’s mountains lone :  
The loop-hole grates, where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.”

How beautifully is the castle described in the opening of *Marmion* ! What a calm, what a repose is there about it ! So is it in its present decay, contrasted with its former glories. James IV., the gay and *debonnaire* James, who invaded England to please a woman, and threw away his life through a foolish sense of honour, laid siege to the castle, and pressed it closely, sparing neither bolts, arrows, blows, or blood, to win this stubborn old castle ; but on the approach of his cautious rival Surrey, at the head of 20,000 men, they were forced to retire with precipitation. Previous to the battle of Flodden, James again appeared before Norham, demolished a considerable part of it, ravaged the surrounding country, and, with an army, diminished by desertion, stationed himself on Flodden Hill, where he and the flower of his nobility paid the sacrifice of their impetuous valour.

Norham, the “ fighting Bischoffe’s” castle, became the prey of the sister nations in many a hot battle and siege ; given up as the hostage for a truce ; retaken by the foe ;

\* Lambe’s Battle of Flodden.

conferences held in its time-honoured walls, but to be again dishonoured and broken,—so fled generations, and the last foe who triumphed over its decaying strength was Oliver Cromwell. It was unroofed, its stones carted away to fill up dykes and drains, and terrible havoc made with its remains, until its present possessor in some measure restored it to its former self ; and, if not what it was in the palmy days of old, means have been taken to render its remains secure from the hands of the peasant and Goth. It stands, looming grimly down on the waters of the Tweed, a relic of other days, and fast hastening to that decay, which sooner or later o’ertakes all earthly things.

*Flodden Field,*

The Pharsalia of Scotland, lies near the river Till, about four miles from the Tweed, and six from Norham. There is a mournful spirit seems to pervade the wood-crowned height of Flodden Hill ; a sense of desolation hangs over all,—the very trees, the flowers, the buds, and birds, have a saddening mournfulness about them, as if that one great and bloody defeat still made inanimate things mourn ; the very sunbeams that fell flickering athwart the sward, near to a large grey block of granite (called by the country people the King’s Seat), seemed like the transient smile upon a mourner’s face, called up into existence for a moment, and then vanishing to make way for habitual gloom. Of this celebrated spot, scarcely a guide-book, history, map, or border publication, but has given a full account of all the details of that bloody and disastrous battle, which was fought upon this field. To the south of Flodden is the level and extensive vale of Millfield, through which the

English army, under the command of Surrey, debouched into view of the Scots, who were advantageously posted on Flodden Hill, declining towards the enemy, with hollow marshy ground at its foot. Surrey, sensible of these advantages, dispatched a herald to the Scottish monarch, inviting him to come down from his station, "which resembled more a camp or guarded ground, than a plain field for a deed of arms." It is certain James had his weak side, and it is as certain that Surrey knew how to take advantage of it. The romantic gallantry of the royal leader would have led him to have accepted the challenge immediately, had not the steady opposition and determined resistance of his nobles, prevented him at that time from changing his position. Surrey, therefore, disappointed in the hopes of bringing the Scots to battle on his own terms, marched his army to the east, fording the rapid river Till, and spent the night about two miles distant from the Scottish camp, in the neighbourhood of Barmoor Wood. The next day, the King, perceiving them leave the wood, and, supposing their intentions were to cross the Tweed, in order to cut off his retreat to Scotland, set fire to his camp, and, contrary to the advice of his generals, rushed down under cover of the smoke to attack the enemy.

    "From Flodden ridge,  
The Scots beheld the English host  
Leave Barmoor Wood, their evening post,  
And heedful watched them as they crossed  
    The Till by Twizell Bridge.  
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,  
Troop after troop are disappearing;  
Troop after troop their banners rearing,  
And rising from the dim wood glen  
Standards on standards, men on men,  
    In slow succession still,  
And sweeping o'er the gothic arch,

And pressing on in ceaseless march,  
To gain the opposing hill."<sup>a</sup>

Down rushed the Scots upon their foe, like a torrent newly broken from its mountain bed. The doughty English, in four divisions, advanced to meet them. The feelings of each army on the eve of battle, Scott has beautifully depicted—

"No martial shout, no minstrel tone,  
Announced their march; their tread alone,  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain home  
King James did rushing come."

On they come, one charge, and then what a roar, what a dreadful cry of rage, fear, pain, vengeance, and mortal agony, swelled up to Heaven from out that sulphurous canopy. Men-at-arms hacked at Scottish knights, and the archers sent their arrows, whistling in among the Scottish troops; and the strong bill-men lopped lives away, with as little remorse as the woodman would hawthorn boughs; esquires grappled for the standards of their foes, and the strong ashen pole went bowing to earth like a willow sapling; horses ran masterless among the fight, and their masters lay dead or dying on the bloody ground, which was so slippery with the blood of God's creatures, that many of the Scotchmen pulled off their brogues and hose, and so fought barefoot, to get a firm hold; from four o'clock in the afternoon of a fine September's day until dark night, did this terrible battle rage; the Scots did all that men could do, to change the tide of battle, but their adversaries were better armed and better generaled. In vain King James flew from post to post, animating his soldiers by his ex-

<sup>a</sup> Marmion.



ample : the fiat had gone forth, Scotland was to mourn for this mighty battle. After seeing the valiant of his army fall around him like the leaves at Lammas tide, James drew together the remnant of his host, and desperately charged Surrey's division, and that so suddenly that he was within a spear's length of that general's standard, and Surrey, for a short time, was in imminent danger. But Stanley and the Admiral, falling on the flanks of the Scots, compelled them to fly, and few got out of that bloody and dreadful press. When last seen alive, King James was fighting determinedly on foot, amid a circle of his own body-guard ; there was no flinching, " each stepping where his comrade stood, the moment that he fell." And, amid all this terrible waste of blood, this shouting and din of battle, the dark September night fell over the hosts,—and by this time it was rumoured through the field, the gay, the gallant, the chivalrous James was dead ; the Scots, partly screened by the darkness, broke away in bands, and, plunging in the River Till, sought to gain the opposite bank,—few of them ever reached it—many a gallant Scot floated along the willowed shore of the dark and sullen Till. Next morning, Surrey perceived his enemy fled ; nothing remained of the foe, or to point out his station on the preceding evening, but a small cluster of cannon, which fell a prey to the conqueror ; they were of a very beautiful construction, and were called the "Seven Sisters." Upon examining the heaps of slain, the body of the King, after a long search, was discovered in the midst of a circle of his nobility, so disfigured with wounds and blows, that it was a long time before it could be recognised ; the countenance of majesty was so mangled, his dearest subject could hardly

tell it for that of the royal gallant. The slaughter among the Scots must have been dreadful ; their historians acknowledge from 8000 to 10,000, with an extraordinary number of earls, knights, barons, and clergy. It has been computed that there is scarcely a family of any eminence in Scotland, who had not an ancestor killed on the Field of Flodden. Many were the aged, the widows, and orphans, who were bereft that day of their nearest and best of kin. The survivors who gained their houses spread far and near the universal wail, and throughout the broad plains of Scotland, for many a long year, resounded the voice of woe and lamentation.\* The King's body was brought to Berwick and embalmed, closed up in lead, and, among other things, conveyed to Newcastle ; from thence it was carried to London, and soon after deposited in the adjoining monastery of Sheen. Pope Leo X. earnestly requested Henry VIII. to allow the royal body to be interred with all honours in the Cathedral of St. Paul, but the irritated tyrant refused this last mark of respect to the unoffending dead, and the unfortunate monarch was consigned to a humble grave, unhonoured and unsung. It seems his body was doomed to suffer greater indignities, for Stowe, in his survey of London, says : " After the battle, the bodie of the King being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and to the Monasterie of Sheen in Surry, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certaine, but since the dissolution of that house, in the reigne of Edwarde the Sixth, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shown the

\* Numerous songs, odes, and epics, have sprung up in commemoration of this national defeat, but not one of them so touching in its pathos as the " Flowers of the Forest."

same bodie, thrown into a waste room, amongst old timber, lead, and other rubble ; since the which time, workmen there, for their inhuman pleasure, hewed off his head, and Lancelot Younge, Maister Glazer to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing this same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining with the hair of the head, and beard red, brought it to London to his house in Wood Street, where, for a time, he kept it for its sweetness, but in the end, caused the sexton of that church (St. Michael's, Wood Street), to bury it among other bones taken out of their charnell."

Who is it, on reading the foregoing lines, does not perceive the vanity of human wishes ! A royal prince, nurtured in all the elegancies of life, slain in battle, thrown in a lumber-room, and his head cut off for the sport of unlettered hinds !!!

And thus fell King James IV., in the 25th year of his reign, and 39th of his age ; he was of a majestic countenance, of a middle size, and strong body ; he loved magnificence, delighted in bodily exercise, and was eager to obtain fame at any price ; his fondness for adventure has gained for him the title of the Scottish Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and his love of the female sex indirectly caused his death ; he placed the utmost confidence in his nobles, and this confidence on his part met with a proper return of duty and affection on theirs.\*

Though the ardour of his courage, and the spirit of mistaken chivalry, rather than the prospect of any national advantage, were the motives of his expedition to England, such was the zeal of his subjects for the King's glory, that he was followed by as gallant an army as

\* Robertson's Hist. of Scotland.

ever set foot upon English ground. In the rash and unfortunate battle of Flodden, a brave nobility chose rather to die, than desert their Sovereign. Many chroniclers doubt the fact of James's death at the battle of Flodden. Some affirm he was killed by the Earl of Home in revenge, who lured him to his castle for that purpose ; others, that he escaped the carnage, and, in a foreign land, became a hermit. But his identity was beyond a doubt. It is said that as long as James IV. lived, he wore an iron girdle, to which he added a link every year, as a self-imposed penance, for having appeared at the head of the rebels who killed his father in 1488. When the body was discovered, this girdle was found upon him, "for the Lord D'Acres knew him well, by his tokens, in that same place, where the battayle of the Erle of Surry and King James hys force joined together."\* And so was fought the battle of Flodden Field, on the 9th day of September, 1518, in which King James and his power was slain.

### *Mordington*

Is a small Parish in the Presbytery of Chirnside, and is situated in the south-east corner of the county of Berwick, nearly four miles westward from that town, and containing between four and five hundred inhabitants. The lands of Mordington lie to the southward of Lamerton, and now give name to a parish comprising both. The name is anciently spelt Mordyngton or Morthyngton ; and probably is derived from its having been the settlement of a Saxon called Mordyn or Morthyn. It constituted one of the original possessions of the monks of Coldingham, and the original tenant who held the lands

\* Hall's Chronicle.

in *feu* took the name of de Mordyngton ; William de Mordyngton, or Bondington, held the high office of Cancellarius, or Chancellor of Scotland. During the reign of Alexander II., he granted the monks of Coldingham a fishing water called *Schipeswel* in the Tweed ; he was one of the twelve knights appointed to hold a meeting for ascertaining the laws of the marches between the two kingdoms, and for enforcing their observation. Petrus de Mordyngton took the oath of allegiance to Edward I., at Berwick, 12th of June, 1291. During the reign of Robert Bruce, his daughter Agnes de Mordyngton received from Edward III. an exemption from a payment of £40 per annum, due from the Barony of Mordyngton for *Castle Guard* rent to the Castle of Berwick. The Barony of Mordyngton was afterwards bestowed on Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, in reward for his bravery on the field of Bannockburn. After his death it was held in succession by his two sons, Thomas and John, both of whom fell upon the field, leaving no male issue ; this barony, with the other large estates belonging to the earldom of Moray, became the property of their Amazonian sister, Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar ; her daughter marrying Douglas of Dalkeith, he received a charter from his wife's brother, which was confirmed by Robert II., 1372. The Earl of Morton became its next successor, until the attainder of the famous Regent Morton, 1581, when they reverted to the crown.

Its ancient church stood in a field before the present mansion-house, and is supposed to have been intentionally set fire to and burnt down, about the middle of the last century. Its parson, John de Paxton, was one of the few Scottish ecclesiastics who, at the Ecclesiastic Council held at Perth in 1275, by order of Pope Gregory X.,

refused to contribute the tithe of his benefice towards expelling the Saracens from the Holy Land. The church appears, however, in the taxation of the Merse deanery, assessed at 24 merks. His successor, Bernard de Synton, a celebrated churchman and patriot, elsewhere noticed, held the terrors of papal excommunication equally at defiance.

In the centre of its little cemetery, which is studded with rude and moss-clad monuments, is a gloomy burial vault; above the doorway are the initials W. M., and above a heart transfixd with a dagger (part of the armorial bearings of the Douglas family). In the interior is a tablet imbedded in the wall, in which is represented the figure of our Saviour on the Cross. Near to the Church are the remains of a Danish camp; and near it is a hill called the Witches' Knowe; upon which, so late as the beginning of last century, many unfortunate women, whose only crime was age, were burnt for witchcraft.

### *Ayton.*

The parish of Ayton takes its name from the *water of Eye*, on the banks of which the village is pleasantly situated. In some of the early charters, the name is spelt exactly as at the present day; in others Eitun and Eiton; the etymology of both forms of the word is obvious, *the town on the river*. Shortly subsequent to the Conquest, a branch of the Anglo-Norman race De Vescie settled here, and assumed, from their place of abode, the name of de Ayton or de Eiton.\* Helias and Dolfimus de Eiton, attested a charter of Naldave, Earl of Dunbar, in 1166.\*

Stephanus de Eiton occurs as a witness to a charter,

\* See Carr's History.

"de Quieta Clamatione de terra de Swintona," granted by his son to Earl Patrick, who died 1232. In the reign of William the Lion, Helias, Memricius, and Adam de Eiton, are among the witnesses to a donation of David de Quixwood, to the lazaret, or hospital of lepers, at AuldCambus. In 1331, the Prior of Coldingham acknowledged a grant made to him of land, for the site of a mill near the bridge of Ayton, by Adam the son of William de Ayton. Robert de Ayton was among the number of the Scots slain at the battle of Nisbet Moor. The Aytons of Inchdairney, in Fife, are said to be the lineal descendants of this ancient family. By charter, of date 29th November 1472, the greater part of the lands of Ayton, with those of Whitfield, were granted to George de Home, son of Sir Alexander Home of Dunglass, who thus became ancestor of the Homes of Ayton. He was uncle to Alexander Home, and brother to Sir Patrick Home of Fast Castle. He was one of the Scottish Commissioners, appointed at Hauden Stank and Reading-burn, 1484, to settle disputes on the border; his son George was taken prisoner at "the rout at Solway Moss," 1542, and ransomed afterwards for £200 sterling.\* He with his brother David Home of Wedderburn, and John Home of Blackadder, and other gentlemen of the Merse, agreed, at Linlithgow, 1545, to assist to the uttermost of their power the body of 100 horse, which the King had sent to defend his border country, "against the thieves and traitors as well as the English." Sir Patrick Home succeeded to the estate, a small moiety of which, at the Reformation, seems also to have belonged to the Homes of Fast Castle. The Homes retained this estate until the year 1716, when sentence

\* Ridpath's Border Hist. p. 542.

of forfeiture was passed upon the Honourable James Home of Ayton, second son of Charles, Earl of Home, who rashly embarked in the Earl of Mar's attempt to place the Stuarts upon the throne. The estate was afterwards purchased by the father of the present proprietor.

The ancient and baronial castle of Ayton occupied the same pleasant site on the banks of the Eye, as the ruins of a modern mansion-house, consumed by fire in the spring of 1834.

It appears to have been a place of considerable strength, though after its destruction by Surrey in 1497, it probably did not regain its former importance as a fortress. An old writer gives us the following account of it in 1544. "Four myles northward from Barwicke, close upon the water of Ay, standeth an old citadel, pertaining to the Homes of that part, the which is very sore dismantled, by reason of the late wars. Herein are ten harquebussiers at the will of its lord, who holdeth it for the Queen of Scots." In its vicinity are three smaller fortalices. In his dramatic play of *Perkin Warbeck*, Ford makes Surrey taunt the Scots with allowing the following places to have been destroyed, without attempting to retaliate.

"Are all our braving enemies shrunk back ;  
Can they look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced ;  
The glory of Heydonhall devastated ; that  
Of Edington cast down ; the pile of Fulden  
Overthrown ; and this, the strongest of their forts,  
Old Ayton castle, yielded and demolished,  
And yet not peep abroad."

And the doughty Marmion observes in the poem of that name,

"I have not ridden in Scotland since  
James backed the cause of that mock prince,



Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,  
Who on the gallows play'd the cheat.  
Then did I march with Surrey's power,  
What time we rased old Ayton's tower."

The ancient village was situated under the castle walls, from which it claimed protection. It consisted at the Reformation of 13 husbandlands ; and the sum of £9, 13s. 4d. with one *cain fowl* for each allotment, was annually levied from it by the monks. The church was a cell or dependancy attached to Coldingham monastery, and its advowson was vested in the Prior and a chapter of the monks. It was probably founded soon after the institution of the Priory, though the first notice made in the chartulary is in a deed granted upwards of a hundred years later. Like the greater part of our old ecclesiastic edifices, the chapel was built in the form of a cross ; the present church stands upon the foundation of that part of its walls which constituted its nave. The eastern wall of the chancel, and the south wing of the transept, constructed of square hewn sand-stone, and clothed with a beautiful mantle of ivy, are its sole remains. In this rude church how many barons of England and Scotland have sworn faith and peace over the altar towards each kingdom. In 1384, the barons of both kingdoms held a meeting in the Church of Ayton. During the succeeding century, this district appears to have been in a most unquiet state, and suffered not more from the borderers of the English marches, than those of the Scottish side of the Tweed. Much of the country around Ayton, Coldingham, &c., had been granted to English adventurers, who, dissatisfied with what was allotted to them, made war on the property of the original Saxon and Norman invaders, until a race of warlike chieftains rose into power, and held in check

all discords which prevailed among the new settlers, and finally appropriated to themselves no small share of the possessions. This was the family of Home, which at the period we write possessed only the estates of Wedderburn and Dunglass, but ere another century had passed, they were masters of the greater part of Berwickshire.

In 1467, when Percy, with an army of 5000 men, had advanced into the territories of the Homes as far as Auldcambus, plundering and laying waste the country around, on his return home laden with booty, he was assailed by a party of 800 borderers under George Home of Wedderburn, near to Ayton, and obliged to retreat to Berwick, leaving behind him his spoil, and several of his men wounded and taken prisoners.

Being situated on the great northern post road, Ayton, like all similarly placed villages, was a great place in the palmy days of mail coaches and post chaises ; but now all is silent, desolate, and bleak ; the railway runs within a quarter of a mile from the town, and it has sunk into a silence from which nothing can rouse it. Descending with the course of the little water Eye, that brawls in mimic wrath over the moss-grown stones that obstruct its way, the traveller beholds some beautiful scenery ; now the stream is hemmed in by a narrow glen, whose precipitous banks nature has clothed with rich and lovely foliage. Following the course of the stream, the village of

### *Eyemouth*

Appears in sight. Its name is sufficiently descriptive of its situation, lying close on the sea shore, only protected from the roaring waters of the German Ocean by two

immense bluffs on either side its tiny harbour. The first notice we have of this small fishing town, is a charter of Edward de Lestailrig, granting to the monks of Coldingham two tofts of land, between the years 1174 and 1214. So early as the reign of Alexander II., its shipping was considerable, and about that time its harbour master, John Kinkborn, was summoned to the court of Ayton, to answer to a charge of having made an exorbitant demand of anchorage dues for a vessel that had entered the port. It was much employed by the monks, as a commodious harbour for importing supplies required for their establishment, and for shipping wool, hides, &c., in which they trafficked. In ancient documents, the town and lands of Eyemouth are generally described as lying within the barony of Coldingham, and sheriffdom of Berwick. And the proprietors held their houses and lands of the Prior and monks as their temporal superiors. The harbour of Eyemouth is the only sea-port in Berwickshire ; it is the private property of a country gentleman, to whom some ancient small customary dues are payable from trade and shipping, but without any reciprocal obligation to improve the port, or to keep its necessary accommodations in repair, for which indeed these dues are totally inadequate. It consequently long remained a mere open tide creek, at the influx of the Eye, into a bay of some extent, and entirely exposed to the sea in several directions. In that state nothing but boats and barks, or sloops of the smallest size, could enter, and the mouth of the river was often blocked up by a bar of sand or gravel, driven in by gales from the sea from the beach of the bay.

In 1747 the old pier was planned, and built by private subscription. After this the harbour became prac-

ticable for coasting vessels of large size. In 1767, a terrible flood destroyed the elbow of the old pier. The new pier was erected by Mr. Smeaton in 1773, at a cost of £2,100.

In former times Eyemouth was the very hot-bed for smuggling contraband goods ; most of the old houses seem to have been constructed with a view to accommodation in this respect, and for the prevention of discovery. This illicit traffic has, however, by the amendment and better execution of the revenue laws, been long since abolished. A weekly corn market was established in 1832, in which the greater part of the grain produced in the neighbourhood is disposed of. This little port has fallen off in its shipping returns since the opening of the North British Railway. The corn which was usually transported from the port coastwise in small vessels, is now conveyed to its destination by the all-devouring steam. The place is inhabited entirely by fishermen. The coast abounds with white fish of almost every description, the greater part of which is sent to Edinburgh, and from thence to Glasgow. The quantity of herrings taken here is, in some years, immense, the great proportion of which is partly salted, and manufactured into *red herrings*, and exported to London and other places.

Whilst roaming through the silent streets of the place, which has all the characteristics of a Scotch fishing village, now coming on hundreds of fish, split, and drying on the beach, now losing one's self in the labyrinth of boats that are drawn up on shore, or observing the brawny fishermen preparing their lines for the deep sea fishing, we wander to the summit of a bold and somewhat triangular-shaped promontory, overlooking the little Bay of Eyemouth. Here stood the fort erected by

the Duke of Somerset, in the year 1547, and of which he appointed Thomas Gower, Marshal of Berwick, to be Governor. The foundations of the walls of a small quadrangular tower, on the verge of a deep trench, at the landward extremity of the cliff, are its sole architectural record. A series of oblong mounds and pits are scattered around it. In this silent and out of the way village, Robert Burns, "Scotland's glory and her shame," sojourned for a night or so. In 1787, Burns was on a kind of border tour (see his Life), and in the course of his wanderings, he paid a visit to Eyemouth, when the brethren of St. Abb's Lodge of Freemasons did themselves the honour of making him a Royal Arch Mason, without exacting the customary fee of admission. In the book of the order occurs the following entry :—

"Eyemouth, May 19, 1787.

"At a general encampment held this day, the following brethren were made arch masons, viz., Robert Burns, from the Lodge of St. James, Tarbolton, Ayrshire, and Robert Ainslie, from the Lodge of St. Luke's, Edinburgh, by James Carmichael, William Grieve, Daniel Dowse, &c. Robert Ainslie paid one guinea admission dues, *but on account of Robert Burns' remarkable poetic genius*, the encampment unanimously resolved to admit him *gratis*, and considered themselves honoured by having a man of such shining abilities for one of their companions."

When in Eyemouth, the poet resided with Mr. Grieve, a respectable corn merchant. The following is a note from his Diary, published in Cunningham's Life of Burns : "Came up a bold shore, and over a wild country to Eyemouth (from Berwick). Sup and sleep at Mr. Grieve's. Saturday : Spend the day at Mr. Grieve's ; made a royal

arch mason of St. Abb's Lodge ; Mr. William Grieve, eldest brother, a joyous, warm-hearted, jolly clever fellow ; *takes a hearty glass*, and sings a good song ; Mr. Robert, his brother and partner in trade, a good fellow, but says little ; take a sail after dinner ; fishing of all kinds pays tithe at Eyemouth." One gleam of intelligence amid the cloudy and dark sky of the poet's life. The same spirit that indited "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut," and conceived "Tam o' Shanter," sat in this little town and made himself merry, trolling off those jocund staves, which his genius flung from his pen as easily as the tree does its leaves in autumn. Genius has hallowed even this little village with its presence ; and, therefore, let us reverence the locality. Proceeding onward by a rude loaning, we come to the small village of

*Coldingham,*

Derived from the Saxon words, *cold*, *den*, and *ham*, thus making it signify the *village* or *hamlet* in the *cold vale*.

The present village of Coldingham is situated near the eastern coast of Berwickshire, and lies between 55° 54' north latitude, and 2° 8' west longitude from Greenwich. It stands in the bosom of a retired vale, about a mile distant from the sea, and consists merely of a few rows of inconsiderable edifices, having in the area of the principal of these a cross, erected about 20 years ago by the Earl of Home, Lord of the Barony.

On the northern and southern sides of the gentle eminence on which the village stands, flow two small streamlets, which, before uniting, encircle the area of several acres of *haugh* land, on which stand the remains of the Priory and monastic buildings. The antiquity of Coldingham, as a place of residence, is unquestionably

great,\* from its being pointed out in Ptolemy's map of Britain under the Roman sway. In this respect, it has even the precedent of Berwick, both as a religious academy and village. In the map above mentioned, the site is pointed out by the word Colania; *ham* was added by the Saxons (to adopt another view of the question), hence Coldingham may be assumed to be a corruption of *Colaunham*. The foundation of the Priory, at the commencement of the Saxon-Scots period, greatly elevated the place into importance as a *town*. There is a tradition that its founder, King Edgar, caused to be erected for himself and rude court, a palace or house for temporary residence, on the site of the ruins still called *Edgar's Walls*. This, then, was coeval with the monastery at Lindisfarne, its contemporaneous cradle of religion,—the rude well from which the Scottish Saxons (if we may coin such a word) drank the undefiled draughts of truth and Christianity. How often have the rude and barbarous Danes poured down in anger upon the peaceful assemblage of nuns and monks, and in wanton and unfeeling mood slaughtered the unoffending members of the Priory. The little bay at the foot of St. Ebb's point afforded them a landing-place; and rushing onwards, the marauders burst upon the holy retreat with the impetuosity of an avalanche. Edgar endowed the Priory magnificently. His pious successor, King David, attended by the Bishops of St. Andrew and Glasgow, the Abbot of Melrose, and many nobility of his realm, held his court here in 1147, and displayed his liberality to the establishment his brother had reared. Malcolm IV. was also a kind patron to the holy Priory of Coldingham. The "good" King Alexander II., and

\* Carr's Hist. of Coldingham.

the fiery-hearted William the Lion, abode in the vicinity of the Priory occasionally. The Kings of England honoured it with their presence. During the prosperous reign of Alexander III., it shared in the prosperity of Berwick, and carried on a successful trade in wool; and at the beginning of the 14th century, a weekly market on Wednesdays, and a yearly fair on the eve of St. Luke (18th October), was established in the village by Edward I., which were attended by Flemings and other merchants from Berwick, and beyond the Tweed. During the same century it surpassed all the other towns within the sheriffdom of Berwick in the extent of its population, and in the accommodation which it afforded to the traveller.

In 1371, William, Earl of Douglas, the justiciary on the south of the Forth, held his court there (Berwick, the usual place of its sitting, being then in the hands of the English), when he assigned, as the reason of his having selected it in preference to the other towns in the shire, the *superior number of its houses and inns*. So recently as the year 1550, 38 years after its partial consumption by fire, when Lord Grey marched forward to the siege of Leith, it afforded a night's accommodation to six thousand foot soldiers under his command.\*

The Reformation, which dissolved the Priory, seemed also to blast the prosperity of the town, which is now reduced to the lowest grade. The boundaries of *Coldingham-schire* or *Coldingham-sirre*, as spelt in the Saxon charters, included the parishes of Coldingham, Eyemouth, Ayton, Lamberton, Auldcambus, Mordington, Chirnside,

\* Haye's English Chronicle, p. 118.



Buncle, &c., in its limits. Over this district the jolly Priors of Coldingham exercised an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, together with the right of exacting certain military service and pecuniary disbursements, by virtue of charter, which they at various times obtained from royalty, as well as from the proprietors of the lands comprehended within it. It possessed the same privileges as Norhamshire and Islandshire, of affording protection for thirty-seven days to malefactors and others, who fled within its precincts for protection.\*

The huge promontory known as St. Abb's Head rears its stony and rugged crest within a mile and a half of Coldingham ; on a height a little to the westward of it, are to be seen the vestiges of a Roman camp, of an oblong shape, defended on one side by the sea-bank. Tumuli, barrows, cairns, urns, altars, fragments of military weapons and accoutrements, have frequently been exposed by the plough, giving proof that in this secluded place, Briton, Dane, Roman, Saxon, and Norman have fought, conquered, lived, and died.

To enumerate the names of the different prelates who ruled the destinies of the Priory of Coldingham, would be beyond the limits of this slight sketch, or how the turbulent and aspiring family of Home sought to monopolise the honours and emoluments of the Priory for their own use. Alexander Stewart, natural son of the King, was Prior of Coldingham, and fell at Flodden Field. David Home, who succeeded him in his office, was assassinated by James Hepburn of Hailes.

Blackadder, the next Prior of Coldingham, was slain in a fray with the imperious Homes. Coldingham was the scene of many bloodsheds and battles. Its Priory

\* See Edgar's Charter, Chambers' *Anglia Sacra*, i. 669.

was often garrisoned, defended, partly burned and destroyed, and again defended. Such was the fate of a border fortalice at that period, whether holy or baronial. In 1542, the Priory was seized by the English, and besieged by the Earl of Arran, who eventually raised the siege and departed. Some years after it was again burnt by the English mercenaries.\*

The village of Coldingham has been briefly mentioned ; from the rental of the Priory made in 1561, it then consisted of 42 husbunde-lands, from each of which the monks exacted yearly, under the name of *penny mail*, the sum of 13s. 4d., with three capons and one head of poultry. A husbunde-land was 8 acres. An additional tenpence in silver was also levied at Whitsuntide, for a service denominated *castle works*. From the same source we learn that the village consisted of thirty-two houses, for each house a sum of money and *cain* fowls was annually paid, and the *feu* holder bound to supply the monks a certain number of days' labour, or *dargs*, as they were called at that time. The parish church stands at the south-eastern extremity of the village ; its northern wall and eastern gable formed originally a part of the choir of the Priory church ; the style of architecture is that of the 12th and 13th centuries. The stipend, as augmented in 1833, is eighteen chalders, with £10 for communion elements. John Dysart, a man of a bold and determined character, was the first clergyman after the Revolution. The parish of Coldingham, with the exception of that of Lauder, is the largest in the county of Berwick, containing within its area 57,600 imperial acres, 5000 of which form the extensive waste called

\* For a full account of the History of Coldingham, see the interesting account recently published by Mr. Carr.

Coldingham Moor. In a hollow, at a short distance from the lofty sea cliffs, and two miles north-west of the village, lies Coldingham Loch, a fine expanse of water, covering 30 acres. The number of heritors in the parish is 59. The entire population in 1831 was 2668, that of the village being 850.\*

Dysart commenced the parish register, and it has ever since been carefully kept, to within a very few years. The punishment of the *cutty stool* was in vogue here. Many of the minutes of the sessions are extremely ludicrous, and exhibit forcibly to our minds the great revolution which, in the lapse of little more than a century, has been effected in the manners and customs of the country.

#### *Chirnside.*

This manor was held of the Coldingham monks, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, by the earls of Dunbar. When Earl Patrick deserted the English interest, Edward III. granted a charter of the manors of Chirnside and Dunse, with the advowson of their churches, to his faithful soldier, Thomas de Bradestan, in reward for his services. This deed is dated at Perth, and was confirmed at Berwick, 5th October, 1336.†

After the death or rebellion of Bradestan, the king-lands of Chirnside and Dunglass, which for some time were vested in the Crown, were granted, 20th June, 1431, to Sir Alexander Home, the first Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland. In 1489–90, Alexander, second Lord of Home, united his lands of Chirnside and Manderstone to the barony of Home, by charter, bearing date January 4th of that year. A decree of the same

\* See Carr's Hist. Coldingham..

† Rotul. Scot. p. 380.

Parliament, which brought Lord Home to the scaffold in October 1516, confiscated his estates. They were ultimately restored to the family. The Church of Chirnsyde stands at the base of the fine sloping bank on which the village is situated. It does not appear to have been at any period connected with Coldingham Priory. The first of its clergy on record is "Symon, parsona de Chyrnsyde," who subscribed a charter of Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, between the years 1248 and 1249. His successor, William de Olidd (Blyth), appears on the list of Berwickshire clergy who swore fealty to Edward I. at Berwick, in August 1296. In 1334, Earl Patrick annexed the advowson and property of the Church of Chirnsyde to his newly-founded collegiate church at Dunbar, and thus constituted it a collegiate prebend. This annexation was confirmed by Landells, Bishop of St. Andrews, between the years 1341 and 1385, and more recently by Henry, Bishop of the same diocese. At the same time that Edward III. bestowed the manor of Chyrnsyde upon Thomas de Bradestan, he appointed his own chaplain, John, to be prebendary. He, however, recalled him from that office in 1348, and vested the advowson in Bradestan, the new proprietor. In the ancient *taxatio*, "*Ecclesia de Chirnsyde*" is valued at fifty merks; and in Bagimont's roll, "*rectoria de Chirnsyde*" is assessed at £4. Chirnsyde has been the seat of a Presbytery since 1581.

The church has obviously been erected at different periods, as no two parts of the structure agree together in architecture. The most ancient part of the edifice is the western door; its plain circular columns, and low Saxon arch, ornamented with zigzag moulding, all speak of the times of Alfred and the Heptarchy.

At its side may be seen hanging (so writes Carr) a few links of an iron chain, which are probably the remains of that now obsolete instrument of discipline, called the *jougs*, formerly used in the Scottish churches. In its interior is a square tablet, imbedded in a more modern part of the wall, and bearing date 1572, on which is carved "Helpe the por." Like many other border churches, Chirnside had formerly a tower, at its western end, for the protection of the villagers, but which was removed at the beginning of the present century. Chirnside is a straggling village, without any remarkable tradition or battle to render it conspicuous. On the north bank of the Whitadder, at the southern extremity of the parish, stands the mansion-house of Ninewells, the property of a branch of the Hume family. It is only remarkable as having been the residence of that prince of philosophers and historians,—David Hume. In 1749, Hume retired to Ninewells, where he composed what he considered to be the most perfect of his works, "An Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals." Here, in the vicinity of Chirnside, did the historian wander, during the pauses of his literary labour. His treatise was published in 1751, and, after bursting on the *savans* of Paris as a star of the first magnitude, after being flattered, sought after, and caressed, he returned to Edinburgh, like the "hare to its form," and died on the 25th of August, 1776.

### *Coldstream*

Is a long straggling town, situated on the left bank of the river Tweed,—the first town in Scotland, coming from England,—ornamented with some very pretty gardens, and also rich in historical association as a border

town. The third house east from the market-place is said to have formerly been the only inn or hostelry the place contained in ancient times. It is an old thatched house, of two storeys high, but might have been once the best edifice in the place. Kings, queens, warriors, potentates, prelates, and long processions of knights, have crowded the narrow limits of this ancient hostelry for days together, while waiting until the fall of the waters of the Tweed permitted them to ford the stream, which was then the only means of passage to or from England, previous to the building of the bridge. Here stood a convent of Cistercian nuns, of which Chambers gives the following account : " Previous to the Reformation, Coldstream could boast of a rich priory of Cistercian nuns ; the edifice must have been of ample dimensions, as it is mentioned in several early grants of the crown, but not one fragment now remains to tell the tale of former days. The nunnery stood upon a spot a little eastward from the market-place, beside a small burying-ground, now but little used." A luxuriant garden occupies the site of the nuns' residence, and fragrant flowers and odorous herbs (a type, perhaps, of their good deeds on earth) now bloom, where once the choral song of these meek dames of charity rose on the morning air. Not even a fragment left of all those pillars, arches, aisles, chapel, dormitory, refectory, &c., that once stretched over the adjoining ground. The "wood merle" whistles in the leaves of a noble tree, that throws its fresh waving branches in the air, where, perhaps, the tower of their church arose. All gone, and left not a wreck behind ! In a slip of waste ground, between the garden and the river, many bones and a stone coffin were dug up some years ago ; the former supposed to be some distinguished

warriors, who fought and fell at Flodden, for, according to tradition, the abbess sent vehicles to that fatal field, brought away many of the honoured dead, and interred them, with prayers and sad tears, in or near the nunnery. The fatal hill of Flodden rises not more than six miles from Coldstream. This place is universally renowned for its consummation of the marriages of English or border runaway couples. Hither repair the thoughtless inamoratos, urged on the wings of love to the fatal toll-house, where, for a modicum of whiskey and a few shillings, the obliging hymeneal blacksmith rivets fast the marriage bond. The temple of Hymen is not, it must be confessed, a *very* noble-looking building. It is the toll-house, and stands on the right hand side of the bridge, going into Scotland, nearly built upon a continuation of its parapet. In this obscure house, dukes, lords, marquesses, colonels, right honourables, peers, ploughmen, and hinds, have been tied fast for life. It is mentioned, among other cases of runaway matches, that several years ago, a celebrated statesman having gained the affections of a young lady, heiress to a considerable fortune, eloped with her to "Cauldstream Toll." The guardian of the lady instantly pursued the fugitives, and came up with them near Cornhill. Away dashed the lovers, and after them rattled the guardian at a terrific pace; the four horses in each carriage, goaded by the exertions of the postilions, lashed out at the top of their speed; the guardian's cattle happened to be the best, and as they gained upon the pursued, and, in fact, were neck and neck to them, the gallant officer rose from his seat, and, cocking his pistol, took aim, and shot the near leader through the head; the noble horse leaped forward convulsively, and fell over dead, dragging down

with him the rest of the team, while the lover swept on triumphantly ; and, ere the guardian could arrive, the fatal noose had been tied. Many and various are the stories related, and which occur every day, of the schemes of the lovers to outwit the parents, and the counter plots of the old folks to outwit the young. Like every trade else, Coldstream has seen its best days. The introduction of Lord Brougham's Bill for regulating Toll Marriages threatens instant annihilation to its weddings. In a year or so, the act will come in force, and then, farewell the games and glee of forbidden nuptials. The railway in progress from Berwick to Kelso passes near the town of Coldstream ; whether it will do good or ill to the border town, is a question demanding more time than we can spare upon the subject. General Monk made Coldstream his quarters, when about to enter England to effect the Restoration. It was here that he raised the regiment, which has ever afterwards borne the name of the "Coldstream Guards." At the present day it may be called the Melton Mowbray of the north, the hunting-quarters far and near of the border. The assemblage of sportsmen in and about Coldstream during the hunting season used to be very great, and there are few places where fox-hunting can be more freely or fully enjoyed. But, in consequence of quarrels among the Nimrods, it is rumoured Belford is to become the hunting rendezvous for the forthcoming seasons.

The river Till is an important tributary to the Tweed. The bridge at Twisel is remarkably romantic, and is the same as when Surrey crossed its arch on his way to Flodden Field. The Till runs slow, but it has the look of a deep and sullen river, contrasting remarkably with the light, brawling, sparkling, and clear stream of the



Tweed. There is a rhyme prevalent on the border, that faithfully describes the characters of the two rivers,—

“Tweed said to Till,  
What gars ye run sae still ;  
Till said to Tweed,  
Though ye rin wi’ speed,  
And I rin slaw,  
Where ye drown yae man,  
I drown twa.”



The Whitadder, though not one of the largest of the tributary streams, is extremely romantic, and better ground for the angler is not in Berwickshire. From its rise in the Lammermuirs, until it meets the Tweed, it passes by a succession of hill and dell, holt and mead, ruined castles and abbeys ; but after receiving the Blackadder, it runs through a country so flat, that it is necessary to restrain it by embankments. One of the most interesting objects on its stream is the old Keep of Hutton Hall ; with singular good taste this old building has been preserved from the fate that has befallen so many of its contemporaries. It is supposed to be very ancient, though the various parts of it are to be attributed to different ages. The erection of this keep has baffled many scholars. That it has been the tower of some rude border chieftain, not a doubt can exist ; its very situation, on the brink of an eminence, overlooking the Whitadder, tells a story of security from pursuit, lawless rapine, debauchery, and violent death. And so, wandering onward, we find ourselves once more within the liberties of Berwick, in a “species of no man’s land,” as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder calls it, neither in England nor Scotland, but “our good town” of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

THE END.

**ERRATA.**

Page 48.—For "gorbato," third line from top, read "gorbats;" and in same page for "don," fifth line from top, read "door."





100

